HOME LIFE DRAWER 2 MARY TODD LINCOLN - WIFE

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Mary Todd Lincoln

Home Life

Excerpts from newspapers and other sources

From the files of the

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ANECDOTES OF MRS. LINCOLN.

Among the many incidents which reveal the character of this strange woman whose death is just announced, may be mentioned one which was related to a present member of THE NEWS staff by a neighbor of the family at the time of President Lincoln's funeral, and which has never before appeared in print. Mrs. Lincoln was quite disposed to make a servant girl of her husband, even to compelling him to get up and get the breakfast and then dress the children, after which she would join the family at the table, or lie abed an hour or two longer as she might choose. But whether the "lady of the house" was up to breakfast or not it was a usual part of her husband's duties to wash the dishes before going to his office. In this same spirit of unwillingness to wait on herself, and willingness to have Mr. Lincoln wait on her, she one summer's afternoon went to the back door and called to the man hoeing in the garden: "Lincoln, build me a fire!" She always called him "Lincoln." The reply was: "All right, my dear." After a few minutes the back door was again darkened. "Look here, Lincoln, ain't you going to build me that fire?" "Why, certainly, my dear; wait just a minute longer till I get this row out." But the row was too long for the impatience of selfishness, and again the back door had a female occupant. But this time instead of addressing "Lincoln," the woman bawled, "Fire! fire!" at the top of her voice. The result was an alarm that brought out the whole fire department of Springfield.

Pictures of the Lincoln homestead at Springfield show it as a two-story building. It was originally a cottage of one story. Mrs. Lincoln wanted it raised, but her husband objected on the score of poverty. However, it was raised just the same. Mr. Lincoln being called from home for a month, she immediately drew their little savings of a few hundred dollars from the bank and set builders to work. When he returned he did not know his own house in the early evening, and actually rang the door bell to inquire where Mrs. Lincoln lived.

When President Lincoln died the citizens of Springfield immediately formed an association and at an expense of many thousand dollars, bought a full square of property for his place of burial. It was a beautiful tract, well wooded, the highest elevation in the city, and every way fitted for the burial of a martyred president. Mrs. Lincoln having consented to the arrangement, the committee went so far as to erect a temporary tomb for the reception of the remains. In order to complete it the masons worked the entire night before the funeral. But at almost the last hour Mrs. Lincoln changed her mind. She demanded that vaults be prepared beneath the proposed monument (to be erected by the gifts of the nation) for herself and all her children, and that the entire property, monument and all, be deeded to her as her individual and exclusive possession. Unless the committee would make this guarantee in advance, the burial must take place at the city cemetery. Secretary Stanton and others tried hard to change such a strange decision, but they tried in vain, and the funeral procession with Gen. Joe Hooker at its head marched two miles to the cemetary, where the remains were deposited in the receiving vault.

Another Story of Lincoln.

Washington Correspondence of the N. Y. Tribune.

General Singleton, of Quincy, Ill., who was one of the bright young lawyers of Springfield when Abraham Lincoln was a green youth there, tells this story, which, according to a writer in the Washington Post, has never been printed before. The bevy of bright young ladies to which Miss Todd belonged before her marriage to Mr. Lincoln, used to have a good deal of sport at this awkward young man's expense. One evening at a little party Mr. Lincoln approached Miss Todd and said, in his peculiar idiom:

"Miss Todd, I should like to dance with you the worst way."

The young lady accepted the inevitable and hobbled around the room with him. When Miss Todd had returned to her seat, one of her mischievous companions said:

"Well, Mary, did he dance with you the worst way?"

"Yes," she answered, "the very worst."

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S WIFE.

Incidents of Mrs. Lincoln's Remarkable Conduct Toward Her Husband.

Explainable Only Upon the Theory of Her Insanity—Gen. Badeau Witnesses Explosions of Her Jealousy of Prominent Ladies.

Correspondence of the Indianapolis Journal.

NEW YORK, Jan. 8.—The account of Lincoln's love-making in his history by Nicolay and Hay, seems almost ominous when read by the light of later knowledge. The anxieties and forebodings, and absolute agony of the future President, on the eve of marriage—the most incredulous might say, presaged the destiny that impended. For no one knows the character of Abraham Lincoln, his god-like patience, his ineffable sweetness, his transcendent charity amid all the tremendous worries of war and revolution and public affairs, who is ignorant of what he endured of private woe; and no one rightly judges the unfortunate partner of his elevation and unwitting cause of many of his miseries, who forgets that she had "eaten on the insane root that takes the reason prisoner."

The country knows, but has preferred to forget the strangeness of Mrs. Lincoln's conduct at intervals, after her husband's death. Many of the most extraordinary incidents in her career were not revealed, out of delicacy to others and tenderness to one who had been the sharer of Abraham Lincoln's fortunes, and the mother of his family; but enough was apparent to shock and pain the public sense, when finally the conflict with her own son, so highly respected, the dragging of their affairs into a public court, the necessary supervision of the poor lady's finances and restraint of her actions, if not of her person —disclosed the fact that her mind had been diseased.

This threw a light on circumstances until then inexplicable. It relieved Mrs. Lincoln herself from the charge of heartlessness, of mercenary behavior, of indifference to her husband's happiness; it approved the action of the son which, in some quarters, had been gravely misunderstood; and above all, it showed the suffering Abraham Lincoln must have endured all through those years in which he bore the burden of a struggling nation upon his shoulders—whether he knew or only feared the truth; or whether he went on calmly in the sad thought that his saddest forebodings before the marriage were fulfilled.

The first time that I saw Mrs. Lincoln was when I accompanied Mrs. Grant to the White House, for her first visit there as the wife of the general-in-chief. The next that I now recall was in March, 1864, when Mrs. Lincoln, with the President, visited City Point. They went on a steamer, escorted by a naval vessel, of which Capt. John S. Barnes was in command, and remained for some weeks in the James river under the bluff on which the headquarters were established. Here they slept and usually took their meals, but sometimes both ascended the hill, and were entertained at the mess of General Grant.

On the 26th of March a distinguished party from Washington joined them, among whom I remember, especially, Mr. Geoffroi, the French Minister. It was proposed that an excursion should be made to the front of the Army of the Potomac, about ten or twelve miles away, and Mrs. Lincoln and Mrs. Grant were of the company. There was a military railroad which took the illustrious guests a great portion of the way, and then the men were mounted, but Mrs. Grant and Mrs. Lincoln went on in an ambulance, as it was called—a sort of half-open carriage with two seats besides that for the driver. I was detailed to escort them, and of course, sat on the front seat facing the ladies, with my back to the horses.

turned to Mrs. Ord, but Mrs. Grant defended her friend at the risk of arousing greater vehemence.

Once when there was a halt Major Seward, a nephew of the Secretary of State, and an officer of General Ord's staff, rode up, and, trying to say something jocular, remarked: "The President's horse is very gallant, Mrs. Lincoln: he insists on riding by the side of Mrs. Ord." This, of course, added fuel to the flame. "What do you mean by that, sir!" she cried. Seward discovered that he had made a huge mistake, and his horse at once developed a peculiarity that compelled him to ride behind, to get out of the way of the storm.

Finally the party arrived at its destination, and Mrs. Ord came up to the ambulance. Then Mrs. Lincoln positively insulted her, called her vile names in the presence of a crowd of officers, and asked what she meant by following up the President. The poor woman burst into tears and inquired what she had done, but Mrs. Lincoln refused to be appeased, and stormed till she was tired. Mrs. Grant still tried to stand by her friend, and everybody was shocked and horrified But all things come to an end, and after a while we returned to City Point.

That night the President and Mrs. Lincoln entertained General and Mrs. Grant and the General's staff at dinner on the steamer, and before us all Mrs. Lincoln berated General Ord to the President, and urged that he should be removed. He was unfit for his place, she said, to say nothing of his wife. General Grant sat next, and defended the officer bravely. Of course General Ord was not removed.

During all this visit similar scenes were occurring. Mrs. Lincoln repeatedly attacked her husband in the presence of officers because of these two ladies, and I never suffered greater humiliation and pain on account of one not a near personal friend than when I saw the head of the state, the man who carried all the cares of the Nation at such a crisis—subjected to this inexpressible public mortification. He bore it as Christ might have done; with an expression of pain and sadness that cut one to the heart, but with supreme calmness and dignity. He called her "mother," with his old-time plainness; he pleaded with eyes and tones, and endeavored to explain or palliate the offenses of others, till she turned on him like a tigress; and then he walked away, hiding that noble, ugly face that we might not catch the full expression of its misery.

General Sherman was a witness of some of these episodes and mentioned them in his memoirs many years ago. Captain Barnes, of the navy, was a witness and a sufferer too. Barnes had accompanied Mrs. Ord on her unfortunate ride and refused afterward to say that the lady was to blame. Mrs. Lincoln never forgave him. A day or two afterward he went to speak to the President on some official matter when Mrs. Lincoln and several others were present. The President's wife said something to him unusually offensive that all the company could hear. Lincoln was silent, but after a moment he went up to the young officer, and taking him by the arm led him into his own cabin, to show him a map or a paper, he said. He made no remark. Barnes told me, upon what had occurred. He could not rebuke his wife, but he showed his regret and his regard for the officer with a touch of what seemed to me the most exquisite breeding imaginable.

Shortly before these occurrences Mrs. Stanton had visited City Point, and I chanced to ask her some question about the President's wife. "I do not visit Mrs. Lincoln," was the reply. I thought I must have been mistaken. The wife of the Secretary of War must visit the wife of the President; and I renewed my inquiry. "Understand me, sir!" she repeated; "I do not go to the White House; I do not visit Mrs. Lincoln." I was not intimate with her at the time, nor indeed ever, and this remark was so extraordinary that I never forgot it, but I understood it afterward.

Mrs. Lincoln continued her conduct toward Mrs. Grant, who strove to placate her, and then Mrs. Lincoln became more outrageous still. She once rebuked Mrs. Grant for sitting in her presence. "How dare you be seated," she said, "until I invite you." Altogether it was a hateful experience at that tremendous crisis in the Nation's history, for all this was just before the army started on its last campaign.

But the war ended; and the President and Mrs. Lincoln had returned to Washington when General Grant arrived from Appomattox, bringing Mrs. Grant with him. Two nights afterward both General and Mrs. Grant, and the Secretary of War and Mrs. Stanton, were invited to accompany the President and Mrs. Lincoln to the play. No answer had yet been sent when Mrs. Stanton called on Mrs. Grant to inquire if she meant to be of the party. "For," said Mrs. Stanton, "unless you accept the invitation, I shall refuse. I will not sit without you in

the box with Mrs. Lincoln." Mrs. Grant also was tired out with what she had endured, and decided not to go to the play, little dreaming of the terrible experience she was thus escaping. She was determined to go that night to Burlington, in New Jersey, where her children were at school, and asked the General to accompany her. She sent a note of apology to Mrs. Lincoln, and Mrs. Stanton also declined the invitation. They may both thus have saved their husband's lives.

In the course of conversation, I mentioned that all the wives of officers at the army front had been ordered to the rear—a sure sign that active operations were in contemplation. I said not a lady had been allowed to remain, except Mrs. Grimm, the wife of Gen. Charles Griffin, who had obtained a special permission from the President. At this Mrs. Lincoln was up in arms. "What do you mean by any," she exclaimed. "Do you mean to say that she saw the President alone? Do you know that I never allow the President to see any woman alone?" She was absolutely jealous of poor, ugly Abraham Lincoln.

I tried to pacify her and to palliate my remark, but she was fairly boiling over with rage. "That's a very equivocal smile, sir," she exclaimed. "Let me out of this carriage at once. I will ask the President if he saw that woman alone." Mrs. Griffin was one of the best-known and most elegant woman in Washington, afterwards the Countess Esterhazy, a Carroll, and a personal acquaintance of Mrs. Grant, who strove to molify the excited spouse, but in vain. Mrs. Lincoln again bade me to stop the driver, and when I hesitated to obey, she thrust her arms past me to the front of the carriage and held the driver fast. But Mrs. Grant finally prevailed on her to wait till the whole party alighted, and then General Meade came up to pay his respects to the wife of the President. I had intended to offer Mrs. Lincoln my arm and endeavor to prevent a scene, but Meade, of course, as my superior, had the right to escort her, and I had no chance to warn him. I saw them go off together, and remained in fear and trembling for what might occur in the presence of the foreign minister and other important strangers. But General Meade was very adroit, and, when they returned, Mrs. Lincoln looked at me significantly and said: "Gen. Meade is a gentleman, sir. He says it was not the President who gave Mrs. Griffin the permit, but he Secretary of War." Meade was the son of a diplomatist, and had evidently inherited some of his father's skill.

At night, when we were back in camp, Mrs. Grant talked over the matter with me, and said the whole affair was so distressing and mortifying that we must never either mention it to any one; at least, I was to be absolutely silent, and she would disclose it only to the General. But the next day I was released from my pledge, for "worse remained behind."

The same party went in the morning to visit the Army of the James on the north side of the river, commanded by General Ord. The arrangements were somewhat similar to those of the day before. We went up the river in a steamer, and then the men again took horses and Mrs. Lincoln and Mrs. Grant went in an ambulance. I was detailed, as before, to act as escort, but I asked for a companion in the duty; for, after my experience of the previous day, I did not wish to be the only officer in the carriage. So Gen. Horace Porter was ordered to join the party. Mrs. Ord was with her husband; as she was the wife of the commander of an army, she was not subject to the order for return; though before that day was over she wished herself in Washington or anywhere else away from the army, I am sure. She was mounted, and, as the ambulance was full, she remained on her horse and rode for a while by the side of the President and ahead of Mrs. Lincoln.

As soon as Mrs. Lincoln discovered this her rage was beyond all bounds. "What does the woman mean?" she exclaimed, "by riding by the side of the President, and ahead of me? Does she suppose that he wants her by the side of him?" She was in a frenzy of excitement, and language and action both became more extravagant every moment. Mrs. Grant again endeavored to pacify her, but then Mrs. Lincoln got angry with Mrs. Grant; and all that Porter and I could do was to see that nothing worse than words occurred. We feared she might jump out of the vehicle and shout to the cavalcade. Once she said to Mrs. Grant in her transports: 'I suppose you think you'll get to the White House yourself, don't you?' Mrs. Grant was very calm and dignified, and merely replied that she was quite satisfied with her present position; it was far greater than she had ever expected to attain. Then Mrs. Lincoln exclaimed: "Oh! you had better take it if you can get." 'Tis very nice." Then she re-

After the murder of the President, the eccentricities of Mrs. Lincoln became more apparent than ever, and people began to wonder whether her mind had not been affected by her terrible misfortune. Mr. Seward told me that she sold the President's shirts, with his initials marked on them, before she left the White House, and that learning the linen was for sale at a shop in Pennsylvania avenue, he sent and bought it privately. She lingered at the executive mansion a long while after all arrangements should have been made for her departure, keeping the new President out of his proper residence. Afterward she made appeals to public men and to the country for pensions and other pecuniary aid, though there was no need for public application. She went abroad, doing strange things and carrying the honored name of Abraham Lincoln into strange and sometimes unfit company, for she was greatly neglected, and felt the neglect. While I was Consul-general at London, I learned of her living in an obscure quarter, and went to see her. She was touched by the attention, and when I asked her to my house, for it seemed wrong that the widow of the man who had done so much for us all should be ignored by any American representative—she wrote me a note of thanks, betraying how rare such courtesies had become to her then.

The next I heard of the poor woman was the scandal of the courts in Chicago, when the fact was made clear that she was insane. It was a great relief to me to learn it, and doubtless the disclosure of the secret which her son must have long suspected—though, like the Spartan boy, he cloaked his pain—was to him a sort of terrible satisfaction. It vindicated his conduct; it told for him what he had conceal'ed; it proved him a worthy son of that great father who also bore his fate so heroically.

The revelation not only showed these two as noble sufferers, but redeemed the unfortunate woman herself from the odium for which she was not responsible. The world had known that she seemed to defy and malign her son that she had appeared to do things unworthy of the wife or widow of the great martyr of our history had even seemed to blot the Nation's fame; but the pitiful story of Miramar casts no reflection on Maximilian's Empress, and the shadow of insanity thrown across the intelligence of Mrs. Lincoln relieves her from reproach or blame. Instead of a mocking figure, disgracing her name, and station, and country, she too, becomes an object of commiseration, not knowing the purport of her own words or the result of her own deeds, or perhaps vainly struggling to restrain them both, and regretting in her saner intervals the very acts she was at other times unable to control. And Lincoln—who that reveres and loves his memory will not respect his character more profoundly, and feel that he has another and a tenderer claim upon our sympathy and honor, since we know that even this cup did not pass from him. Amid the storms of party hate and rebellious strife, amid agonies—not irreverently be it said, like those of the cross—for he suffered for us—the hyssop of domestic misery was pressed to his lips, and he too said: 'Father, forgive; they know not what they do."

ADAM BADEAU.

Indianapolis
Jan 9 1887

FROM → HERNDON'S "LINCOLN" PRINTED IN 1889

ROMANTIC EPISODES.

While pursuing his law studies in New Salem, Lincoln fell in love with a beautiful girl named Anne Rutledge, who finally promised to be his wife, but died before they could be married. This misfortune had a terrible effect upon Lincoln. He lost all interest in life, and wandered up and down the river and in the woods woefully abstracted. There can be no doubt that he was on the verge of insanity, and his friends watched him closely, fearing suicide. It was his first love—and probably his last one. Many years afterward, in speaking of Anne's grave, he said: "My heart lies buried there." From all accounts, she was an exceptionally attractive and worthy girl. A lady who knew her says, "She had auburn hair, blue eyes, a fair complexion, was slender in form, and noted both for her beauty and her intelligence." From this time for-

after Anne's death to Mary Owens, who declined his proposition of marriage. This repulse drew from him a letter to the wife of O. H. Browning, afterward Secretary of the Interior, in which he coarsely ridiculed the young lady, and ended by saying that he had now "come to the conclusion never again to think of marrying." Miss Owens became Mrs. Jesse Vineyard, and died in Western Missouri in 1877.

MARY TODD.

Lincoln first met Mary Todd, his future wife, in Springfield, in 1839, he being then 30 years old and she 21. She was a young woman of strong, passionate nature and quick temper, handsome and vivacious, well educated for that time, and exceedingly ambitious. She often declared that she was destined to marry a President. All the young men of the town contested for her favor, but somehow Lincoln, the homeliest and most ungraceful one, gained the preference. The courtship ran on smoothly to the point of engagement, when the dashing and handsome Stephen A. Douglas appeared on the scene as a rival, and proved to be a very troublesome one. Mrs. Lincoln is said to have confessed two years after her marriage that "she loved Douglas, and but for her promise to marry Lincoln would have accepted him." Be that as it may, Lincoln was certainly not satisfied with her conduct. He went to her and told her that he had thought the matter over very thoroughly, and now felt that he did not love her sufficiently to warrant her in marrying him. She burst into tears and wrung her hands as if in agony. "It was too much for me," he said in relating the incident; "I caught her in my arms and kissed her." So the engagement was confirmed.

A MISSING BRIDEGROOM.

The time fixed for the marriage was the 1st day of January, 1841. All the preparations were made for the happy event. The house was decorated, the supper prepared, and the guests assembled. In one of the rooms sat the bride richly dressed, and nothing was lacking but the groom. For some strange reason he had been delayed. An hour passed, and he did not come; another hour, and he was still absent. Messengers were sent out, but they could not find him, and at last it became apparent that he had purposely failed to appear! The bride retired in grief, the supper was left untouched, the guests wonderingly withdrew, the lights were put out. By daybreak, after persistent search, Lincoln's friends found him. He was pitiably gloomy and desperate—insane, some said, and Mary shared in that view. Three weeks later he wrote to his law partner, "I am now the most miserable man living. If what I feel were equally distributed to the whole human family, there would not be one cheerful face on earth. Whether I shall ever be better I can not tell; I awfully forebode I shall not. To remain as I am is impossible. I must die or be better, as it appears to me." The following year, through the diplomacy of Mrs. Simeon Francis, wife of the editor of the Springfield *Journal*, the engagement was renewed; and on the 2d of November, 1842, "as pale and trembling as if being driven to slaughter," Abraham Lincoln was at last married to Mary Todd.

DOMESTIC DISCOMFORT.

The marriage was an unhappy one from the first. Lincoln was a good husband in his own peculiar way, but he had none of the tender graces that please a woman. He exercised no government of any kind over his household. The children did much as they pleased, and he set them a poor example of politeness. "As a matter of fact," says Mr. Herndon, he was not gifted with a ready perception of the propriety of things." He ignored all social conventionalities, and thus gave constant offense to his wife, who was fastidious as to such things. It is told that once when there was a knock at the door he answered it in his shirt sleeves, and finding two ladies there, invited them into the parlor, saying he would "trot the women folks out." Mrs. Lincoln overheard him, and proceeded to rebuke him in a form that caused him to retreat from the house, and he did not return till very late at night, slipping in at a rear door. Again, when informed by a workman that Mrs. Lincoln had ordered a certain tree in the yard cut down, he said: "Then in God's name cut it down to the roots!" And again, when a neighbor complained of abuse received from Mrs. Lincoln, he replied, "My friend, I regret this, but let me ask you in all candor, can't you endure for a few minutes what I have had as my daily portion for the last fifteen years?"

PERSONAL PECULIARITIES.

Lincoln never had a confidant, the author informs us, and never spoke of his domestic trials to any of his friends. It was a great burden to carry, but he bore it without a murmur. He spent most of the day in his office, lunching usually on crackers and cheese brought up from a store below. His evenings were given to lounging in the stores with the common people, swapping stories and discussing political questions. He was more or less superstitious, and took much interest in dreams. He often said that he was sure he should meet with some terrible end. In proof of his strong leaning towards fatalism, Mr. Herndon says, he once quoted the case of Brutus and Cæsar, arguing that the former was forced by laws and conditions over which he had no control to kill the latter, and *vice versa*, that the latter was specially created to be thus disposed of. He did not care for science, and Herndon could never persuade him to read the works of Darwin and Spencer, which he insisted were too heavy for the ordinary mind to digest. Speaking one day of some philosophical theory, he said: "There are no accidents in my philosophy. Every effect must have its cause. The past is the cause of the present, and the present will be the cause of the future." He believed but little, if any, in the freedom of the will, or "freedom of the mind," as he called it. Once when it was asserted by his partner that man could act without a motive, he smiled and answered that it was impossible, "because the motive was born before the man." As to his religious views, Mr. Herndon says that they were more like those of Theodore Parker than any one else.

J WRIGHT

President Lincoln at Home.

MARGARET SPENCER.

RUSKIN says: "The home lives of all great men and women are simple."

Abraham Lincoln, in the White House, was a wonderful example of the truth of this saying.

From his humble home in the West, he brought into public life his notions of plain, frugal living, and to the day of his death adhered to them strictly. The discouraged steward complained bitterly of his utter lack of appreciation of his finest work, and never quite forgave him for saying to Mr. Lovejoy, who was dining with him one day: "None of this flummery goes to the tired spot." And once he was heard to say to his wife, "I do wonder why we never get such good meat and potatoes in Washington as we used to have in Illinois! Do you know, Mary?"

During the later years of his life, he ate so little and so irregularly, that often noontime found his breakfast untasted, and Secretary Stanton one day remarked—"Mr. Lincoln, whose dinner is this, I wonder, covered up so nicely. It will be cold very soon!"

"Dinner? Why that's my breakfast! What time is it, Stanton? I do feel kind of empty!"

Through the influence of Hon. Owen Lovejoy, Miss Alice Johnstone, of Chicago, was appointed to a desk in the post-office. During her first winter in Washington, she slipped on an icy pavement, and for three months was confined to her room. Ill and discouraged, she determined to return to the west, and give up her office. Mr. Lovejoy spoke to Mr. Lincoln of her sad condition, and said in his great-hearted way, "If I hadn't five girls of my own, I'd adopt Alice! My wife always has room for one more at home!"

"See here, Lovejoy, we need just such a girl! I'll speak to Mary at once."

So, to "make a long story short," Alice became a member of the President's family. Her capabilities were quickly discovered by all; her work admired and commented on by guests and servants. She proved a "perfect comfort" to the lonely, sorrowful man, "weighed down with the Nation's fate," and to the busy woman, in the whirl of fashionable life, "a constant treasure."

Tad remarked to his father one day: "We are having better times since Allie came, because, you see, I can have all the boys I want to now. She don't mind our parties, and can get anything of the cook!"

Alice was deeply attached to the family, and especially impressed with the gentle, domestic life of the President. She said:

"Should I live to be one hundred years old, the kind, quiet good-mornings of the sad-faced, tired man whom I saw every day, will never cease to thrill my heart! I used to watch him standing with his arms folded, looking steadily from the south windows, across the Potomac, toward the battle fields, so pale, not at all rested from the work of yesterday, and yet up since daybreak, looking over his maps. I longed to help him!"

Mr. Lincoln ate little and slept less; he grew more gaunt and wan as the last year crept on. The servants went to Mrs. Lincoln with complaints: they served lunch upstairs, to save his time; but hours afterward would find it untouched.

"Alice!" Mrs. Lincoln exclaimed one morning. "Do you know how to make an old-fashioned dish of fricasseed chicken? Not on toast, as we have it now-a-days, but with small cream biscuits, and thick cream gravy poured over them, all served on a large platter. I used to cook chicken that way when we were first married, and my husband would say: 'Mary, that is fit for a king!' Do you think you could do it exactly so?"

"Oh, let me try!" Alice said. "It would be so good to see Mr. Lincoln eat!"

She had no trouble with the entire force below stairs. The cook, steward, waiters, and the use of the shining range—combined to perfect the dish.

A table was laid in Mrs. Lincoln's private sitting-room; old-fashioned pinks glorified the quaint meal; attendants and waiters were dismissed.

Little Tad was sent to the office for his father. Twice he came back with a long face. "Father says he is too busy. Secretary Stanton is there!" But the third imperative visit brought "Father." Tad rushed in, dragging his father by the hand, and shouting: "I've got him—I've got him! Hurry up the dinner!"

I would like to give Alice's own words, as she sent them in a letter to Chicago:

"If you could have seen Mr. Lincoln's face! You would have cried! He stood in the doorway, silent, tired and abstracted. Tad tugged and pushed him along, while Mrs. Lincoln came up to him and said: 'You *will* eat dinner with us to-day; we have something you like.'

"The surprise and pleasure dawned slowly into his eyes; he sat down opposite his wife, with Tad between them. He seemed to understand it all—his little family, the old-fashioned home dish, the loving attention. Before he ate one mouthful, he rose from his chair, walked around to his wife, laid his big hand on her shoulder and said:

"'Mary, I wish we were back in the old home, when you did the cooking and I helped with the chores! They were our best days.'

"I bustled into the hall, almost choking to death; with lumps in my throat, and when I came back with a glass of milk for Tad, Mr. Lincoln laughing and was eating *my chicken* with all his might! His whole salary couldn't have given me the pleasure and reward that his smile and good appetite did. 'He ate *three helps*, Alice! and more gravy than you and me and mother could, all put together!' said Tad.

"When he went out, Mr. Lincoln said: 'Wife, you and Alice will make me sick with such good dinners. I haven't tasted a meal like that since—since—well, Mary, I think it's safe to say, since you and I were the head cooks!'"

The Housekeeper
Oct 1890

#2 mother

Lincoln had before he was chosen President makes one fully understand his looking quizzically at the pre-election gifts that were pouring in and remarking, "Well, Wife, if nothing else comes out of this scrape, we're going to have some new clothes."

His political disappointments began as early as 1832 when he was defeated as a candidate for the Legislature. In 1840 he was defeated for Whig elector. In 1843 he was defeated for Congress. 1844 found him again defeated for elector. In 1846 came the one victory; he was elected to Congress. In 1852—he was again defeated as a candidate for Whig elector. He ran for the Senate in 1854, and met with defeat. He was defeated for the nomination of Vice-President in 1856. He was again a candidate for the Senate in 1858; but it was the same old story—defeat.

Only one who has suffered complete failure time and again can understand the quietness with which he took word of his nomination for the Presidency, and his remark, "I reckon there's a little woman down at our house that would like to hear this news." And home he went.

To wander through the old rooms is to visualize the life the family led after that stupendous news flashed over the wires. No sooner had Lincoln reached home than the neighbors commenced to pour in. They filled the house. They overflowed onto the lawn and sang campaign songs. They built enormous bonfires in the street. Nothing like this had ever happened in Springfield before. Chances were that such would never happen again. Make the most of it! Fire a cannon salute! From that moment, until they left for Washington, there was little sleep or rest for the people in the house on Eighth Street.

The campaign was a bitter one. The victory must have seemed like awakening from a nightmare. Again the Lincolns threw open their home. They stood for hours to receive the congratulations of old friends and curious newcomers.

We Owe Him Gratitude

It was almost five o'clock when we walked down the worn steps and out to our car to drive away. As we crossed the rich corn land of Illinois an increased sense of gratitude came to me. Because of the sacrifices one man was willing to make for his country, because he refused to bow to defeat, I am privileged to live in a country that is not a "house divided."

I rummaged through a pocket of the car and drew out a notebook. "I'd like to read you part of what Lincoln said in Philadelphia soon after he left Springfield."

Bill nodded; I read:

"I have often inquired of myself what great principle or idea it was that kept this confederacy so long together. It was not the mere matter of separation of the colonies from the motherland, but that sentiment in the Declaration of Independence which gave liberty not alone to the people of this country, but hope to all the world for all future time. If this country cannot be saved without giving up that principle, I would rather be assassinated on this spot than surrender it."

"'Hope to all the world.' Say, Bill, do you think we still have that kind of courage—the kind that will never surrender the principles of freedom?" I asked.

Bill replied: "Why, there are millions of us American couples who are a lot like the Lincolns of Springfield. Home owners, hard workers, good neighbors. And if the time comes when we need another Lincoln, we'll find him. And we'll back him to the last American man and woman."

I felt comforted.

ONE ON LINCOLN.

Mrs. Lincoln Had the Premises Cleaned Up, and Wanted No Joking.

1895

Washington, D. C., May 1.—"I never had the pleasure," remarked Secretary Morton the other day, "of any near or particular acquaintance with Abraham Lincoln. I have had him described to me often, however, by men close to him and who knew him well. As everybody is aware, Lincoln was a man of humor rather than wit; fond of a good story and a good laugh. Lincoln was not an orderly man, and paid no vast heed to things about him. If he had owned a lawn it would probably have struggled through life unmown; and a gate on one hinge struck Lincoln as being just as good a gate as if it owned two. In good truth, unless men have romanced beyond reason, Lincoln was a bit shiftless. His fences were apt to be down, and many a matter needed doing about the home of Lincoln.

"I recall a story of the great President which Richardson, once a member of the National House from Illinois, and a great friend of Lincoln, told me.

" 'We, Lincoln and I, had been away on the circuit together,' said Richardson. 'The Judges and lawyers traveled from county to county in those days, the former to hold court and the latter to try what cases they had and pick up others. Lincoln and I had been away some weeks, and one afternoon toward the close of an early summer day we rode into Springfield, where Lincoln lived. His yard and the scene about the house had been, when we left, a bit disreputable. The fence needed mending, the yard lacked cleaning up; the house wanted a coat of paint; some of the windows exhibited a broken pane; while odd and irritating bunches of brambles and clumps of locust shoots cried for the brush-hook. This was the condition when Lincoln left home, but during his absence Mrs. Lincoln had instituted a campaign of her own. As we drove up to the place we found the fence repaired, the yard mown and clean; every pane of glass was in, and the house glistened and shone in a coat of white paint. Mrs. Lincoln herself stood in the front door to enjoy the effect of all this order on her husband. But on this occasion he held the middle of the road and looked coldly on the house and on his wife as one who did not recognize either. He made as if he wanted to go by. Just opposite the gate he pulled up his horse, and with a face grave enough, but a twinkle lighting his eye, bowed with great politeness to Mrs. Lincoln and said: "I beg your pardon, madam, but can you tell me who lives here?"

" ' "Send your horses to the barn and you and Mr. Richardson come in. I'll show you who lives here," responded Mrs. Lincoln with just a trace of nettle in her tone, and honest old Abe went in.' "

June 1895

SKETCHES OF LINCOLN.

Incidents of His Home and Office Life.

RIPPLES ON THE DOMESTIC SEA.

Sunday In the Office With the Boys—The Servant Question—Sympathy For Mrs. Lincoln—A Badly Matched Pair—Mary Owens' Opinion.

A knowledge of Lincoln's personal views and actions, a glimpse through the doorway of his home and a more thorough acquaintance with his marked and strong points as they developed will aid us greatly in forming our general estimate of the man. When Mr. Lincoln entered the domain of investigation, he was a severe and persistent thinker and had wonderful endurance; hence he was abstracted and for that reason at times was somewhat unsocial, reticent and uncommunicative. After his marriage it cannot be said that he liked the society of ladies—in fact, it was just what he did not like, though one of his biographers says otherwise. Lincoln had none of the tender ways that please a woman, and he could not, it seemed, by any positive act of his own, make her happy. If his wife was happy, she was naturally happy or made herself so in spite of countless drawbacks. He was, however, a good husband in his own peculiar way, and in his own way only.

Conjugal Infelicity.

If exhausted from severe and long continued thought, he had to touch the earth again to renew his strength. When this weariness set in, he would stop thought and get down and play with a little dog or kitten to recover, and when the recovery came he would push it aside to play with its own tail. He treated men and women in much the same way. For fashionable society he had a marked dislike, although he appreciated its value in promoting the welfare of a man ambitious to succeed in politics.

If he was invited out to dine or to mingle in some social gathering and came in contact with the ladies, he treated them with becoming politeness, but the consciousness of his shortcomings as a society man rendered him unusually diffident, and at the very first opportunity he would have the men separated from their ladies and crowded close around him in one corner of the parlor, listening to one of his characteristic stories. That a lady as proud and as ambitious to exercise the rights of supremacy in society as Mary Todd should repent of her marriage to the man I have just described surely need occasion no surprise in the mind of any one. Both she and the man whose hand she accepted acted along the lines of human conduct, and both reaped the bitter harvest of conjugal infelicity. In dealing with Mr. Lincoln's home life perhaps I am revealing an element of his character that has heretofore been kept from the world, but in doing so I feel sure I am treading on no person's toes, for all the actors in this domestic drama are dead, and the world seems ready to hear the facts. As his married life, in the opinion of all his friends, exerted a peculiar influence over Mr. Lincoln's political career, there can be no impropriety, I apprehend, in throwing the light on it now. However cold and abstracted her husband may have appeared to others, however impressive, when aroused, may have seemed his indignation in public, he never gave vent to his feelings at home. He always meekly accepted as final the authority of his wife in all matters of domestic concern. This may explain somewhat the statement of Judge Davis that, "as a general rule, when all the lawyers of a Saturday evening would go home and see their families and friends, Lincoln would find some excuse and refuse to go. We said nothing, but it seemed to us all he was not domestically happy." He exercised no government of any kind over his household. His children did much as they pleased. Many of their antics he approved, and he restrained them in nothing. He never reproved them or gave them a fatherly frown. He was the most indulgent parent I have ever known.

Sunday at the Office.

He was in the habit, when at home on Sunday, of bringing his two boys, Willie and Thomas—or "Tad"—down to the office while his wife attended church. He seldom accompanied her there. The boys were absolutely unrestrained in their amusement. If they pulled down all the books from the shelves, bent the points of all the pens, overturned inkstands, scattered law papers over the floor or threw the pencils into the spittoon, it never disturbed the serenity of their father's good nature. Frequently absorbed in thought, he never observed their mischievous but destructive pranks—as his unfortunate partner did, who thought much, but said nothing—and even if brought to his attention he virtually encouraged their repetition by declining to show any substantial evidence of parental disapproval. After church was over the boys and their father, climbing down the office stairs, ruefully turned their steps homeward. They mingled with the throngs of well dressed people returning from church, the majority of whom might well have wondered if the trio they passed were going to a fireside where love and white winged peace reigned supreme. A near relative of Mrs. Lincoln, in explanation of the unhappy condition of things in that lady's household, offered this suggestion: "Mrs. Lincoln came of the best stock and was raised like a lady. Her husband was her opposite in origin, in education, in breeding, in everything, and it is therefore quite natural that she should complain if he answered the doorbell himself instead of sending the servant to do so. Neither is she to be condemned if, as you say, she raised 'merry war' because he persisted in using his own knife in the butter, instead of the silver handled one intended for that purpose." Such want of social polish on the part of her husband of course gave Mrs. Lincoln great offense and therefore in commenting on it she cared neither for time nor place. Her frequent outbursts of temper precipitated many an embarrassment from which Lincoln with great difficulty extricated himself.

Mrs. Lincoln, on account of her peculiar nature, could not long retain a servant in her employ. The sea was never so placid but that a breeze would ruffle its waters. She loved show and attention, and if, when she glorified her family descent or indulged in one of her strange outbreaks, the servant could simulate absolute obsequiousness or had tact enough to encourage her social pretensions, Mrs. Lincoln was for the time her firmest friend. One servant, who adjusted herself to suit the lady's capricious ways, lived with the family for several years. She told me that at the time of the debate between Douglas and Lincoln she often heard the latter's wife boast that she would yet be mistress of the White House. The secret of her ability to endure the eccentricities of her mistress came out in the admission that Mr. Lincoln gave her an extra dollar each week on condition that she would brave whatever storms might arise and suffer whatever might befall her without complaint. It was a rather severe condition, but she lived rigidly up to her part of the contract. The money was paid secretly and without the knowledge of Mrs. Lincoln. Frequently after tempestuous scenes between the mistress and her servant Lincoln at the first opportunity would place his hand encouragingly on the latter's shoulder, with the admonition, "Mary, keep up your courage."

A man once called at the house to learn why Mrs. Lincoln had so unceremoniously discharged his niece from her employ. Mrs. Lincoln met him at the door, and being somewhat wrought up gave vent to her feelings, resorting to such violent gestures and emphatic language that the man was glad to beat a hasty retreat. He at once started out to find Lincoln, determined to exact from him proper satisfaction for his wife's action. Lincoln was entertaining a crowd in a store at the time. The man, still laboring under some agitation, called him to the door and made the demand. Lincoln listened for a moment to his story. "My friend," he interrupted, "I regret to hear this; but, let me ask you in all candor, can't you endure for a few moments what I have had as my daily portion for the last 15 years?" These words were spoken so mournfully and with such a look of distress that the man was completely disarmed. It was a case that appealed to his feelings. Grasping the unfortunate husband's hand, he expressed in no uncertain terms his sympathy and even apologized for having approached him. He said no more about the infuriated wife, and Lincoln afterward had no better friend in Springfield.

ANOTHER ERROR CORRECTED.

"MRS. LINCOLN was one of the best mothers I ever knew," said Mrs. General McConnell, of Springfield. "I have often been at her home in the evening, when the children were put to bed, for we were less formal in those days than the people are now, and she would hover over them the most delightful way. She wanted to be sure they were comfortable. In winter I have seen her pin down the bed clothes that in their tossing in the night those boys would not become uncovered and feel the cold.

"I have read that when some eastern politicians came to Springfield to see Mr. Lincoln, just after the election, he found all the boys sitting on the fence posts, barefooted and in untidy clothes. It is not possible. Mrs. Lincoln's children always looked well. She was an excellent needlewoman, and made all her own clothes for years and all theirs. And there were no children in Springfield—or anywhere else—who were better dressed. Her childr[illegible] were not barefoot as late as a Novem[illegible] election. And they were not shabby or tidy at any time."

MADE LINCOLN PRESENTABLE.

Mrs. Lincoln "Fixed Up" the President-Elect To Meet a Delegation.

In narrating "When Lincoln was First Inaugurated," in the March Ladies' Home Journal, Stephen Fiske writes interestingly of the memorable journey from Springfield, Illinois, to the national capital, and tells of Mrs. Lincoln's efforts to have her husband look presentable when receiving a delegation that was to greet them upon reaching New York city.

"The train stopped," writes Mr. Fiske, "and through the windows immense crowds could be seen; the cheering drowned the blowing off steam of the locomotive. Then Mrs. Lincoln opened her hand bag and said:

"'Abraham, I must fix you up a bit for these city folks.'

"Mr. Lincoln gently lifted her upon the seat before him; she parted, combed and brushed his hair and arranged his black necktie.

"'Do I look nice now, mother?' he affectionately asked.

"'Well, you'll do, Abraham,' replied Mrs. Lincoln critically. So he kissed her and lifted her down from the seat, and turned to meet Mayor Wood, courtly and suave, and to have his hand shaken by the other New York officials."

1898

PLANS AFTER PRESIDENCY.

Mrs. John T. Stuart, widow of the Congressman from the Springfield District at the time of Mr. Lincoln's death, gives many interesting particulars of the story of the early times, when he was a struggling lawyer and went courting. Mrs. Stuart's husband was a cousin of Mary Todd, then one of the most attractive young women of Springfield. He was Lincoln's first law partner, the firm having dissolved when Mr. Stuart was elected to Congress in 1838. There was a strong friendship between the men, which was ended only by death.

Mrs. Stuart, now 84 years of age, is passing her declining years at the home of her son-in-law, C. C. Brown, in Fourth street, in the southern part of Springfield. Although bowed down with age, her mind is as bright as when she was among the brightest of the women of the early days in the new State capital.

"There have been many wrong statements," she said, "in relation to the marriage of Mr. Lincoln and Mary Todd. At the time the engagement was broken off I did not understand it, but after they had been married Mrs. Lincoln came to stay with us a week or so, while they were waiting for possession of the house ever since known as the Lincoln Place. She then told me all about their marriage. Mr. Edwards, her guardian, always was opposed to Mr. Lincoln, on the ground that he was a poor young man and had no prospects. Notwithstanding that, they had become engaged. After a time Mr. Lincoln had a time of sickness, of which you have heard. In his delirium he had said things about his coming marriage which had been repeated to Mr. Edwards. He insisted upon Mary writing a letter to Mr. Lincoln, breaking off the engagement. She told me at the time of this visit that she had never wanted to break off the engagement, but had been forced to do so. After Mr. Lincoln's return from his trip to Kentucky mutual friends so arranged as to bring the young people together again, but they never met at Mr. Edwards' house. During the time the engagement was broken off I went to the Capitol to see Mr. Lincoln. When I went into the legislative chamber I caught sight of him with his feet braced against one of the pillars. His face looked like Bunyan's figure, 'Giant Despair.' He was the saddest man I ever knew. After we returned from Washington Mr. Stuart frequently had friends to little dinners at our house. Most of the guests were lawyers who happened to be in Springfield on business. Mr. Lincoln was almost always one of the party. He was the life of every such gathering with his great fund of stories and incidents.

"As a young woman, Mary Todd was one of the brightest of all the circle in Springfield at that time. She could entertain a roomful with her ready wit. I think she was much in love with Mr. Lincoln, and he was always kind to her. I always have thought that the worry of the campaign which made Mr. Lincoln President was the direct cause of her mental trouble in subsequent years."

Mrs. Stuart dwelt feelingly on the great love Mr. Lincoln manifested for his children. She told of her visit to the family after the death of their child, and how she helped the servant prepare the breakfast. When she took it to the room Mr. Lincoln said:

"Mary, you must eat, for we must live." But Mrs Lincoln refused and he ate alone. While his grief was profound, yet he seemed to Mrs. Stuart like a strong man, who had resolved to keep his feelings under a firm sway.

"I well remember," she continued, "a conversation I had with Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln after his second term had begun. My husband was then in Congress and I was at the White House. Mrs. Lincoln had said that at the end of his term they were going to Europe. Then the question came up as to where they were going to reside when Mr. Lincoln retired to private life. 'Chicago,' said Mrs. Lincoln, but Mr. Lincoln said 'No, we are going back to Springfield. That is our home, and there it will continue to be.' Mrs. Lincoln was somewhat vexed at this, but nothing more was said. She never seemed to care for Springfield after Mr. Lincoln's first election, and you will recall she did not return to Springfield to reside after his death."

Then the conversation turned back to the kindly disposition Mr. Lincoln showed to every one throughout his life. The old lady fairly became young again as she dwelt on this trait of his character. She had seen him treat all from the lowest to the highest with the same kindly consideration.

Mrs. C. C. Brown, daughter of John E. Owsley, then a resident of Springfield, but later of Chicago, told of the times when her father and Mr. Lincoln used to play chess in the latter's office. Frequently the game lasted into the time for dinner, and little Todd would come for his father. After the boy had waited as long as he felt he could for the game to be finished, he would slide up and kick the chess board to the ceiling. "It used to make my father boil," Mrs. Brown related, "but Mr. Lincoln never showed the slightest anger. He would seize the boy and throw him up on his back, and off they would go to their dinner."

REBUILDING THE HOME.

Living in the suburbs of Springfield is a pioneer who aided Lincoln in building the flatboat on the Sangamon River above New Salem in 1831. His name is John E. Roll, and his story of the building of that flatboat has been told so often that it does not need repetition. Roll was at the time 16 years of age, and Lincoln was 22. They were working for $14 a month from daylight to dark.

"Lincoln was a terrible-looking, awkward man," said Mr. Roll. "He was dressed in blue jeans pantaloons, roundabout jacket, and a hat with a small crown and a big brim. He was so big that everything seemed too short. His pantaloons were four inches above his boots, and when he bent over in chopping his roundabout jacket showed four inches of his suspenders. He was so long he could beat almost any one in chopping."

Even at that early day Lincoln was a story teller, and Mr. Roll recalls how he used to entertain the boys in front of the place where they lived.

Mr. Roll went to Springfield after helping build the boat, and has lived there continuously for seventy years. He was called in by Mrs. Lincoln when she added a story to the house which Mr. Lincoln had bought a few years previously. According to Mr. Roll's version, Mrs. Lincoln decided their means justified a more pretentious house, and while Mr. Lincoln was away on the circuit she had the additional story put on. Mr. Roll did the plastering on the house, and as part pay for his work took six black walnut doors, which he since has made up into furniture and cut up into canes as mementos of the Lincoln homestead. When Lincoln got back from the circuit he met a friend and asked him if he knew where Mrs. Lincoln lived. This was his way of taking the changes made in his old home by his wife during his absence.

The changes Mr. Roll had taken part in whereby the house had been changed so that the owner did not know it did not affect Mr. Lincoln's kindly feeling toward his early associate on the Sangamon River, Mr. Roll said, and when Mr. Lincoln went to Washington he gave Mr. Roll his family dog.

1899

Bob Hitt's Diplomacy.

"I was one of a party that dined with Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln that day," said John Hitt, "at the leading hotel in Alton. When the debate was over Judge Trumbull led the party to the table. He occupied a seat at the head of the table. To his right Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln were seated. Horace White, who accompanied Mr. Lincoln as the representative of the State Central Committee; Robert R. Hitt, my brother, who was shorthand reporter for the Tribune, and I, were seated opposite Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln. Senator Trumbull conversed with Mr. Lincoln in an animated manner. In reply to the question of Mr. Lincoln whether any impression had been made upon the people, Mr. Trumbull said that public meetings in Madison County were usually undemonstrative, but he thought a favorable impression had been made. Mrs. Lincoln invited Mr. White and my brother Robert to go with Mr. Lincoln and herself to Springfield and rest for the coming week. My brother Robert thanked Mrs. Lincoln for her courtesy, and said, in declining, that he would never call at her house until she lived in the White House. She laughed at the suggestion, and said there was not much prospect of such a residence very soon.

"I saw Mr. Lincoln very frequently in the United States courts in Chicago during the years of 1856 and 1859," Mr. Hitt continued. "I never lost an opportunity of listening to him when he tried cases. He was the most interesting man I ever saw. I saw him occasionally in the office of Scates, McAllister & Jewett, where I was a student. He would come in to settle upon a bill of exceptions. His good nature was a striking characteristic. He was extremely liberal to the opposing counsel.

St. Louis
Globe-Democrat
Jan. 31, 1909

LINCOLN'S HOUSEMAID DIES

By United Press

JACKSONVILLE, Ill — Mary E. Andrews, 86, who worked as a domestic for nine years in the Springfield home of Abraham Lincoln, is dead here. Mrs. Andrews is said to have known the Lincolns better than anyone else, as she was treated as a member of the family.

Mrs. Abraham Lincoln-- Tragic Story of Her Life

Springfield knew no more brilliant and fascinating young woman during Lincoln's early years there than the one whom the great president finally took for his wife, when he had at length conquered the deep sorrow left by the death of Ann Rutledge. But history has never been blind to the fact that the match, ideal though it was in some ways, was not so congenial but that it added its share to the pathos that underlay the whole career of the president and to the tragedy that ultimately shadowed the beautiful Mary Todd to her grave.

Herndon, Lincoln's early law partner, whose word is not always as conservative as the historians could wish, has explained the relations of Lincoln and Mrs. Lincoln, as follows:

"When Mr. Lincoln entered the domain of investigation he was a severe and persistent thinker, and had wonderful endurance; hence he was abstracted and for that reason at times was somewhat unsocial, reticent, and uncommunative. After his marriage it cannot be said that he liked the society of ladies; in fact it was just what he did not like, though one of his biographers says otherwise. Lincoln had none of the tender ways that please a woman and he could not, it seemed, by any positive act of his own make her happy. If his wife was happy, she was naturally happy, or made herself so in spite of countless drawbacks. He was, however, a good husband in his own peculiar way and in his own way only.

"If exhausted from severe and long continued thought, he had to touch the earth again to renew his strength. When this weariness set in he would stop thought, and get down and play with a little dog, or kitten to recover; and when the recovery came, he would push it aside to play with its own tail. He treated women in much the same way. For fashionable society he had a marked dislike, although he appreciated its value in promoting a man ambitious to succeed.

If he was invited out to dinner or to mingle in some social gathering, and came in contact with ladies, he treated them with becoming politeness, but the consciousness of his shortcomings as a society man rendered him unusually diffident, and at the first opportunity he would have the men separated from their ladies and crowded around him in a corner of the parlor, listning to one of his characteristic stories. That a lady as proud and ambitious to exercise the rights of supremacy in society as Mary Todd should repent of her marriage to the man I have just described surely need occasion no surprise in the mind of anyone.

However cold and abstracted her husband may have appeared to others, however impressive when aroused, however fierce may have seemed his indignation in public, he never gave vent to his feelings at home. He always meekly accepted as final the authority of his wife in all matters of domestic concern. One day, a man who was making some improvements suggested to Mrs. Lincoln the propriety of cutting down one of the trees, on the Lincoln lawn at Springfield, to which she willingly assented. Before doing so, however, the man came down to our office and consulted Lincoln himself about it. "What did Mrs. Lincoln say?" inquired the latter. "She consented to have it taken away" "Then, in God's name", exclaimed Lincoln, "cut it down to the roots."

Of all her sex with whom Lincoln has become acquainted, says J. H. Barrett, Mary Todd was undoubtedly the one best suited to win his admiration and a more tender regard. Aside from the dissimilarity in their early training and position, however, there was a considerable difference in their years, he being past 30 and she a little more than 20. At his age, an attachment of this sort is likely to be very earnest; at hers, the spirits more volatile, with any young tendency to coquetry yet undisciplined, and with maidenly ways sometimes provocative of resentment or despair, in a sensitive lover. The lady was ambitious; dazzled by the glory of the great statesman to whom her father was a personal and political friend, her highest ideal of manhood was typified by the eloquent orator and expectant president.

She received attentions from two persons who took a leading part, on opposite sides, in the Harrison canvass—one tall and ungainly, yet amiable, modest, kindhearted, already noted as a speaker and aspiring to a higher position than he had been given by the prolonged legislative service; the other, low in stature. but strong in energy and pluck, graceful in manner, bold, ready and pleasing in speech, as ambitious as his rival, and deemed by his friends a more eloquent orator, though on what was to her the wrong side. She preferred the principles and habits of Lincoln to those of Douglas. as she avowed afterward, and if she was also influenced by ambition the political intuition—famous in later life—was not now at fault.

To a friend of her girlhood she wrote of her engagement, speaking plainly of the defects of her intended husband, in personal appearance especially, and adding: "But I mean to make him president of the United States. You will see, as I always told you, I will yet be the president's wife."

The nation had not yet started the practice of pensioning widow's and when the nature of Mrs. Lincoln's circumstances became known a public subscription was started in her behalf. Her state, in the first years of her widowhood, is thus described by a contemporary newspaper:

"Republics are proverbially ungrateful, but few people have been so situated to appreciate in its fullest sense the truth of this stale aphorism as the wife of him for whom the country went in mourning, and whose life was sacrificed through his devotion to its holiest ambition. When Abraham Lincoln perished from the wounds inflicted upon him by the bullet of the assassin the whole United States shed tears and draped itself in funeral garb. Men moved about with solemn and sorrowful tread and bore upon their faces the expression of the deepest grief. But all this was selfish; they felth that the country had sustained a loss, and in that they were aggrieved. None thought of the widow, left alone in the great house, over which the deep shadow of a sudden calamity had settled with a fearful presence. Days passed; she who in the pride and grandeur of a husband's love and preference had presided within these spacious halls, left there in humble weeds, seeking a place where she might rest and pay the tribute of respectable retirement to her husband's greatness. It was to be expected that the men whom he had served and the party which had obtained the sacrifice of his life, would place the widow and family of Abraham Lincoln beyond the reach of want; but the spirit of this party and their individual character were well shown in the opposition to the proposition to appropriate the paltry sum accruing to the deceased in right of the four years' term upon which he had entered. Mrs. Lincoln's indignant at this almost insult offered to the memory of her husband, left Washington and proceeded to his adopted state.

Springfield, the former resident of Mrs. Lincoln, had never been a favorite spot with her; consequently, a proposal to sell a house in Chicago, in a fitting locality, was eagerly accepted by her and after a short interchange of ideas she became the possessor of a residence in the western metropolis. Great injustice has been done Mrs. Lincoln in supposing that her elevation to the White House found her unprepared for its duties and unfit for the assumption of dignity appertaining to such a high office. This is certainly a mistake. Mrs. Lincoln stepped into the position certainly unexpectedly, but filled it with ease and grace, and throughout conducted herself in many trying situations with the dignity that could not be surpassed in one born to rule. It has been said of Mrs. Lincoln that she was extravagant, but this is but another of the calumnies uttered against the woman whose greatest fault perhaps was that she exerted her natural influence over her husband for the benefit of those who she thought were her friends. No doubt she received presents, but they came to her simply as expressions of courteous attention to the wife of the nation's chief.

Of the $110,000 sworn to as her husband's estate, but a small portion was within her control. First, there were certain liabilities to be relieved, and after that the portions accruing to the children were to be deducted from this amount, thus leaving her but a comparative small sum within her personal control.

She even felt necessary to dispose by sale of a number of personal articles—garments, jewels, etc.,—in order to maintain herself with becoming dignity. In this, say the same account, she is but following the example of crowned heads who thus get rid of their outer garments without exciting any curiosity or imprtinent comment.

It is sertainly belittling the country that this lady, to whom full justice has never been done because of the rivalry of politicians. should be compelled to appear as a mendicant before the American people. The widow of a deceased private soldier receives from the government a pension equal to one half of the pay of the soldier doing duty; then why shoull the widow the commander in

chief of the army and navy be left to the chairty of the people for the means of maintaining a position becoming her antecedents and dignity? Added to her financial difficulties, Mrs. Lincoln was called on while living in Chicago, to bear the great grief of losing her son Thomas.

Mrs. Lincoln died at the residence of her sister, Mrs. Ninian W. Edwards, in Springfield, July 16, 1882. Dr. Thomas W. Dresser, her physician, says of her:

"She was bright and sparkling in conversation, and her memory remained singularly good up to the close of her life. Her face was animated and pleasing; and to me she was always an interesting woman; and while the whole world was finding fault with her temper and disposition, it was clear to me that the trouble was really a cerebral disease."—Feb. 7, 1909.

J WRIGHT

AN INTIMATE STORY OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

By Albert Payson Terhune

No One Can Afford to Miss This Unique Relation of Incidents in the Life of the Greatest American

(CONTINUED FROM YESTERDAY.)

Lincoln and Mary Todd became engaged. For a time all went well. Then Mary began to be seen in public with a brilliant young lawyer, Stephen A. Douglas, who was one day to be Lincoln's rival in a more important sense. Whether Miss Todd cared for Douglas or merely encouraged him in order to make her fiance jealous, Lincoln promptly broke the engagement. Miss Todd wept when he told her their love story was at an end.

"What else did you say?" asked a friend to whom Lincoln described the scene.

"I found the tears trickling down my own cheeks," replied Lincoln: "I caught her in my arms and kissed her. If I'm in again, so be it. It's done, and I shall abide by it."

A Strange Marriage

Nevertheless, when the day arrived for the wedding and the guests were all assembled, Lincoln did not appear. It was the only cowardly act of his blameless, brave life. He could not go on with the marriage, and for weeks afterward he was plunged in an almost suicidal gloom that led to a serious illness. Then came the Shields quarrel, the engagement was patched up, and a new date set for the wedding. A child, seeing Lincoln starting for the ceremony, asked where he was going.

"To perdition, I suppose!" groaned the bridegroom.

A witness of the marriage describes him as "pale and trembling as if being driven to slaughter." It is difficult at this distance to see just why either of the two married the other. Lincoln's actions during the engagement do not point strongly to any very overwhelming love. Nor was the lanky, uncouth lawyer the sort of man to satisfy Mary's social ambitions. They went to housekeeping in one upper room of a tavern, where they paid $4 a week for board and lodging. Even this modest sum was almost more than the poor husband could afford.

For, while he had won fame during the past few years, Lincoln had made very little money. Yet he had, in his second term in the Illinois legislature, made his mark in local politics. Tall, angular, homely, badly dressed as he was, there was a certain nameless charm about him.

His voice was pleasant, but not fitted for public speaking. It grew shrill and harsh when he was excited. His language was a queer mixture of the prim, old-fashioned books he had studied and of the rough backwoods style of speech that he had heard from childhood. As long as he lived he kept his rustic dialect, always pronouncing "legislature" "legislatur," "creature" "critter," "Florida" "Floridy," and "chair" like "cheer."

With all these defects he speedily forced his way to the front as a legislative orator. In argument he was mercilessly clear and logical. His shrewd, homely wit was irresistible, and it had an unexpected way of cropping out in his most serious speeches. One of the strongest points of his speeches—apart from their sharp, unanswerable logic—was the fact that he made constant use of illustrative anecdotes. These stories were simple—often vulgar—but they never failed to drive home the point he was seeking to make. His directness pierced every armor of polish and subtlety.

Coming to the Front

Lincoln served four terms in the legislature (being one of the immortal "Long Nine," none of whom was less than 6 feet tall). Fiercely he opposed slavery's extension; fought the "Black Laws" that barred free negroes from entering Illinois, and worked successfully for the transfer of the state capital to Springfield. Then he turned to the practice of law, leaving active politics for a time and trying to establish a foothold in his chosen profession. He was penniless, swamped by debt, and facing a future that seemed to offer little. All this merely strengthened his resolve to succeed.

Meantime, while out of political office, he was working hard for the whig party, and that party's foes learned to dread the sting of his tongue. At one campaign meeting George Forquer, a former whig who had turned democrat (and who was known as the only man in Springfield whose house was equipped with a lightning rod), took occasion to sneer at Lincoln's grotesque manner of speech, and added that "the young man will have to be taken down." Lincoln sprang to his feet and retorted:

"It is not for me to say whether I am up or down. I desire to live and I desire place and distinction. But I would rather die now than, like Mr. Forquer, live to see the day that I would change my politics for an office worth $3,000 a year, and then feel compelled to erect a lightning rod to protect a guilty conscience from an offended God!"

This "lightning" joke became a byword. It killed Forquer, politically.

In 1846, when he was only 35, Lincoln was elected to congress. He had worked for years to earn this honor. His first act in the house of representatives was to introduce a bill abolishing slavery in the District of Columbia. The bill failed to pass and Lincoln was denounced as a "negro lover." Then came the Mexican war, which he opposed as foolish and needless. Such daring, honest opinions as his were not of the sort to curry favor with those in high power. So he served but a single term in congress, going back then to his private law practice.

Zachary Taylor ran for president in 1848, and Lincoln did much in the western states toward securing his election. In return Lincoln asked the one political favor of his life. He wanted to be a land commissioner. Taylor refused and gave the office to a more influential party follower. He offered Lincoln, by way of consolation, the governorship of Oregon. Lincoln was tempted to accept the post, for it meant more money and higher position than he had ever enjoyed. But Mrs. Lincoln flatly refused to move westward and prevailed upon her husband to decline the honor. The man's future lay not on the western but the eastern side of the Rockies.

An Excellent Recipe for Obstinate Coughs

An obstinate cough is about as disagreeable an ailment as a person could have, and has many dangerous features. The battle with such an aggravation can be won within a few hours by utilizing the simple home recipe given below. Since it was first recommended many have tried it with surprisingly prompt results. The recipe is worth saving:

Granulated Sugar Syrup .....13½ oz.
Pinex ..... 2½ oz.

Take a pint of Granulated Sugar, add one-half cup water, stir and let boil just a moment. Put the 2½ oz. of Pinex in a pint bottle and fill it up with the Syrup. Shake well and take a teaspoonful every one, two or three hours. Well corked, it keeps perfectly.

The slight cost of preparing this simple recipe recommends it, in addition to its unequaled merits as a cough and cold killer. The Granulated Sugar used will cost you about 4 cents and the Pinex 50 cents. The recipe makes a full pint of cough syrup, enough to last a long time. The same amount of ready-made cough syrup would cost you about $2.50.

It is not hard to understand the effectiveness of this simple remedy when the curative qualities of the ingredients are explained. The Syrup is an excellent sedative. Pinex is the most valuable concentrated compound of Norway White Pine Extract, and contains all the natural elements which make the air of the pine forests so effective in curing membrane diseases.

In making this remedy at home, do not expect good results by using any of the weaker pine oils or pine tar preparations. Get the real Pinex itself. If your druggist does not have it, he will gladly get it for you if you ask him.

This home-made article is also splendid for pains in the chest, whooping cough, hoarseness, bronchial affections and other throat troubles.

Mrs. Lincoln unconsciously influenced her husband's career in many ways. Domestic strife drove him to greater public activities.

"High hopes faint on a warm hearthstone! He travels the fastest who travels alone."

Lincoln's hearthstone was warmed chiefly by his wife's fiery temper. One man whom she had fiercely scolded is said to have come to Lincoln for satisfaction.

"Could not you endure for fifteen minutes what I endure all day and every day?" was Lincoln's reported answer.

By this time the future president was at the head of the Illinois bar. He was also known as one of the very few lawyers who would take up a case that attacked the privileges of slave holders.

Then, in 1854, occurred something that brought him into a national publicity which he held henceforth to the day of his death.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

DOMESTIC LIFE OF MR. LINCOLN

By J. H. ROCKWELL.

1912

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So many misstatements have been made touching the domestic life of Mr. Lincoln as to create a very general impression that his marriage was a most unhappy one. Just how these falsehoods got into print it is somewhat difficult to say, but there are still living in Springfield

MRS. LINCOLN.

several of his old neighbors, who contradict these unwarranted statements, maintaining that his home life was a thoroughly happy one and that his marriage was in no sense a mistake.

John W. Bunn, president of the Springfield Marine bank, knew Mr. Lincoln, well from the time he went to Springfield as a law student in 1837 until the time of his assassination in 1865. In a recent interview concerning this matter he said:

"It is downright mean the way people, who ought to be in better business—they know better, I believe—do lie about the Lincoln family. Mrs. Lincoln was a pretty woman, cultivated and witty, a model of motherly devotion and the soul of southern hospitality. She came to Springfield from Louisville, Ky., but her sympathies were not with the south, as has so often been stated. She married Mr. Lincoln instead of Judge Douglas, and her self sacrificing ambition did more than any other influence to make Abraham Lincoln president."

Speaking of Mr. Lincoln's bearing before the community and of his social standing, Mr. Bunn denies that he was ever treated with vulgar familiarity by the people here. "Those who profess to have been familiar with Mr. Lincoln and speak of calling him 'Abe' are presuming on ignorance. The people of Springfield knew him only as 'Mr. Lincoln.' He was a young lawyer when he came here in the spring of 1837, but he had been a member of the legislature for two terms and as the leader of the Long Nine had done more than any other man to bring about the removal of the state capital from Vandalia to Springfield. They may have called him 'Abe' in Indiana and out here in New Salem, where he spent his boyhood and youth, but not in Springfield. Naturally many have wished to make it appear that they were intimate with Mr. Lincoln, so in their imaginary conversations which they repeat they disprove, instead of prove, by telling how they called him 'Abe' and the like. Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln were both charming people. It is outrageous the way they have been maligned."

Another friend of Lincoln's still living in Springfield, who met him first in 1836 and who knew him intimately after he became president, is Dr. William Jayne. Dr. Jayne, by the way, was territorial governor of Dakota under Mr. Lincoln during his first administration. The doctor said:

"I first knew Mr. Lincoln in 1836, seventy-five years ago. He was still living in New Salem and was deputy surveyor and postmaster of that village, had served one term in the legislature and was a candidate for reelection. Even at that time there was something about the ungainly and poorly clothed young man that foretold to an observing person a bright future in public life. My first sight of him was at the dinner table in the common dining room of the Rutledge tavern, where he always stopped when in Springfield.

"After dinner I drove with my father to Huron—a little town not far out from Springfield—where my father owned a store in partnership with N. W. Edwards, afterward Mr. Lincoln's brother-in-law. In conversation with Mr. Edwards my father said to him, I remember, 'That young man Lincoln will some day be governor of Illinois.' I was then a boy of ten and thought my father must be jesting, for I had seen in Springfield two governors of Illinois—Ninian Edwards of Belleview and Joseph Duncan of Jacksonville. They were both well dressed men, drove in their own carriages, with fine horses and colored coachmen. Mr. Lincoln certainly did not look much like these men, but my father's foresight was better than his son's, for in a little over twenty years Mr. Lincoln was president of the United States.

"I was present at the marriage of Abraham Lincoln and Mary Todd, and a pretty wedding it seemed to me, then a lad of sixteen. My sister was Mary Todd's bridesmaid; they were inseparable friends. It was this same sister, Julia, and Miss Todd who wrote the second letter signed 'Rebecca of the Lost Townships' that so enraged Mr. Shields that he challenged Lincoln to fight that ridiculous duel about which so much has been said and written. Mr. Lincoln had written the first 'Rebecca' letter, poking fun at the Democrats, but Mary and Julia's letter was too personal, ridiculing Shields vanity and setting everybody laughing at him. This was more than the little Irishman could stand. Mr. Lincoln assumed the entire responsibility of the matter, and the challenge followed, and Lincoln would have his fun with Shields even to the extent of a duel.

"The upshot of it all was," continued the doctor, "that Miss Todd became reconciled to Mr. Lincoln. They were believed to have been engaged—at least there had been an understanding between them, and they had quarreled. He was sensitive and morbid, and she was sensitive and high strung, and so trouble had ensued. After Mr. Lincoln had so gallantly risked his life to shield Miss Todd, however, she relented, and they were married in the fall of 1842.

"It was about the first time the Episcopal marriage service was used here, and old Judge Browne, hearing the groom promise to endow his wife with all his 'worldly goods,' exclaimed as soon as the ceremony was over, 'Grace to Goshen, Lincoln, the statute fixes all that!'" When the doctor's attention was called to the story that a previous date had been set for this ceremony and that Lincoln failed to put in an appearance he said: "No, I know of no such occurrence. None of us ever heard of it. The story came out long after Lincoln's death and Mrs. Lincoln's hopeless illness. True,

DR. WILLIAM JAYNE.

Herndon gives it currency in his 'Life of Lincoln,' but there must have been a mistake somewhere. The judge and I were friends. He claimed that Mrs. Lincoln told him the story herself, but he and she were never very friendly. It is simply one of those occurrences no one can explain."

The Lincoln home in Springfield remains very much as it was when the Lincolns occupied it, a number of the rooms having in them the same furniture used by them before they left for Washington. The house is owned by the state and is occupied by the family of A. S. Edwards, son of N. W. Edwards, who was Mr. Lincoln's brother-in-law. The house is open to the public.

"Mr. Lincoln was a kindly, patient man," said Mrs. Bradner. "I visited in Springfield and knew of his home life. Mrs. Capt. Bradford was a neighbor of the Lincolns. She told me that Mrs. Lincoln would put the baby in the carriage and that Mr. Lincoln would wheel it up and down the street after the other men had gone down to the business of their offices. Mrs. Bradford said to Mr. Lincoln one day, 'I think that is pretty business for you to be engaged in, when you ought to be down to your law office.' Mr. Lincoln looked at her and said slowly, 'I promised.' And then he went on with the baby carriage."

"Mr. Lincoln was not so careless about how his clothes looked as some people say," continued Mrs. Bradner. "I recollect one afternoon he was called on to go to tea at somebody's house in Tremont. He had been lying on the grass reading. He said he couldn't go and as a reason showed a hole in the elbow of his coat. The excuse wasn't accepted. Mr. Lincoln yielded and went to the tea, but he sat through it with one hand over that hole in the elbow."

Mrs. Bradner told of a visit she made to Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln at their Springfield home.

"At the time Mr. Lincoln was nominated," she said, "I was in Springfield with my sister, Mrs. Albert Jones. We went to the Lincolns the next day to offer our congratulations. Mr. Lincoln was in fine spirits. He told us he thought he had a good joke on his wife. Pointing to Mrs. Lincoln he said, 'She locked me out.' Mrs. Lincoln said to him: 'Don't ever tell that again.' But Mr. Lincoln laughed and went on with the story. He said Mrs. Lincoln had said when he went downtown in the evening to hear the returns that if he wasn't at home by 10 o'clock she would lock him out. And she did so. But, Mr. Lincoln said that when she heard the music coming to serenade them she turned the key in a hurry."

LINCOLN HAPPY WITH MARY TODD

Reports That the Great President and His Wife Were Incompatible Are Without Truth, According to One Who Knew Them Well.

THERE are stories, some of them written into the biographies of the martyred president, that the married life of Abraham and Mary Todd Lincoln was unhappy. These stories go so far as to say that when the wedding day came around—

Mary Todd Lincoln, as She Appeared in the White House.

they fix the date in 1840—the guests arrived and the bride appeared in her finery, but the groom remained away; that finally, when they did marry, Mary Todd accepted Lincoln and "married him in a spirit of pique and petty spite to wreak vengeance on him through their married life;" while with Lincoln it was a case of a "willing sacrifice."

"A cruel fiction," Henry B. Rankin calls this in his book, "Personal Recollections of Abraham Lincoln."

Mr. Rankin was a schoolboy who acted as court messenger at Petersburg, Ill., while his father was sheriff, when he first met Mr. Lincoln, then a rising young lawyer. Later he was a student in the Lincoln and Herndon law office in Springfield, admitted to the family circle.

The picture of Mary Todd which Mr. Rankin draws is a charming one. Though not beautiful, she was decidedly pretty, he says, with clear blue eyes which looked through one, and a mobile face which was responsive to her every thought. She was easily the belle of Springfield during her residence there with a married sister, her own home being in Lexington, Ky. Her family objected to Lincoln because of his humble parentage and his poverty, and their engagement was broken off, but two years later Mary Todd defied the family opposition and wedded the man of her choice.

Mrs. Lincoln was not only attractive, but she was cultured, Mr. Rankin says, and throughout her married life, at least until the tragedy of the assassination, she kept up her French reading and other literary pursuits. Hers was a keen political perception amounting to almost prevision, too, and her advice was that most carefully weighed by Lincoln in his political and public affairs.

All the world knows that when Lincoln received the news of his nomination he said: "There is a little woman over on Eighth street who is deeply interested in this news; I will carry it to her," and he left his cheering, congratulating friends to hurry to his home. Not so well known is the fact that the happiest person in Springfield was Mrs. Lincoln, and that she never closed her eyes that night, for fear she would miss some of the town's joy over the honor done its brilliant son.

Mrs. Lincoln's terrible sorrow on the death of the martyr drove her abroad—"the loneliest of all the wives widowed by the Civil war"—and she was allowed to spend the last years of her life "amid chilling neglect and misrepresentation," Mr. Rankin says, but he adds that when history shall reflect the truth, in time to come if it is not already here, "she will be awarded the recognition her merits have always deserved. Till then she can wait; for, like her husband, she belongs to the ages."

He Was Well Disciplined.

One day a man making some improvements in Lincoln's yard suggested to Mrs. Lincoln the propriety of cutting down one of the trees, to which she willingly assented. Before doing so, however, the man came down to our office and consulted Lincoln himself about it. "What did Mrs. Lincoln say?" inquired the latter. "She consented to have it taken away." "Then, in God's name," exclaimed Lincoln, "cut it down to the roots!"

Feb. 8, 1917

Stories of Lincoln as Springfield Resident Is Feature of Big Banquet

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In a most befitting manner the Lincoln centennial association celebrated the memory and birthday anniversary of the great emancipator, Abraham Lincoln, with a banquet in the Lincoln room of the Sangamo club last night.

It was in spirit and sentiment similar to the annual gatherings of the association, although not on as large a scale as some previously held. It was largely in the sense of a retrospective assembly, the stories of the days when President Lincoln as attorney-at-law in Springfield, carrying the guests back to the similar stories told to them by their fathers who knew him intimately.

Conkling Principal Speaker.

With appropriate sentiments of the occasion, Stuart Brown opened the meeting and introduced the speaker of the evening, Clinton L. Conkling, whose speech is found below.

Mr. Conkling held his audience rapt in attention through perhaps a long discourse of the "Greatest of All Men," but the address was so replete with current local history in which each guest was a modern living part that the closest attention was paid to every sentence he uttered.

Mr. Conkling told those present that the story that Mr. Lincoln failed to appear on the day set for his wedding and that it had to be postponed was a flagrant distortion of fact.

He referred to a two hundred dollar check now on exhibition at the Springfield Marine bank, drawn by Mr. Lincoln as being the most money he ever had at the time, as he was notoriously careless about the matter of collecting fees.

Many other reminiscences were traced by the speaker some of which provoked considerable merriment. His entire talk was descriptive and highly instructive as will be found from reading the speech.

Pays Tribute to Humphrey.

Attorney H. A. Converse followed Mr. Conkling with a tribute to the late president of the association, Judge J. Otis Humphrey, tracing the personal interest he manifested in the association and the great loss his death was to the city, state and all interests with which he was closely identified.

Former Congressman J. M. Graham followed, offering a resolution to the meeting of the death of Judge Humphries.

Logan Hay spoke on future life and plans of the association, telling the meeting that the directors had to solve plans for 1919 and that the members of the association must assume the responsibility for future plans.

He suggested that the anniversary and banquet be held every year on a small scale similar to that of last night, and that every five years it be held on a larger scale and the directors desire to know from the members of the association what shall be done.

Dr. Otto H. Schmidt, Chicago, president of the Illinois Historical society, said that every effort should be made to sustain the present high standard and ideal of the association.

Judge E. S. Smith told the meeting that it did not seem possible that they should even consider the matter of discontinuing the meetings of this celebration by this association.

P. B. Warren, secretary of the association, said that it might be advisable to devise some method of obtaining proxies by mail so that those members who cannot attend meetings may send in their proxies and the directors and officers may be duly elected.

This method was approved and a motion was voted that the directors shall continue these meetings, and carried unanimousiy.

The meeting was then adjourned to March 12 to enable the secretary to obtain enough proxies to assure a quorum and elect a board of directors.

Private Arthur Kraft, tenor, Camp Grant, Rockford, gave a tenor solo after Mr. Conkling's speech.

Mr. Conkling spoke in part as follows:

"With much reluctance I consented to the request of the committee when they asked me a few days ago to say something on this occasion about Mr. Lincoln. The time is entirely too short to do justice to the subject, but in a conversational way I trust I may say a few things that will be interesting.

"The original settlers in this region were largely from Kentucky, Tennessee and Virginia and were mostly pro-slavery in their feelings. More than one captured slave from Missouri and Kentucky was carried back through the streets of this town of Springfield in chains to be returned to bondage without effective protest and with the approval of the mass of the people. After a while a stream of emigrants came from New York and New England. The two principles of slavery and freedom here met and battled. One of the stations of the underground railroad was here, another at Farmington, and so on at intervals to the north part of the state.

"Here the cultured and uncultured, aristocrats and plebians, Puritans and cavaliers, the Yankees of that day and the blue blood of Kentucky met.

"Meanwhile at New Salem, twenty miles west, Abraham Lincoln was preparing to be a lawyer. He was admitted to the bar, and one day in March, 1837, seated on an unbarrowed horse with all his earthly possessions, among which was a law library of two or three volumes, in a pair of old saddle-bags, he rode into Springfield from the west along what is now Jefferson street. William Butler, then living at the southwest corner of Madison and Third streets, invited him to board with him. Passing on to the general store of Joshua Stead whom he knew, he asked the cost of a bed and fittings. Stead told him what his list would cost. It was more money than he had. Stead told him that there was a double bed upstairs in the room over the store and that he could have half of that. Mr. Lincoln went up, left his saddle-bags at the foot of the bed and coming down said to Stead, 'Well, I'm moved.' This first home of Lincoln in Springfield was in the second story of a two-story brick building on the northwest corner of Adams and Fifth streets, where Herndon's store now is.

"Old Town was moving to the Square, the buildings of which were mostly wooden structures with the exception of several rows of two-story brick buildings. At the northwest corner of the Square was Hoffman's Row, running north on Sixth street. In the upper room of one of these Stuart & Lincoln had their law office for Mr. Stuart had taken Mr. Lincoln into partnership with him immediately upon his arrival.

"At that time 'Chicken Row' on the north side of the Square was the place where chickens, butter, eggs and other produce was sold. Wooden awnings covered the sidewalks. It was the market place for the people. The common coins in use were dimes, bits or shillings and quarters, the latter usually called two-bits.

Chicago Trips Expensive.

"About the time that Mr. Lincoln made his home in Springfield, it required from seven to eight days to come from Chicago. The fare was $25 in gold. Railroads were unknown. There were no telegraphs. The mails were very irregular. There were no postage stamps and letters were sent without pre-payment of postage, the receiver having to pay from 10 to 25 cents per letter for postage before he could get the same.

"Springfield was then a straggling village containing a few hundred inhabitants. The main part of the town was situated on both sides of Jefferson street, north of what was known as the Town Branch and west of Sixth street and was locally known for many years as Old Town. The houses were mostly built of logs. The new and better improvements were extending east and south. The center of business, which had been at the intersection of Second and Jefferson streets, was now gathering about the Square, in which there had been built in 1831 the courthouse. This was torn down in 1837 when the capital was removed from Vandalia to this place, and room was made for the erection of the new capitol, the present courthouse. The courts were held for nearly ten years in Hoffman's Row, Mr. Lincoln's office being above one of the court rooms.

"The partnership with Mr. Stuart lasted for four years. Then came the partnership with Stephen T. Logan under the firm name of Logan & Lincoln, with offices in the third story of the building, on the west side of Sixth street, at the southeast corner of the Square.

"At this time Dr. John Todd lived on the south side of Washington street between First and Second streets, occupying the whole of the block. His house was a typical southern house with a large gallery in front. Here stayed with him at intervals his niece, Mary Todd, afterwards Mrs. Lincoln. Part of the courtship between her and Mr. Lincoln took place in this house; also in the home of her sister, Mrs. Ninian W. Edwards, on South Second street, and when a temporary coolness arose between them, Mrs. Simson Francis, who lived at the southeast corner of Sixth and Jefferson streets, befriended the couple and here they laid their plans for their hasty wedding.

Says Herndon Did Injustice.

"My mother was a young lady here at that time, having come here from Baltimore, Md. She was intimately acquainted with all the Edwards and Todd families. She has told me repeatedly that the story in Herndon's book that the wedding was set and the guests assembled but that Mr. Lincoln did not appear and that the company separated is not true. Mr. Herndon has done a great injustice to Mr. Lincoln in this story. This same story is indignantly denied by members of Mrs. Edwards' family, who by actual knowledge and tradition knew the story to be untrue.

"Mrs. Benjamin S. Edwards, in 1900, said about Mary Todd:

"'I must tell my acquaintance and friendship with this most intresting woman, Mary Todd. I was attracted towards her at once. The sunshine in her heart was reflected in her face. She insisted upon my calling her by her first name, saying she knew we would be great friends and I must call her Mary. This bond of friendship was continued to the end of her life. Mary Todd had naturally a fine mind and cultivated tastes. She was a great reader and possessed a remarkable retentive memory. Her brilliant conversation often embellished with apt quotations, made her society much sought after by the young people of the town. She was quick at repartee and when the occasion seemed to require it, was sarcastic and severe.

"'About that time Springfield society contained some of the brightest young men that any state could produce, men whose names hold a prominent place in Illinois history and who came together here during the sessions of the Legislature. * * * These legislative assemblies were always the occasion of many social gatherings for distinguished men from every part of the state, who came to the capitol and were royally entertained by our ladies. There was then a galaxy of beautiful girls whose vivacity, intelligence and propriety of deportment would entitle them to the entree of the choicest society of any city. It was a brave set of young people with a congeniality of mind and spirit such as is seldom met with in these days. I have heard that at this time Mary Todd was the center of attraction.'

"She also said:

"'Mr. Lincoln, I think, was acknowledged to be the most popular and agree-

able talker of the young men. His stories were always listened to with the greatest attention and enjoyed immensely. I heard a rumor of an engagement between Mr. Lincoln and Mary Todd, yet I considered it one of these unfounded reports always floating in society, for I really thought Mr. Douglas was more assiduous in his attentions than Mr. Lincoln.'

Tells of Wedding.

The wedding took place in Mr. N. W. Edwards' parlor and hardly anyone but members of the family were present.

"The couple at once took rooms at the Globe hotel, it is said at the modest price of $4 per week. This house was situated on the north side of Adams street between Third and Fourth streets. It was a plain two-story wooden structure and was the stage office for the lines from St. Louis and from Jacksonville and Beardstown on the west and from Peoria on the north. It had a bell on the top, much like a locomotive bell. Many of the travellers came in their private conveyances. The clerk would ring the bell and the stable men would come around to take the horses of the travellers to the barn in the rear. This place continued to be a hotel under different names for some years, and during my early boyhood I have often seen the stage roll up in front and have heard the bell ring when some traveller came. In those days I thought that the very height of a boy's ambition would be fulfilled if he could only become a stage driver.

"In those days and for many years thereafter, indeed, until the latter part of the sixties, Springfield was known as the capitol of the state, but also as one of the most unattractive places to be found. In bad weather the streets approached the condition of a quagmire with dangerous sink-holes where the boatmen's phrase "no bottom" furnished the only description. An absence of civic pride made the dumping ground of the

community rubbish so that the gutters were filled with manure, discarded clothing and all kinds of trash, threatening the public health with their noxious effluvium.

"The problem of the hog nulsance and of the running at large of cows came up time and again and most frequently the owners of the stock succeeded in having full freedom given to their property to wander through the streets of the city at will. One paper stated that the hogs were more numerous on the streets of Springfield than in the pens of the state fair ground, and another paper said that they had equal rights with the citizens upon the streets.

"When Mr. Lincoln came here there may have been 1600 people in the city. In 1840 there were probably not over 2000. In 1850 the population was 4500 and in 1860 a little over 9000.

"It was into a place of this kind and amidst surroundings like these that Mr. Lincoln came and lived and practiced law.

How Partners Separated.

"His partnership with Major Stuart was dissolved because of political differences, Mr. Lincoln being a Whig and opposed to further extension of slavery, Mr. Stuart being pro-slavery in his leanings.

"The partnership with Judge Logan was terminated because of the difference of opinion what to charge for fees and as to the conduct of cases. But all three of the men during all the remaining years of their lives were warm personal friends.

"Mr. Lincoln rode the circuit—that is, with the judge and other lawyers in this judicial circuit they went from county seat to county seat attending the terms of court. The courts often met and adjourned the same day, the cases were so few. Yet court days were gala days with the people. The circus and the courts provided the principal holidays for the masses.

"Mr. Lincoln generally rode the whole circut but Mr. Stuart attended the courts in the northern part of the district, while his subsequent partner and Mr. B. S. Edwards attended those in the counties adjacent to Sangamon. The country was then comparatively unsettled. Between Fancy Creek and Postville, near Lincoln, there were only two or three houses. Beyond Postville for thirteen miles was a stretch of unbroken prairie, flat and wet, covered with gopher hills and apparently being incapable of being cultivated for generations. For fifteen or eighteen miles this side of Carlinville the country was of a similar character, without a house or improvement along the road. The lawyers would travel between Decatur and Shelbyville from 9 o'clock in the morning until after dark over the country without finding a house for shelter or refreshment. The tall grass in the low places was higher than the horses' heads while in the higher parts of the prairie the grass covered the ground as far as the eye could reach and in the springtime was covered with innumerable flowers. The prairie rattlesnakes would often be found coiled up in the road sunning themselves and in the evenings as the traveler passed from the prairie down to the edge of the timber, it was very common to see the black and white pussy-like skunks which would run along in front of the horse in the roadway for quite a distance before they would oblige by turning off into the grass. The snakes were frequently killed with the buggy whip, but care was taken never to strike the woods pussy.

"At the hotels and in the court rooms the lawyers were ever ready for fun, conversation or legal battle.

"The present courthouse whose cornerstone was laid in 1837, but whose interior has been entirely changed, was then the state house. Within its four walls and in the various offices that then existed, on up to 1861, Mr. Lincoln was a frequent visitor and every room had its memories of him.

Heard Lincoln's Famous Words.

"In the hall of representatives, which was in the second story on the west side, on June 16, 1858, he delivered the celebrated speech in which he said, 'A house divided against itself cannot stand. I believe this government cannot endure half slave and half free. It will become all one thing or all the other.' I sat on the steps of the platform within arm's reach of Mr. Lincoln as he delivered this speech.

"The law office of James C. Conkling, my father, was in 1860 on the west side of the Square, in the second story over what was for many years Chatterton's jewelry store, being on the third lot south of the alley. Next to the alley was the general store of N. W. Edwards & Company, the senior partner being a brother-in-law of Mr. Lincoln's. Right south was the banking house of N. H. Ridgely & Company, afterwards the Ridgely National bank, and next south of it was Chatterton's jewelry store. In the third story of this building was the Illinois & Mississippi Telegraph Company's office. On the last day of the Republican convention in Chicago in May, 1860, Mr. Lincoln spent some time in the morning discussing with Mr. Conkling, in the latter's office, the probabilities of his nomination, which Mr. Conkling, who had just returned from the convention, assured him were good. But Mr. Lincoln felt that Mr. Sewart or Mr. Chase might obtain the nomination, although Cameron, who was spoken of, was considered to be out of the race. Mr. Lincoln did not seem to think there was much prospect of he himself receiving the nomination. He arose from the old settee on which he had stretched himself as he talked, and said, 'Well, Conkling, I believe I will go back to my office and practice law.' I had been in and out, as the whole town was full of excitement and awaiting with the most intense interest the result of the convention. Mr. Lincoln had been gone but a moment when the news came over the wires that he was nominated. I happened to hear it and rushed down the steps after him and met him in the doorway of N. W. Edwards & Company's store, and putting out my hand, which he took in his two great hands, said, 'Mr. Lincoln you are nominated.' To which he replied, 'Well, Clinton, then we've got it.' I then became lost in the crowd. A young man who was in the bank by the name of Charles W. McLellan, in an address recently delivered in New York city before 'The Lincoln Fellowship,' said that on the day of Mr. Lincoln's nomination in May, 1860, he was

in the store adjoining the bank where he (McLellan) was employed with others, and he ran out to congratulate Mr. Lincoln.

"In August of 1860 a most extraordi-nary mass meeting was held in Springfield by the Republicans, or as they were commonly known, 'Black Republicans.' People came in great companies, in and camped in the groves on the outskirts of the town for several days beforehand. There were many thousands of people from Central Illinois here. The procession took eight hours to pass Mr. Lincoln's residence on Eighth street. The crowd was so great that his friends feared for the safety of Mr. Lincoln, the people were so eager to see him. That evening there was an immense torchlight procession in the city in which most of the ministers (not all) and all state officials and very many prominent business men, young and old, marched with the old-time oil lamp.

"Mr. Lincoln rented his house to Mr. Tilton, superintendent of the Wabash railway, and spent the last few weeks of his stay in Springfield at the Chenery House which was situated on the northeast corner of Washington and Fourth streets. Owing to the fact that the legislature met in the fore part of December, Mr. Lincoln had to give up his reception room in the state house, and Joel Johnson, an old-time friend of his, who had recently erected some brick buildings on the northwest corner opposite the Chenery House, offered him the use of his double parlors in the second story as a reception room for the remainder of his stay, which Mr. Lincoln gladly accepted. Mr. Johnson's buildings afterwards became known as the Revere House.

"The night before Mr. Lincoln left, on February 11, 1861, for Washington, he had his trunks brought down into the office of the Chenery House. He 'corded' them himself and then taking some of the cards of the hotel, wrote on the back, 'A. Lincoln, White House, Washington, D. C.,' and tacked them on the trunks. The next morning early, in a drizzling rain, he went in the old hotel bus to the Great Western railroad passenger station, on Tenth and Monroe streets. On a stub track which lay west of the main track and ended on the north side of Monroe street, the car in which he and those with him were to go east, was standing, and from the rear of this car he spoke his farewell address to his friends and neighbors."

Mr. Conkling described other places in the city associated with Mr. Lincoln, and also referred to various incidents in his life connected with Springfield.

Mr. Conkling concludes as follows:

"On February 22, 1842, Mr. Lincoln delivered an address before the Springfield Washingtonian Temperance society at the Second Presbyterian church.

"In this address he referred to the political revolution of 1776 and then to the temperance revolution and said:

"'And when the victory shall be complete—when there shall be neither a slave nor a drunkard on the earth—how proud the title of that land which may truly claim to be the birthplace and the cradle of both those revolutions, that have ended in that victory. How nobly distinguished that people who shall have planted, and nurtured to maturity, both the political and moral freedom of their species.'

"How striking is this language in view of the emancipation of the slaves in 1863, and the amendment to the Federal Constitution in 1919.

"In closing his address Mr. Lincoln referred to the day as being the one hundred and tenth anniversary of the birth of Washington.

"Today is the one hundred and tenth anniversary of the birthday of Abraham Lincoln. Permit me in closing to substitute the name of the latter for that of the former and say of our martyr president:

"This is the one hundred and tenth anniversary of the birthday of Lincoln—we are met to celebrate this day. Lincoln is the nightiest name of earth—long since mightiest in the cause of civil liberty, still mightiest in moral reformation. On that name a eulogy is expected. It cannot be. To add brightness to the sun, or glory to the name of Lincoln, is alike impossible. Let none attempt it. In solemn awe pronounce the name, and in its naked, deathless splendor leave it shinging on."

MRS. LINCOLN'S BAD TEMPER.

The President Crept in at the Back Door to Escape Her Wrath.

In William Herndon's new book are given for the first time glimpses of Mr. Lincoln's domestic side which leave no chance for any misunderstanding as to the reasons for the unhappiness of the great man's married life. While Mrs. Lincoln was proud, quick tempered, sharp-tongued, and eccentric, Mr. Lincoln was not a model husband. What angel among my fair listeners would have enjoyed keeping house with a man who encouraged his boys to turn the house topsy-turvy and served butter to his guests with his own knife—ignoring all the conventionalities of polite society?

Herndon says that Mr. Lincoln was in the habit of lying in his house on the floor, with the back of a chair for a pillow, while he read. One evening, while in this position, a knock was heard at the door, and he answered in his shirt sleeves. Finding two ladies at the door he invited them into the parlor, notifying them in his familiar way that he would "trot the women folks out."

Mrs. Lincoln overheard the remark and took in the scene. Her indignation was instantaneous and unrestrained, and she made the situation exceedingly embarrassing for him. He retreated from the house, head down, did not return till very late at night, and then slipped in at a rear door.

His fear of Mrs. Lincoln's violent temper is illustrated by another anecdote, now told for the first time by Herndon:

"One day a man making some improvements in Lincoln's yard suggested to Mrs. Lincoln the propriety of cutting down one of the trees, to which she assented. Before doing so, however, the man came down to our office and consulted Lincoln himself about it.

"'What did Mrs. Lincoln say?' inquired the latter.

"'Cut it down.'

"'Then in God's name cut it down to the roots!'"

Lincoln's Domestic Life.

No one doubts that Lincoln was a trying husband—Mary Owens rejected him because she declared that he was lacking in the little courteous attentions which a wife requires. But that Mrs. Lincoln was a far more trying wife is a fact upon which Mr. Weik presents new testimony. He quotes Josiah P. Kent, a neighbor, as saying that she was excitable, easily moved to anger, and often heard all over the neighborhood. "When thus aroused and giving vent to her feelings, it is little wonder that Mr. Lincoln would suddenly think of an engagement he had downtown, grasp his hat, and start for his office by the shortest and most direct route."

James Gourley, a shoemaker, occupying an adjoining house, from whom Lincoln, wearing loose slippers and a faded pair of trousers fastened by one suspender, sometimes borrowed milk, gives the same evidence. Lincoln, he said, usually yielded to his wife—and so did every one else.—New York Evening Post.

Many Tribulations Met by Lincoln in His Domestic Life

Herndon Relates Incidents Showing the Unhappy State of Affairs Under His Home Roof, and the Results.

'522

By WM. H. HERNDON.

(For Many Years Lincoln's Law Partner at Springfield.)

(Continued)

Mrs. Lincoln, on account of her peculiar nature, could not long retain a servant in her employ. The sea was never so placid but that a breeze would ruffle its waters. She loved show and attention, and if, when she glorified her family descent or indulged in one of her strange outbreaks, the servant could simulate absolute obsequiousness or had tact enough to encourage the social pretensions, Mrs. Lincoln was for the time her firmest friend.

One servant, who adjusted herself to suit the lady's capricious ways, lived with the family for several years. She told me that at the time of the debate between Douglas and Lincoln she often heard the latter's wife boast that she would yet be mistress of the White House.

The secret of her ability to endure the eccentricities of her mistress came out in the admission that Mr. Lincoln gave her an extra dollar each week on condition that she would brave whatever storms might arise, and suffer whatever might befall her, without complaint. It was a rather severe condition, but she lived rigidly up to her part of the contract. The money was paid secretly and without the knowledge of Mrs. Lincoln.

Frequently, after tempestuous scenes between the mistress and her servant, Lincoln at the first opportunity would place his hand encouragingly on the latter's shoulder with the admonition, "Mary, keep up your courage."

It may not be without interest to add that the servant afterwards married a man who enlisted in the army. In the spring of 1865 his wife managed to reach Washington to secure her husband's release from the service. After some effort she succeeded in obtaining an interview with the president. He was glad to see her, gave her a basket of fruit, and directed her to call the next day and obtain a pass through the lines and money to buy clothes for herself and children. That night he was assassinated.

The following letter to the editor of a newspaper in Springfield will serve as a specimen of the perplexities which frequently beset Mr. Lincoln when his wife came in contact with others. What in this instance she said to the paper carrier we do not know; we can only intelligently infer. I have no personal recollection of the incident, although I knew the man to whom it was addressed quite well. The letter only recently came to light. I insert it without further comment. (Private.)

"Springfield, Ill., Feb. 20, 1857.

"John E. Rosette, Esq.

"Dear Sir: Your note about the little paragraph in the Republican was received yesterday, since which time I have been too unwell to notice it. I had not supposed you wrote or approved it. The whole originated in mistake. You know by the conversation with me that I thought the establishment of the paper unfortunate, but I always expected to throw no obstacle in its way, and to patronize it to the extent of taking and paying for one copy. When the paper was brought to my house, my wife said to me, 'Now are you going to take another worthless little paper?' I said to her evasively, 'I have not directed the paper to be left.' From this, in my absence, she sent the message to the carrier. This is the whole story.

"Yours truly,

"A. LINCOLN."

A man once called at the house to learn why Mrs. Lincoln had so unceremoniously discharged his niece from her employ. Mrs. Lincoln met him at the door, and being somewhat wrought up, gave vent to her feelings, resorting to such violent gestures and emphatic language that the man was glad to beat a hasty retreat. He at once started out to find Lincoln, determined to exact from him proper satisfaction for his wife's action.

Lincoln was entertaining a crowd in a store at the time. The man, still laboring under some agitation, called him to the door and made the demand. Lincoln listened for a moment to his story. "My friend," he interrupted, "I regret to hear this, but let me ask you in all candor, can't you endure for a few moments what I have had as my daily portion for the last fifteen years?"

These words were spoken so mournfully and with such a look of distress that the man was completely disarmed. It was a case that appealed to his feelings. Grasping the unfortunate husband's hand, he expressed in no uncertain terms his sympathy, and even apologized for having approached him. He said no more about the infuriated wife, and Lincoln afterward had no better friend in Springfield.

To Be Continued

WRIGHT

Lincoln Had Big Turkey At Own Birthday Dinner

2/12/25

A Military Orderly at the White House in Civil War Days, One of the Few Still Living Who Came Into Close Contact With the Great Emancipator, Tells an Interesting Story of the President and His Home Life.

A new picture of Abraham Lincoln is given in the following article by William H. Tisdale, who at the age of 19 became military orderly to the President in 1862, serving in that capacity for two years. Mr. Tisdale's post in those trying days was one of extreme importance because of the spying in Washington, which had caused the removal of some of his predecessors. Mr. Tisdale, originally rejected as a volunteer because of his youth, re-enlisted after the Civil War and took part in twenty-one engagements under Custer in Indiana warfare. He recently retired after forty-four years' service as judge's attendant of the supreme court of the state of New York.

THE first birthday anniversary of Abraham Lincoln I remember occurred February 12, 1863, Mr. Tisdale writes. At that time I was on duty at the White House, and had been for some six months previous, as the President's orderly—as confidential messenger or dispatch bearer. There was no country-wide observance. In the early evening a small company assembled for his birthday party, a few especially close to him, and a few women friends of Mrs. Lincoln. His son, Robert, a young army officer, arrived, and all sat down to a quiet but happy dinner.

Just before the birthday feast began one of the negro boys came to me with eyes wide with astonishment, urging me to see what was being taken to the President. And following him I saw a turkey—a monstrous big bird. Some admirer in Pennsylvania had sent it.

The Lincoln I knew at that period spoke quietly and never seemed irritated or angry. When bad news came from the front, and he was sitting alone at his desk, he did look troubled, but he brightened up when friends came in. He dressed so carelessly a stranger might take him for an old farmer. Trousers were not creased then, but his bagged excessively at the knee. If he was indifferent to appearances, Mrs. Lincoln was not. Every once in a while she would come bustling into the office and exclaim, "Now, Abraham, get a fresh shirt and have your clothes brushed up! At 4 o'clock those European visitors are coming to see you."

Mrs. Lincoln was as "dressy" as her husband was careless.

LIKED TO ELUDE GUARDS.

The President enjoyed long walks, and greatly disliked to be accompanied by guards. It seemed a sort of game with him to elude the detectives. Every once in awhile he would put on an old coat, pull a big, slouch hat down over his eyes, and say, "Come along, Tisdale." Then we would slip out for a tramp. As a rule he wanted to get out into the suburbs. He was very tall, and I quite short. Not only were his legs exceedingly long, but he walked steadily and rapidly when out for exercise. Consequently, in spite of my youth, I often was glad to get back, and sometimes was pretty well blown.

Almost always, and invariably on public occasions, Mr. Lincoln wore an old-fashioned plug hat—a silk hat. On such occasions Mrs. Lincoln saw to it that otherwise he was appropriately dressed. Consequently, the public always pictured him in that attire. But an old overcoat and a plainsman's hat pulled down over the eyes made a mighty change; and notwithstanding his height and general appearance he could walk along the streets of Washington without having more than one in a hundred, even soldiers, recognize him.

I was chosen his orderly because, for one reason, I never drank alcoholic beverages. My principal business was to carry dispatches for the President. Washington was thronged with spies, both men and women.

LINCOLN A GOOD BOXER.

It is not generally known, I believe, that Mr. Lincoln was a good boxer. Yet he always had a set of gloves at hand and when feeling the need of sharp exercise he would say to his secretary, "Well, Hay, let's have a set-to."

In his bedroom Mr. Lincoln had a pulling-machine on the wall. It was needful for him to have physical relaxation. Mental rest he obtained through reading, through humorous stories and anecdotes, and by attending the theatre. Every morning he drew strength from reading the Bible; evening as well as morning he prayed.

The firmness he displayed when once his mind was made up was no greater than the gentler side of his nature. He was passionately fond of birds and domestic animals. In the White House he had dogs and cats and rabbits. I often saw him outdoors in the early morning, feeding and petting them. He hardly ever went out in the grounds and sat on a bench, without having a cat on his lap, or a dog at his knee. They instinctively trusted him.

Little Tad Lincoln was just as likely to be playing in the President's office as anywhere else; but his activities did not appear to disturb his father. One morning Mr. Lincoln said: "Tisdale, I want Tad to have a pair of goats—and he wants them too! Do you know where we can get a pair?"

I knew. The President drew out his wallet, and took out two 20-dollar bills and a ten and said: "I don't know what a good pair of goats will cost, but get them as cheap as you can."

In a settlement of shanties I found a woman.

"I'll sell none of the nannies," she said, "but I'd part with a pair of billies f'r the right price."

TAD GETS A REAL RIG.

Five dollars each was right and I led them to the White House.

"They're pretty good looking billy-goats," he commented. "You've made a fine bargain, but you've got yourself in for a lot of trouble."

"How so, sir?"

"Tad won't let you rest," he said with a twinkle of the eyes, "until you get harness for his goats."

The saddler of our cavalry company made a double-set of harness and I fitted a pole to a little wagon.

It must not be thought that because I was told to buy the goats as cheaply as possible that Mr. Lincoln was stingy. He thought so little of money itself, and was inclined to be so free-handed, that he had to use care in not permitting waste or extravagance. At Christmas time he remembered many who never expected a gift from him. I recall my delight when one Christmas day he presented me with a silver watch. It is a matter of lifelong regret that like a foolish boy I traded off this gift long before I was old enough to appreciate its importance.

It was hard for him to believe evil of other men. Probably that was the main reason why he permitted practically anybody and everybody to see him when calling at the White House. His secretaries sought to have him properly guarded. Whether Mrs. Lincoln understood the real situation I do not know. But there came a time, in 1864, I think, when Stanton—fully sharing the apprehensions of Nicolay and Hay—bluntly insisted on a personal body-guard.

This is fixed in my mind because of an interesting little incident.

SPY PLOT UNCOVERED.

My regiment was originally Scott's Nine Hundred, but really was the 11th New York cavalry. One company was permanently stationed in the White House grounds. The summer was hot and Mr. Lincoln decided to spend the heated term in a cottage by the Soldiers' Home. When he got through with work at the White House, either early or late at night, a detachment of these cavalrymen would escort him to the Soldiers' Home and then return to the White House. This kept up for some little time. Then, unexpectedly, on arriving at the Soldiers' Home one evening, the troopers were ordered to make camp, patrols were thrown out, and a strict guard was established in every direction.

Of course this created comment and speculation was rife when it became known. The reason, I was informed, was that army intelligence had discovered a plan for a rush on the cottage late at night, to capture Mr. Lincoln and carry him off to the South.

I was only a private, but charming women often asked me questions leading up to what—I don't know. One instance of spying that remains clear concerned an attractive woman who had made friends with many in official and semi-official life. Important news was leaking out—that was a certainty. She was investigated. She lived in the attic of a lodging house in Fourth street, down toward the Potomac. Late at night government agents saw her with a lighted lamp at the upper windows, moving this way and that. They waited. One night, evidently in response to a signal, a man approached the house. At the door the woman handed him a letter. Both of them were seized. A day or two later I was told that both were on the way to Boston Harbor for safe keeping.

DREW LOVE OF ASSOCIATES.

Yet Lincoln was the most tender-hearted of men. When he heard anyone rejoicing over Confederate losses he would say, "We mustn't feel that way."

In fact, I have heard him say he would rather see one hundred guilty men acquitted than one innocent man unjustly punished. His lovable nature created a corresponding attitude in those who came in contact with him. A good many negroes were employed about the White House. One was an old fellow, with gray wool, named Ephraim. He was the most dignified negro, I think, in North America, and he was intensely proud to rake leaves from the

White House lawn. One day when Mr. Lincoln was returning from a walk, Ephraim took off his hat with a flourish, bowed to the ground, and said in tones of deepest respect: "Misto President!"

Lincoln responded with a kind word and kinder look. Then, giving a little chuckle, remarked to his orderly, "Tisdale, old Eph would lay down his life for me."

I didn't doubt this for an instant. And old Eph was not alone.

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WILLIAM H. TISDALE, ORDERLY TO PRESIDENT LINCOLN, WHO TELLS OF HIS LIFE AT THE WHITE HOUSE IN CIVIL WAR DAYS.

"NOT A MARRYING LOT"

MYSTERY OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S WEDDING IS EXPLAINED.

"The Fatal First of January," 1842 Has Caused Much Speculation Among Biographers of Martyred President.

William E. Barton in Collier's

Abraham Lincoln sought Mary Todd and wooed her because he desired her. But he approached matrimony with strange trepidation. I do not know how many friends you have in Springfield, but I know how you can lose half of them, and that is by an incautious opinion expressed as to whether Lincoln did or did not run away from his own wedding. Something occurred on what he called "the fatal first of January," 1842. Some people say that the invitations were out for Lincoln's wedding and that he went insane and did not come. Some people say that there was a date set, but that matters had not gone so far as the sending out of invitations, and that a quarrel occurred and the date was postponed. Others say that there was but one date set and that was on the date on which Abraham Lincoln and Mary Todd were married.

I have friends on all sides of this question, and I take a middle course. Furthermore, I believe that the truth does not lie with either extreme. I do not think that a wedding company had assembled and that Lincoln in public fashion repudiated his waiting bride. On the other hand, I am certain that something ominous occurred on that "fatal first of January," and that, while Lincoln did not go insane, he actually feared that he would do so. There was a quarrel which was more than an ordinary lover's misunderstanding, and Lincoln was the unhappiest of men. During that whole spring and summer he was in a state of painful indecision and self reproach. His condition has been exaggerated, but it is certain that he was in a forlorn condition of uncertainty as to his relations with Mary Todd. When finally they were reconciled, they took no chances. They were both superstitious, and neither would under ordinary circumstances have planned a wedding on Friday. But they hastily made up their differences on Thursday night, and on the next day Lincoln went to the county clerk, N. W. Matheney, and obtained a marriage license. That night, in a white satin dress borrowed from her sister, Mary Todd was married to Abraham Lincoln. The date was November 4, 1842, and the wedding cake was still too warm for the icing to cut well.

SHRANK FROM MARRIAGE.

Why did Lincoln approach marriage with reluctance?

There are several answers.

The first is that he loved Ann Rutledge, who died in August, 1835, and that he never afterward really loved any other woman. Attracted by the brilliance of Mary Todd, he was carried away beyond his own best judgment, but, finding that he could not love her as he loved the girl who had died, he revolted, and, though he returned and made good his promise to Mary, he never was able to give her his whole heart, for that was buried with Ann. This is the answer of his partner, William H. Herndon, and is the general belief of a good many sentimental writers.

The second is that he was oppressed by the disparity between him and this high-bred girl of the Bluegrass. He felt his own rude origin, his lack of social grace, his poverty. Also he doubted whether a woman with so sharp a tongue and so quick a temper could ever make him happy. He had good reason to nourish these doubts; but he was justified also in asking whether he would not be more unhappy without her.

The third is that he cared more for Matilda Edwards or for Sarah Rickard than he did for Mary Todd.

I do not regard any of these as adequate reasons.

That he loved Ann Rutledge I think is well established. That he held her memory tenderly I am confident. But that it prevented his caring for other women is improbable, and I think wholly contrary to fact. He proposed to at least three other women after Ann Rutledge's death, and in no case was the proposal a barren formality.

Moreover, I think he was sincerely in love with Mary Todd. If not, there were other men entirely willing to have taken her off his hands.

Why did Lincoln shrink from marrying the woman he loved?

"NOT A MARRYING LOT."

It certainly was not that he had any physical defect that made marriage impracticable, nor had he any shameful confessions that marriage would have disclosed. His had been a clean and honorable life. But while he admired women, and made love to several of them, he shrank more than once from the responsibilities of marriage.

I have discovered what may be accounted a part of a reason. This peculiarity with regard to marriage was a family trait, which has not hitherto been discovered by Lincoln students, because the blood relations of Abraham Lincoln, on the Lincoln side, have not been known to them.

In 1867, as John Hay was on his way from Warsaw, Ill., to his consular service abroad, he rode in the train as far as Carthage with Robert Lincoln, a second cousin of Abraham Lincoln, and was struck, almost shocked, by his resemblance to "the great dead man."

"The family is about run out," he told Hay. "We are not a very marrying lot."

These Lincolns, resident in Hancock County, "at the head of the rapids" opposite Keokuk, were descendants of Abraham Lincoln's father's eldest brother, Mordecai. They came to Illinois in 1829, and Mordecai himself followed in 1830. In October, 1848, while Abraham Lincoln was on his speaking tour against Stephen A. Douglas, he stayed over night with these relatives, and had a good visit with his first cousin, the younger Mordecai. I should like much to know what they talked about.

MORDECAI RAN AWAY.

I have two letters from a man of some prominence in Kentucky, to Mordecai's brother James, anxiously inquiring about Mordecai. The reason for his concern, stated with dignity as a father might state it, is that Mordecai was engaged to marry this man's daughter Patsy. Mordecai went to see her one night, and when he left her, he left Kentucky, not even returning to his shop to get his fiddle, but departed for Illinois. He did not leave Patsy in any disgrace, and her father declares that neither he nor Patsy have any explanation of his strange conduct. They never secured any explanation. Mordecai ran away from Kentucky to keep from marrying an attractive girl of good family, and one who truly loved him and was heartbroken over his departure.

Mordecai Lincoln was a woman-hater. Everyone says so. They say he ran away from Kentucky to keep from marrying, and never looked at a woman afterward.

I wonder, as he and Abraham talked together in the fall of 1848, each of them then nearing forty years of age, if they did not discuss marriage. Mordecai may well have said that, his mother being now dead, he often felt the lonelincss of life, and felt it more when he went, as he often did, to the homes of married friends. I imagine he said to Abraham that he was often lonely, but women were very unreasonable creatures, and he felt safer without being bound to one. And I wonder if Abraham may have said to him that he, also, had cherished grave misgivings about marriage, but was married and had sons in whom he had great pride.

I was not present at this conversation. But I am ready to reveal a secret, which is that Mord Lincoln found it very hard to be a consistent woman-hater. I have a letter from him written to "My favorite girl, Elizabeth." He told her he loved her, and "honed" for her company, and that if she would marry him he would devote himself to making her happy. And his courage failed him, and he never sent the letter!

RECOILED FROM MARRIAGE.

The years passed, and his mother died, and he was a lonely man. He saw another girl and admired her. She was a school-teacher, and someone slandered her, and he defended her good name. Then he sat down and wrote a letter offering to marry her. I think it possible that he sent this one, since what I have appears to be the first draft of a letter that he later copied. But perhaps he got no further than this first draft. Perhaps his courage failed again. He died a bachelor, and left behind him the reputation of having been a woman-hater.

What has this to do with Abraham Lincoln's love affairs?

This much, I think. It gives us entirely new knowledge of what was a family trait with respect to marriage. "We are not a very marrying lot," said Robert Lincoln, the President's second cousin. They were not. They approached marriage and recoiled from it. They had no lack of interest in women, and they were not dissolute men, but there was in the men of the Lincoln family a strange recoil from matrimony. Most of them did ultimately marry, but rather late, and with some misgivings. No divorces are of record among them.

Did they live happily ever after?

They lived together ever after, but they were too moody to be wholly happy. All of them had "the Lincoln horrors." They were good and honorable men, and made good husbands and fathers, but they were temperamental to a degree, as was Abraham Lincoln.

1 Child Neighbor's Memories of Lincoln in Springfield

Christian Science Monitor 2-18-25

Mary Todd Melvin Dewing, Who Was Named for Mrs. Lincoln, Tells Family Anecdotes

Mary Todd Melvin Dewing tells her recollections of Abraham Lincoln as a Springfield neighbor.

MY FATHER and mother were very close friends of the Lincolns. My mother was so fond of Mrs. Lincoln that it was decided before I came into this world that if I should prove to be a girl I should bear her name.

The Lincolns lived just a block from us in Springfield, Ill., and the night before I was born Mrs. Lincoln gave a party. The following morning she sent her centerpiece to my mother and me. I was unable to enjoy either the sight or taste of it, but mother told me it was a large pyramid of macaroons. Personally, I remember just two incidents touching the Lincolns, but I have heard father and mother and my older brothers speak of them so much that I feel as though I had been personally acquainted with the family.

My father, Dr. Samuel Melvin, kept a store in Springfield. In the back room he had a rosewood chess table, and whenever Mr. Lincoln had an hour of leisure he would drop in, and if father was not busy the two of them would go back there and play chess. They were both good players and pretty evenly matched. It was in these intimate moments that father learned to know and appreciate Abraham Lincoln. Father often said:

"Lincoln is not a show man—he does not impress one greatly at first sight, or even after a slight acquaintance. It is only when one really knows the quiet, sincere, personal side of him, that his superiority is grasped."

The Little Boy Cheers

Mr. Lincoln must pass both the store and our home every day to reach his own house. My little brother Charles was devoted to Lincoln, and one of his daily joys was to mount the gate post and greet Mr. Lincoln as the latter passed. But one day Mr. Lincoln was much engrossed in conversation with a companion and did not hear Charles' "Hello, Misser Lincoln." The child was much offended. He called louder, but still Lincoln did not hear. The third time he fairly screamed, "Misser Lincoln, Misser Lincoln!" Lincoln whirled suddenly and asked,

"Why, what is it, Charlie?"

Charlie didn't know what he wanted himself except to be noticed, and thus confronted he could think of nothing to say except to raise his little hand and shout, "Hurrah for you!" It was just after the political campaign and that phrase had flown to the boy's lips. Lincoln laughed, came back and caught the boy from his post, squeezed him and set him on the sidewalk as he said—

"That's right, Charlie, that's right." Patting the boy on the shoulder, he hastened off to catch his companion.

Mr. Lincoln's love for his own children and other people's children as well, was much remarked about.

"Are My Boys Here?"

I had five brothers older than myself. Two of them were the ages of Robert and Willie Lincoln, and our old nurse, Mary, claimed that she had as much to do with bringing up the Lincoln boys as their mother and father did, for Robert and Willie were always in our back yard, and Mr. Lincoln stopped in two or three times a day to collect his children and take them home. Should he go home at noon and not find them there, it was,

"Mary, where are the boys?"

"Over at Melvin's," would be the invariable reply, and Lincoln would hasten back to our place and get them. After a time he learned to stop on his way home and ask, "Are my boys here?" and taking one by each hand, he would lead them home, only to repeat the performance at night.

The Lincolns at that time had no servant, and as mother never allowed our boys to go out of the yard, and as our Mary was always near, watching the play, Mrs. Lincoln felt it was a safe place for her older boys to be, and she would in turn plan some treat for my brothers.

One time she wished to make some calls, and for the purpose hired a hack from the city livery stable. She asked mother if two of my brothers might go with her, as she was taking Robert and Willie. It is needless to say the four boys enjoyed the ride, and enjoyed as much playing in the hack while she went in to make her calls.

Playing Nursemaid

Tad was a little youngster at the time, and the following story was told by the carpenter in question.

Mrs. Lincoln desired to go down town and do some shopping. Mr. Lincoln volunteered to look after Tad, as some carpenter work was being done on the house and he said he would like to be home to oversee it. After a while the carpenter called Mr. Lincoln out into the back yard to ask advice concerning some alteration, and Lincoln put Tad on the floor. Immediately the child set up a howl, and Mrs. Lincoln came in at that inopportune time. She had rather a hasty temper and at once she sought her husband and berated him soundly for letting the child sit on the floor and cry

"Why, Mary, he's just been there a minute," soothed Lincoln, and then in his quiet, gentle way, he took the child in his arms, and snuggling him close sat down in an old rocking chair and sang to quiet him, that old hymn, "Jesus, my all, to heaven has gone."

After Lincoln was elected President, the family made preparations to move to Washington and decided to sell the greater part of their furniture. My father bought a number of pieces, and I still have the bill of sale. Aside from the pieces mentioned, we acquired from them a big four-poster: this furniture was used in the great bedroom in which my father and mother and I slept.

The Literary Bureau

A few evenings before Mr. Lincoln left for Washington, Mrs. Grimsley, the only daughter of Dr. Todd, who was Mrs. Lincoln's uncle, invited a few of Lincoln's intimate friends to the home of Dr. Todd to a little farewell party. They were all assembled, and Lincoln was late. When he came, he brought with him a little black satchel. This was bulging with something heavy. He gave it to Mrs. Grimsley, and with a smile explained:

"Gentlemen, this is my literary bureau."

He asked Mrs. Grimsley to take care of it until he should return to Springfield, but added, that if he should not return for it, she was to make any disposition of it she thought best. Mrs. Grimsley put it away. Little did any of those present dream under what circumstances it was to be opened and the contents revealed.

With a Little Cap

When the Lincolns had been in Washington a month or so, Captain Todd, Mrs. Lincoln's brother, was making a trip to Springfield, and Mrs. Lincoln sent in his care a letter to my mother, and a little box in which was a cap for me. Here is the letter:

Washington, April 27, 1861.

My dear Mrs. Melvin:

Captain Todd leaves today for Springfield and I take the liberty of enclosing some photographs of the boys, also, a little bonnet cap for my sweet little namesake. Thousands of soldiers are guarding us, and if there is safety in numbers we have every reason to feel secure. We can only hope for peace.

Our boys remember your dear little sons with much affection. I trust the day may come when they will be reunited.

I had intended requesting Mr. Melvin to have given me a promise that on our return to S we could be able to secure our own particular pew, to which I was very much attached, and which we occupied some ten years. May I hope that he will be able to do so.

With kind regards to your family and all friends, I remain, ever sincerely,

MARY LINCOLN.

Lincoln's Gratitude

It was the following year when my father and mother went up to Washington. My father went to call on the President. After the first greetings were over, and a few words exchanged, Mr. Lincoln said:

"Well, Dr. Melvin, and what can I do for you?"

"Not a thing; not a thing in the world, Mr. Lincoln," replied Father. "I just came in to make a little friendly call like we used to do in Springfield."

Mr. Lincoln seemed a bit surprised, smiled, and then looked very serious. In a moment he jumped from his chair, crossed the room, and again shook hands with my father.

"I have to shake hands with you again, Dr. Melvin," he said heartily. "You're the first man from Springfield who has been to see me who didn't have an ax to grind. Since you haven't asked any favors, I'm going to reward you. The city is under military surveillance, as you know, and you must have a pass to get about. But I will send my carriage for your use tomorrow. You will take Mrs. Melvin and the other Springfield friends who are with you, and go where you wish, unquestioned."

Mr. Lincoln had so much appreciated the fact that an old neighbor and friend should call just for friendship's sake that he extended this great courtesy to my parents. In turn, it was hard for them to express their appreciation of his kind act.

Mr. Lincoln loved his home and friends in Springfield, and spoke of them with much feeling many times. He looked forward to returning and taking his place among them after his term of office should be over.

News of Assassination

I remember very well when the news of the assassination came. I was five years old and sleeping in my little trundle bed beside the huge four-poster that had been the Lincoln's. Our nurse, Mary, had been to market early in the morning and she returned with the news. I remember my father sitting straight up in this big bed and exclaiming,

"Is it possible! Is it possible! Who could think of killing so great and good a man!!"

Not long after, almost the same company that had met at Mrs. Grimsley's that night to bid Lincoln farewell, met again at the same place. They talked of their friend, and then someone remembered the black bag that Lincoln had left. Mrs. Grimsley went to get it, and in the presence of all it was opened. It contained manuscripts of lectures, some of which he had delivered, and some of which he had not used. But these were prepared after the Lincoln-Douglas debates, and were given in a lyceum lecture course.

Each of the men present put his hand in the bag and drew forth a manuscript. Father drew two, both on the subject of "Science and Invention." One of these he later disposed of, but the other is to remain in our family.

LIFE IN HOME HELD SACRED BY LINCOLN

Never So Hard Pressed Financially That He Placed Mortgage on Modest Dwelling.

By the Associated Press.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., February 12.—The sanctity in which Abraham Lincoln held his home was told by A. L. Bowen, editorial writer of the Illinois State Journal, in an address prepared for delivery today before the Lincoln Centennial Association here.

"However hard pressed Lincoln was for money, his story-and-a-half white frame house with green shutters never was mortgaged," asserted Mr. Bowen. "His home was used as a haven from the cares of his life. He was not social in his make-up or his ambitions and it is not of record that he ever took to his home socially any of the great men who came to see him.

wash Star 2-12-25

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S WIFE

It is one of the frequent faults of history that the focusing of the spotlight upon an outstanding character of genius serves only to intensify the shadow in which those about him move. Perhaps the wife of Abraham Lincoln has been a peculiarly tragic victim of this historical weakness. While history, tradition and pure fancy have heaped reams of adulation upon the head of the Great Commoner, there has been a general inclination not only to ignore, to a large extent, the companion of his most notable years, but to minimize her part in his life—and even to lay upon her no small measure of odium as a sort of drag upon Lincoln's happiness and service.

Because the general conception of Mary Todd Lincoln is built upon tradition, rather than upon fact and knowledge, it is all the more difficult to erase what probably is a gravely unjust impression or to supplant such an impression even with documentary truth. One can meet direct assertion; but one cannot deal with vague, intangible rumor. And yet common sense must suggest to the thinking person that the woman who was Lincoln's helpmeet almost from the earliest days of his public career to its final dark chapter in the White House might reasonably be presumed to have had some active share in his achievements. Common sense would also seem to suggest that the woman who reared his children and conducted the affairs of his household might reasonably have been more than a handicap, either in his personal or public activities.

Possibly the primary reason for the unfortunate status that Mary Todd has come to hold in the popular mind with relation to her illustrious husband is the appeal of Lincoln's early romance with Ann Rutledge—a romance of first love, ending on a pathetic note of high tragedy and containing all the elements designed to catch the popular fancy. It is easy to indulge the emotions over this youthful episode in the life of a great man and satisfying to our notions of drama to think of it as overcasting all the remainder of his days with a moody melancholy. And it is correspondingly difficult for the personality of the later Mary Todd coming upon the scene while the glamor of this first lost love is still about the hero, to make its impress upon the popular mind. Her entry, to the thotless mind at least, has almost the effect of intrusion. So it befalls that Mary Todd has had to make, in a sense, vicarious atonement in the mass thot for the tragedy of Lincoln's first death-blighted courtship.

What sort of woman was she, after all? All of Lincoln's authoritative biographers agree that she was of aristocratic birth and breeding. Her temperament is commonly described by them as "ardent". She is also credited by most of them with a large measure of charm and vivacity. That she was ambitious ,and blessed with a goodly portion of practical sense, is also generally agreed. As a hostess in Springfield she is described as gracious and entertaining; as mistress of the White House she seems to have left no unfavorable impressions. If there were rifts in the lute, as historians also agree, even during her engagement period with Lincoln, it might be considered that Lincoln was always tending toward a species of morbidity and that the shadow of the lost love probably recurred to darken his spirit at intervals. Whatever Lincoln's attitude toward marriage with Mary Todd may have been, there seems no rational ground for questioning her devotion to him.

A fair and studious analysis of Lincoln and Mary Todd rather convinces one that she was the fitting complement of his personality; the "sort of wife he needed", as the homely expression goes, rather than an obstacle to his success and happiness. Where Lincoln was more or less laggard, she was ambitious. Where he was slipshod, she was methodical. Where he was incli. ed toward morbidity, she was matter-of-fact. Where his disposition was toward day-dreaming, hers was toward practical action. Nobody who has had experience of genius will be inclined to underestimate the trials of the more prosaic who are destined to daily companionship with genius. If Lincoln's home life was not a round of honey-mooning for himself, it may also be taken for granted that it was not an unmixed dream of bliss for the woman who had to deal with his foibles and eccentricities.

As the manager of Lincoln's household Mary Todd unquestionably demonstrated a pretty good brand of efficiency; Lincoln was never thrifty, and a woman who reared his children decently, while still holding her place in the rather busy social life of her community in that period, had nothing of the drone or the butterfly in her makeup. As a partner in his political endeavors, there is reason to believe that Mary Todd was a source of considerable assistance. She came from a family much involved in politics, in a day when women of the upper social classes were much more directly concerned in political affairs than even in these latter days of suffrage. Whether or not it is true, as some biographers of Lincoln allege, that she made prophetic statements about putting Lincoln into the presidency long before destiny had shown signs of his future greatness may be left to conjecture; but it may be accepted that a woman versed in politics and highly ambitious naturally brot some of her shrewdness to bear in this phase of Lincoln's career. Then as now, social entertainment was one of the devices of political promotion. While some of Lincoln's political sponsors doubtless were more or less repellent personally to the patrician Mary Todd, it is recorded that she entertained them graciously and diplomatically ignored their individual shortcomings. Any wife who has undertaken the cultivation of a politically ambitious husband's necessary friends will appreciate that no grudging, indifferent spouse could have performed this service even for a Lincoln.

It is written that Mrs. Lincoln's sister, refuting a certain story attributed to Herndon, once remarked: "Mary Lincoln never had a silk dress until she went to the White House." Mary Lincoln was the victim of a flagrant case of the republic's ingratitude and inconsiderateness in the days following the assassination of her president husband. With the burden of a family on her shoulders she left the executive residence woefully unprovided for, while a pettifogging congress deliberated for an interminable time before finally voting her a comparatively petty pension. This was the ultimate chapter in the life of a woman who, whatever her failings and whatever her lack in filling the place of a departed first love in the heart of her husband, had at least carried the responsibilities of her household, bore his children, contributed for nearly a quarter of a century to his bodily comfort and convenience and maintained his place in the society of their world. If Ann Rutledge, dead in her youth and the springtime of love, represented pathos, was there not profound and heart-burning tragedy in the end that came to the labors and dreams of Mary Todd?

Tradition sticks to its cherished fancies. It must have its cherry tree and its impossible "dying words". Above all, it clings to its romances; if they be morbid and sweetly melancholy, so much the better. Mary Todd, busy in her kitchen, tending her children, sewing on buttons and finding misplaced clothes and hats, feeding the politician callers, retrieving now historic documents from the waste basket, tying an obdurate cravat, brushing plebian mud from a careless husband's boots —such a prosaic Mary Todd competes poorly in tradition with the ethereal figure of a lost love, hallowed by the glamor of fading years. And yet

Scrapbook Sec., Sally Bullock 2-12 1926

Christian Conservator
Feb. 9, 1927

His Way with His Wife

"Your Lincoln story," writes an elderly correspondent, "reminds me of another which I heard at a dinner in Boston some years ago. It was told by a Springfield, Ill., man as follows: "The fire-brigade in Springfield wished to procure some badly needed supplies, and a lot of us youngsters were given a share in the work of collecting money. I went up to the dusty rooms over the grocery and entered the law office of Lincoln. He asked me a lot of questions about the fire-brigade, seeming quite interested. Then he said: "Well, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll go home to supper—Mrs. Lincoln is generally good-natured after supper—and then I'll tell her I've been thinking of giving $50 to the brigade, and she'll say: 'Abe, will you never have any sense? Twenty dollars is quite enough.' So tomorrow, my boy, you come around and get your $20"—which I did.'"—Boston Transcript.

"The Woman Lincoln Married"

By GAMALIEL BRADFORD

Boston Herald
2-11-28

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As this portrait is mainly made up of questions that cannot be answered, we might as well conclude with the most unanswerable of all: would Lincoln's career have been different, for better or worse, if he had married a different wife? Here again a variety of speculations present themselves, each urged with partisan eagerness. It would perhaps be possible to work out some such theory as Mr. Van Wyck Brooks cleverly applied to the case of Mark Twain—that is, that the constant conventionalizing pressure of a prosaic wife chilled and deadened, to some extent, the quick burst of spontaneous genius; but we should always have to remember that Mark was passionately devoted to Livy from beginning to end. There is, on the whole, a singular unanimity of biographers, in the view that Mrs. Lincoln was helpful to her husband; but there is an astonishing difference as to the way she helped. Herndon, always critical, admits the helpfulness, in fact emphasizes it. Lincoln, he says, was naturally indolent, contented, stay-at-home (though elsewhere he calls him ambitious). If home had been delightful, he would have enjoyed it and would not have been so eager to make a mark in the world. Mary made home hideous, and by so doing made her husband great. Mr. Rankin does his best to involve this cynical explanation in the rosy mist of his amiable memory, and goes to the other extreme. According to him Mary was a sort of protecting angel, who advised, cautioned, impelled, always at the right time. "Without Mary Todd for his wife, Abraham Lincoln would never have been President. Without Abraham Lincoln for her husband, Mary Todd would, probably, never have been a President's wife." This beatific solution may be correct; but if it is so, I find it difficult to explain the fact that, though Nicolay and Hay were intimately present in the White House, in all the 10 volumes of their History Mrs. Lincoln gets only a few lines here and there, and in the close daily record of Hay's Diary her name is hardly mentioned. Surely a guardian, ministering angel would deserve and receive a little more than this. For myself, I find Mr. Stephenson's moderate statement very satisfying: "She had certain qualities that her husband lacked. . . . She had that intuition for the main chance which shallow people confound with practical judgment. Her mould inhabited the obvious." Lincoln's natural danger was the world of dreams and going astray in it, says Mr. Stephenson: "That this never occurred may be fairly credited, or at least very plausibly credited, to the firm-willed, the utterly matter-of-fact little person he had married."

The problem of Lincoln's melancholy brings the question of his life with Mary to a point, that haunting, brooding sadness, which rarely left him, though he shot the dark cloud through with constant fantastic sallies of laughter, that sadness which Herndon expressed with such extraordinary power when he said that "melancholy dripped from him as he walked," and which Lincoln himself described as so terrible that "if what I feel were equally distributed to the whole human family, there would not be one cheerful face on the earth." Did Mary cause this grief or did she alleviate it? Herndon by no means affirms the former, but he evidently thinks that the misery of home surroundings much augmented a constitutional tendency. Then along comes Mr. Rankin, from whom a mellow optimism is constantly dripping, and assures us that, on the contrary, so far from causing the melancholy, Mary was the one who could cure it. When the spells grew acute, "she . . . was the only one who had the skill and tact to shorten their duration. . . . I revere her memory for this most gracious service." Again Mr. Rankin may be correct; but when I think of that concise, hard, unsympathetic face, I wonder.

Among the varied possibilities connected with Lincoln's other early loves, the suggestion of melancholy brings up most of all the image of Ann Rutledge. It has even been suggested that the melancholy had its origin in the loss of her whom he said, the thought of "the snows and rains falling upon her grave filled him with indescribable grief." If he had married Ann, would it all have been different? We know so little of her that we cannot conjecture further than that a devoted, self-forgetful passion such as he hardly felt for Mary Todd might have changed his world. As for the substantial, hearty Mary Owens, it is not likely that his experience with her would have been very different from his experience with the other Mary.

And then one thinks of a woman of real genius, of large capacity, of sweet human comprehension, a woman like Theodosia Burr or Sarah Butler. With a wife like this would Lincoln have done, perhaps not greater things, but done them with an ampler serenity and spiritual peace?

I doubt it. Lincoln was not in any way a woman's man, in spite of the early loves. Mary Owens thought him "deficient in those little links which make up the chain of woman's happiness." Lincoln himself, much later, wrote, in his dry way, "The truth is, I have never corresponded much with ladies; and hence I postpone writing letters to them, as a business I do not understand." He may have been a master of men; for dealing with women he was at once too self-contained and too sincere. I am sure the words of the "Imitation" would have pleased him: "Be not a friend to any one woman in particular, but commend all good women in general to God."

More than that, he lived in a solitude which neither man nor woman ever perfectly penetrated. No doubt we all live in such a solitude. The difference is that nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand rarely think of it. Lincoln thought of it all the time. He ruled over millions of men and women who loved him; yet he was enormously alone, because he felt himself to be so. In this one point there is a curious resemblance between him and the greatest of all his contemporaries, a man who differed from him in so many other respects, Robert E. Lee. Lee was lonely as Lincoln was. Yet Lee had a most exquisite, devoted, sympathizing wife and children whose affection was constant and complete. The loneliness, with him, as with Lincoln, was that isolation of the human soul which the yearning of the deepest love merely accentuates. Lincoln's own words to Speed convey it with clarifying intensity. "I have no doubt it is the peculiar misfortune of both you and me to dream dreams of Elysium far exceeding all that anything earthly can realize." When there was such an ideal as this to compete with, neither the perfection of wit, nor of beauty, nor of sacrifice, would have been any more satisfying than poor Mary Todd.

THE END.

The Sad Story of Mary Lincoln

Mrs. Helm's Life of Her Aunt Needs the Balancing Effect of the Beveridge Biography of Lincoln

THE TRUE STORY OF MARY, WIFE OF LINCOLN. By Her Niece, Katherine Helm. 350 pp. New York: Harper & Bros. $4.

By CHARLES WILLIS THOMPSON

THIS life of Mary Todd Lincoln has the merit of being interesting. It is prettily written.

It portrays the Lincolns as living an ideal family life; Abraham grave and tender, Mary arch and loving. It strengthens the effect of "dramatised biography" by reporting imaginary conversations between them, and not only reporting them but telling, in the novel-writing manner, their changes of manner and inflections of voice as they talked: "With a knowing little smile she added," "Mary's dimple deepened into a smile," and so on. It is, as has been said, prettily written; and will give pleasure to those who like to read what is nowadays called "biography."

On the title page this book is described as "Containing the Recollections of Mary Lincoln's Sister, Emilie (Mrs. Ben Hardin Helm), Extracts From Her War-Time Diary," and so forth. This is no description of the book. Mrs. Helm appears in it very seldom and not significantly; and this sub-title seems to have been chosen for the purpose of making the purchaser believe he was going to get something other than what he does get. What he does get is a pretty bit of writing about what might have happened to Abraham and Mary if they had been two quite different persons from the two they were. The characters are dressed in Lincoln and Mary, but it is as much fiction as if they had been named Arthur Pendennis or David Copperfield.

If Mrs. Helm did keep a diary, there is no evidence of it in this book. She did write down accounts of a few things that happened when she went to the White House to visit Mary, but none of them is of any importance. She was eighteen years younger than Mary, who evidently regarded her as most grown women regard their kid sisters. There are other "documents," as the title-page puts it, but none of them is of interest except one letter in which Mrs. Lincoln gives emphatic proof of a thing very well known—that before the war her sympathies were all with slavery and the South.

Dr. Dresser, who was not only her physician but the son of the clergyman who officiated at that ill-omened marriage, was undoubtedly right. Mary Lincoln's is a sad story. It does not help her to drag her out of the alienist's office and the grave and write fiction about what some other and different Mary Lincoln might have been, and then call it a "life" or a "biography," much less, as this book does, "The True Story" of her.

Senator Beveridge's "Abraham Lincoln," recently reviewed in these columns, is an excellent corrective for such a work as this. That great account of Lincoln's earlier years makes it clear to us that Abraham Lincoln was a young man who was almost incapable of the romantic passion. Such young men are commoner than they are thought to be; because, like other young men, they are attracted by nice girls, imagine themselves to be in love, generally marry and, though they then find out their mistake, get along well enough; or as well as people usually get along in this uncomfortable world. So nobody ever suspects that they really were never in love at all.

Abraham's adventures during the time when he was imagining himself to be in love with every nice girl he saw were, however, more comic than usual. He had a way of proposing marriage in such cases; then, immediately discovering that he was not in love and that the girl in question would never do even if he was, of backing out in a precipitate panic. There was just one occasion when, if he had stuck to it, his story might not have ended so sadly. This time the girl was a level-headed, sensible, high-minded young lady named Mary Owens, with every good trait. Unfortunately she became so outrageously fat that the tapidly romantic feeling Abraham had entertained for her died a horrible death, and he was in a gruesome state of mind until she good-naturedly released him. Good-naturedly because by that time she herself was beginning to wonder what kind of husband he would make.

It would have been lucky for him if he had continued his wanderings among the Mary Owenses and Ann Rutledges and the rest, and never married anybody. He had the misfortune finally to encounter the most impossible match for him of all of them, and she held him, kicking frantically, to his foolish word. Being a young man and subject to the natural instincts of young men, whenever one of his friends got married his mind returned to the subject with the nearest girl as the object. This was particularly the case when his friend, Speed, married, for that happened to be just before the time when Abraham's sanity wavered and when he was not himself mentally—when for a week, as one of his friends wrote, he went "crazy as a loon." He got over it, wrote rapturous letters to Speed about the latter's happiness, and proceeded immediately to get himself in the worst snarl of his life.

The nearest eligible object was Mary Todd, a member of the celebrated Edwards family, visiting Springfield. She was an accomplished girl, witty in her talk, and instantly became one of the town belles. The Edwardses were away above the Lincolns, but those things did not count for much on the frontier, and Mary wanted to marry a man who would be somebody. It was certain that Abraham was a rising man, so certain that Mr. Edwards used to ask him jokingly to make him a postmaster when he became President. Lincoln, in his half-romantic, half-intellectual way, began to play around Mary, made his usual proposal, and her tendrils closed around him like the tentacles of an octopus.

In his customary panic Abraham saw his mistake and tried to back out of it. He sought Speed's advice; Speed advised him to write a letter breaking it off. Foolishly—Abraham had no sense about women—he decided to break it off by word of mouth and went to see her; she cried, and Lincoln could not bear to see women cry. He came away more firmly bound than ever. Speed, to whom he repaired in dire gloom, gave him up as a bad job and advised no further, only telling Lincoln he had "acted the fool."

Even then he tried to get out, time after time. Finally her *own* family, who had egged on the engagement, saw that a marriage between two people so wholly unsuited must be unhappy, and advised her to let him have his way. At last she did, after the wedding day had been set three different times and on each occasion the bridal party had waited in vain for the bridegroom. Then he proposed again and she accepted him and married him in a panicky hurry, before he had another chance to change his mind.

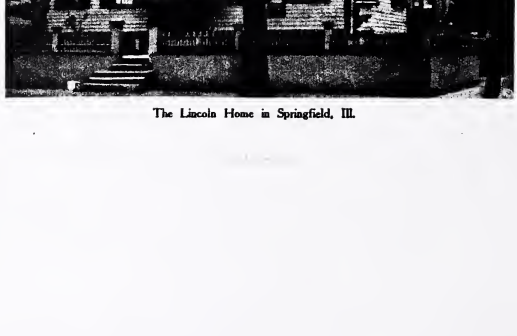
The marriage was what might have been expected. What everybody but Lincoln had known was speedily revealed—that she had a furious temper and was subject to constant outbreaks of insane rage. Her abuse was not limited to words; frequently she would drive him from the house with a broomstick. She was a scandal among the neighbors; "her loud, shrill voice," says Senator Beveridge in his biography, "could be heard across the street, and her incessant outbursts of wrath were audible to all who lived near the house."

It goes without saying that she could not keep a servant, and she used to long for life in a slave State, where servants could not leave, no matter how you treated them. If Lincoln died, she once said, his spirit need not look for her except in some State where there were slaves. On one occasion, when one of her frenzied rages was driving a servant away, Lincoln, who had kept still, got hold of the girl privately and induced her to stay by giving her a dollar a week extra. "Stay with her, Maria; stay with her," he begged.

How did Lincoln endure such a life? Better than you would think. His real life was on the circuit, where he and David Davis and Leonard Swett rode together through the backwoods for half a year at a time and after joyous battles in the court room, sat up most of the night in the tavern exchanging wit and wisdom like the comrades at the Mermaid in Shakespeare's day.

As time went on, she grew worse and worse. Her physician, Dr. Thomas W. Dresser, finally concluded that it was due to "a cerebral disease."

Neighbors, not having the physician's insight, described her as a "she wolf" and a "hellion" and let it go at that. Even in the White House she created several humiliating scenes, and she spent the years immediately following Lincoln's death in pulling wires to get a pension. There is no doubt she ought to have had it; but Congress, which might have given it to a Dolly Madison or a Frances Cleveland whose husband had died for his country, refused to pay any attention to her. She probably did not help herself much by coupling these demands with attacks on Congress for the honors it was showering on General Grant.



The Lincoln Home in Springfield, Ill.

1928

HOME IN WHICH MARY TODD LINCOLN ONCE HELD SWAY

Chicago Daily News 2-12-29

Above—Marie Agnes Doyle of the Goodman theater at piano which Mrs. Lincoln used in white house.

Right (above)—The Lincoln house in Springfield, presented to the state in 1887. Below—Virginia S. Brown, hostess, and visitor in famous double parlor.

SEVENTY years ago a dignified lady, Mary Todd Lincoln, ruled the household affairs of a prim little residence on South 8th street, Springfield.

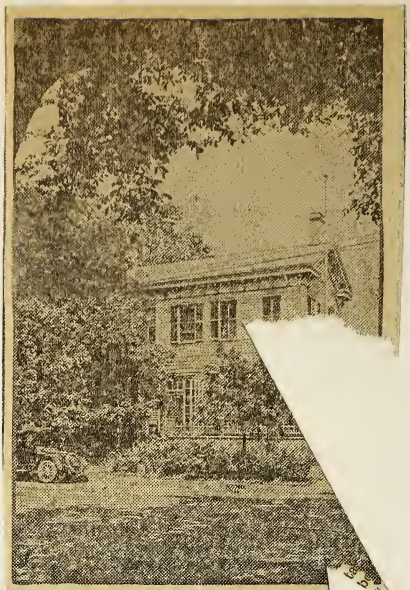
Today its old-fashioned rooms are still alive with her personality. Her character and simplicity mark the sitting room with its fireplace and tall windows, the little dining room to the rear, and the formal parlor.

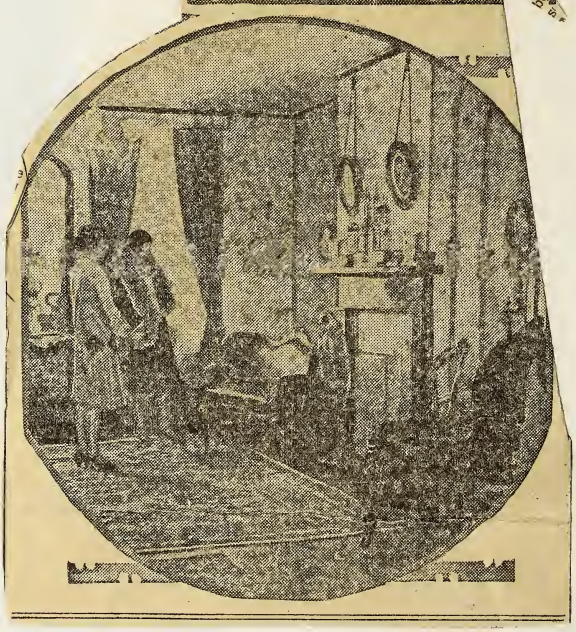
With a singular disregard for their own historical importance, the Lincolns sold most of their furniture when they went to Washington in February of '61 for the first inaugural. But there has been a careful restoration since Robert Todd Lincoln gave the house to the state of Illinois in 1887.

Whatnots, floral rugs now extremely rare, with under-rugs to preserve them, a haircloth parlor suite, the stiff window draperies of the period, and other appropriate furnishings have been gathered from old houses in Springfield and elsewhere. With the aid of contemporary photographs and letters Miss Virginia S. Brown, hostess and custodian, has given the home the aspect it had during the seventeen years the Lincoln family lived there.

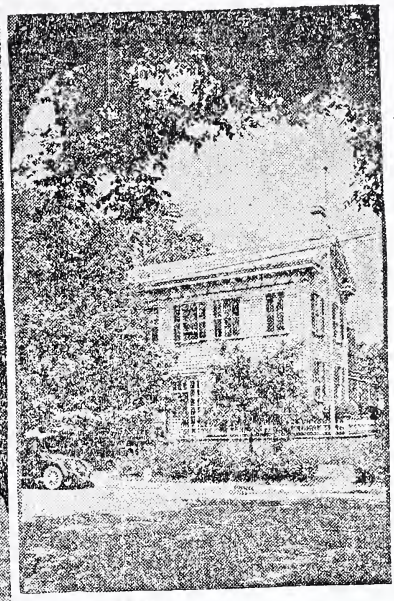
In 1844, two years after his marriage, Abraham Lincoln bought the residence from the Rev. Charles Dresser, who, at it happened, had performed the Lincolns' wedding ceremony. Three of their children were born in the house, and its size was increased from a story and a half to two as the family grew larger.

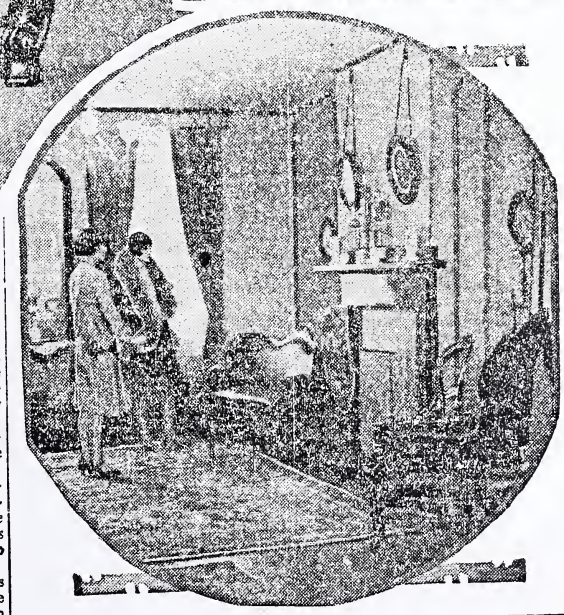
Here in the large double parlors Lincoln received the party committee which notified him of the republican nomination, and in the same formal rooms took place the reception given by the president-elect just before he left Springfield never to return in life.





HOME IN WHICH MARY TODD LINCOLN ONCE HELD SWAY





Above—Marie Agnes Doyle of the Goodman theater at piano which Mrs. coln used in white house.
Right (above)—The Lincoln house in Springfield, presented to the state in 7. Below—Virginia S. Brown, hostess, and visitor in famous double parlor.

EVENTY years ago a dignified lady, Mary Todd Lincoln, ruled household affairs of a prim little idence on South 8th street, Springd.

Today its old-fashioned rooms are l alive with her personality. Her racter and simplicity mark the ing room with its fireplace and windows, the little dining room the rear, and the formal parlor. With a singular disregard for their n historical importance, the Linns sold most of their furniture en they went to Washington in ruary of '61 for the first inaugural. t there has been a careful restora- since Robert Todd Lincoln gave house to the state of Illinois in 7.

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THE CHILD

By ANGELO PATRI
Leading Authority on Child Psychology

"Hen-Pecked," Says Writer of Lincoln

By Charles Pilley, in The Chattanooga Times.

A recent biographer has described Abraham Lincoln as the "best-loved public man in the history of the English-speaking peoples."

Garfield, Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson, in their respective ways, were great Americans, even world figures of renown, but the memory of Lincoln is the peculiar heritage of the English-speaking race.

But Lincoln in love is a less statuesque figure, its grandeur dimmed, its heroic proportions dwarfed to the commonplace, almost to the ridiculous.

The humble Kentucky rail-splitter, uncouth, illiterate, addicted to rough horse-play and tap-room jokes, yet answering to the spur of ambition, striving with might and main to fit himself for greater things; the successful circuit lawyer, famed and feared in the courthouses of Illinois; the aspiring politician, state legislator, congressman and finally president of the United States; all these manifestations of genius men can and will admire—but when was the "hen-pecked" husband anything but a figure of fun?

While still a schoolgirl, Mary Todd, a gay brunette of the sun-kissed south, had told her friends that she would some day marry a president of the United States.

Mary belonged to the slave-owning aristocracy of the south, whose pride of origin far exceeded the pretensions of "Norman blood." She had been nicely educated, boasted some acquaintance of literature, spoke a little French.

Poor "Abe," for his part, had been hard put to it to acquire the rudiments of learning, and was acutely conscious of his defects, shy, awkward and reserved, especially in the company of women.

They met, and Lincoln, though secretely captivated, was cowed into servility. That this pretty, vivacious Springfield belle should evince a liking for his company was at once a joy and a humiliation. Their meetings gave him a tantalizing glimpse of a world to which he was yet a stranger.

The sole description of their courting methods we possess has been left by a sister of the dark-eyed charmer. "Mary invariably led the conversation," she tells us. "Mr. Lincoln would sit at her side and listen. He scarcely said a word, but gazed on her as if irresistibly drawn towards her by some superior and unseen power."

But there were excuses for poor tongue-tied Abe, as the lady generously confesses. "He could not maintain himself in a continued conversation with a lady reared as Mary was. He was not educated and equipped mentally to make himself even interesting or attractive to the ladies."

Yet the day was not so far distant when the unmatched eloquence of Abraham Lincoln was to rouse his countrymen to a white heat of patriotic fervor, his speeches taking their place unchallenged in the ranks of classic oratory.

What subtle attraction led this sharply contrasted couple into the adventurous paths of love-making? "The sober truth is," says one observer, "that Lincoln was inordinately ambitious. Therefore, how natural that he should seek marriage in an influential family, and at the same time foster his political fortunes."

"Mary was quick, gay, and in the social world, most brilliant," was her sister's tribute of admiration.

"She loved show and power, and was one of the most ambitious women I ever knew." That schoolgirl ambition of hers, that some day she would be mistress of the White House, had not evaporated.

But Mary was nearly cheated of her prize. The day of the wedding had been fixed, the bride's house decorated and made ready, the guests invited.

The hour for the ceremony arrived. The bride, never more gaily bedecked, was early on the scene. The guests assembled. The moments flew. An hour passed, with no sign of the bridegroom, no explanation, no message.

They scoured the district. Lincoln had vanished. So the wedding had to be postponed, the guests departed, poor Mary retired to her room in a flood of tears.

The conduct of Abraham Lincoln on this occasion has never been satisfactorily explained. Subject throughout his life to fits of depression bordering upon insane melancholy, his friends found him next morning "restless, gloomy, miserable and desperate."

It seemed almost that a vision had been vouchsafed him of the wretched future, that a merciful Providence had offered him at the eleventh hour a loophole of escape.

Soon the clouds lifted, however, and he began talking of his ambitions, of his burning desire "to connect his name with the events of his day and generation, and so impress himself upon them as to link that name with something that would redound to the well-being of his fellowmen."

Prophetic words, but the time was not yet; meanwhile Abe was suffering bitter self-reproaches for the fiasco of the wedding day; and, as likely as not, yearning for Mary's embraces. She, dear creature, was ready to forgive, to swallow her humiliation, to attribute his shocking default to the aberration of genius. When her letter reached him the honest fellow wept tears of contrition.

Did ever such an angel offer an unworthy lover the shelter of her wings?

They were married. She bore him children, upon whom he lavished a passionate love. But almost from the outset of their married life there were misunderstandings and quarrels, angry scenes, bitter recriminations.

Largely, no doubt, their estrangement was due to Mrs. Lincoln't infirmities of temper, to the fiery southern strain which would brook neither contradiction nor restraint, to the slave-owning "complex," as modern psychologists would say, the passion for dominance which was in her blood.

Before long, Lincoln was well on the road to success in the legal profession, for which he had qualified himself by almost superhuman labor. The married couple enjoyed ample comfort, if not luxury.

There were servants to fetch and carry for Mrs. Lincoln, lackeys to do her bidding, if only she could have remembered that they were not negro serfs on her father's plantation, but free citizens of a republic which had proclaimed the equality of mankind.

Lincoln secretly bribed the servants to tolerate the lady's tantrums, and utter no word of complaint.

One day she ordered the gardener to cut down a tree which darkened the house. The man thought it prudent privately to consult his master.

"What does Mrs. Lincoln say?" was his only question. "She wants it down," the gardener told him. "Then, in God's name," exclaimed Lincoln, "cut it down to the roots."

Mrs. Lincoln, on her side, had definite grievances. Though her visions of the White House had not faded, for she consistently encouraged her husband's political activities—"patronized" them, is perhaps the truer expression—she could never rid herself of the sense that she married "beneath her."

Th accumulated resentment of years boiled over in a torrent of scornful abuse.

But there was consolation in sight for the proud spirit of Mary Todd; the road to the White House, from which she had never long averted her eyes, was visibly shortening.

In 1846 Lincoln was elected to congress for the state of Illinois. In 1860 a sudden political crisis made him head of the republican party and president of the United States.

Poor Mary, she was to learn the

truth of Robert Louis Stevenson's saying, although it had not then been uttered, that "to travel hopefully is better than to arrive."

The gay adventuress of Springfield was hardly recognizable in the soured, sex-frustrated creature who entered the White house as its mistress.

The asperities of her tongue offended influential politicians. To one such, who complained to Lincoln, he replied: "Cannot you support for five minutes what I have endured for fifteen years?"

When an assassin's bullet ended her husband's career, she collected her belongings and fled from the White House.

Never, except in the one instance stated, did Lincoln publicly complain of his wife's behaviour. Once, in his rough primitive fashion, passionately, unreflectingly, he had loved her.

That meant, in his simple code of honor, that it was not for him to publish her frailties to the world.

DALTON (GA) NEWS
Thursday, July 11, 1929

PIONEER DAYS ARE RECALLED BY AUTHORESS

Mrs. Cecelia McConnell, 91, completes interesting account Midwest

STORY OF PRAIRIE LIFE

Tales of Lincoln in Illinois before he became President included

To Illinois School

"Until I was eighteen years old, I never saw a blackboard, though I went to school near home. When I was that age, I went to live in Illinois with relatives. I lived with an aunt in Springfield and began to attend the new female seminary there.

"Tales that Abraham Lincoln was not a considerate husband and father, I think are absolutely untrue. Neither was Mrs. Lincoln the disagreeable woman many have grown to think. My memory of her is that she was a very lovely woman.

"She did have attacks of what we called in those days, hysteria. We used to think that women afflicted thus sometimes had attacks in order to get what they wanted. Whether or not Mrs. Lincoln affected her hysterics, I don't know. We know that nervous diseases today are looked upon as serious and are considered difficult to deal with by doctors.

"A hired girl who had been employed by Mrs. Lincoln came to work for my aunt and she told us that Mrs. Lincoln was not a bad tempered woman at all, and that Lincoln was such a pleasant man in his home.

"I remember one amusing story that must have been true about Mrs. Lincoln though. My uncle came home one day and said that something funny had happened in the public square near the statehouse. Lincoln and a number of men had been gathered there talking when a peddler had come up and asked for Mr. Lincoln. Lincoln came forward with a: 'What can I do for you friend?' The peddler replied: 'If you have any influence over your wife in God's world, go home and teach her some sense.'

"Then he went on to tell how he had knocked at Mrs. Lincoln's door, as at any door, and had stepped in when she answered the knock and had started to open his pack. But Mrs. Lincoln had begun to scream and carry on, and had kept yelling for him 'to leave, to leave, to leave.'

"Well, now, that is a true story about Mrs. Lincoln because my uncle heard it himself. But I can remember a time when people got terribly tired of peddlers, and maybe she thought that she couldn't stand the sight of another one."

BUFFALO, N. Y. EXPRESS
AUGUST 11, 1929

Pen Picture of Lincoln's Last Hours

An intimate picture of the home life of Abraham Lincoln was presented last year in Hearst's International Combined with Cosmopolitan Magazine in an article entitled "Lincoln's Last Day," by Mrs. Honore Willsie Morrow, which brought to light two hitherto unpublished letters of the great President's widow, Mary Todd Lincoln.

The letters were written to Frank Carpenter, a New York artist who had inted the President's portrait two ars before, and a friend of the Lin- ln family. They were occasioned by s request for photographs of the ntire family as they were in 1861 hen the President himself and the on, Willie, were alive, that from these e might build a group for a painting of the family.

The letters are the possessions of Paul Coster, Jr., of New York, who inherited them from his late uncle, Robert Coster. They reveal Mary Todd Lincoln in a light in which she has possibly never before been pictured. They show her, the author says, "Not as a Xantippe, not as a clod, but as a lovable, cultured, suffering human soul."

The author bemoans the fact that such a rich source of facts regarding the martyred Lincoln should have been neglected by biographers and historians of the day.

"Fifty years too late," she writes, "historians are beginning to realize that Lincoln's wife could have given them more than any other human being about his psychology and his history; could have given them precious facts. Nothing I have read has shown me so clearly as these letters what history has lost by their inexcusable neglect.

"For nearly fifty years the name of Mary Lincoln has been shrouded in contumely. She has been written into history as a coarse, ill-educated scold, a curse to her husband and her children—and then, through the discovery of letters such as these she suddenly, after a half century, reveals herself to us."

The letters were written while the widow was still in the throes of the shock attendant to the assassination of her husband. She had, says the author, fled to Chicago and had buried herself in a hotel in Hyde Park with her two sons.

Throughout both letters there is evidence of her grief over the loss of her husband and her son. The memory of the fatal day is indelibly imprinted in her memory.

"How I wish," runs the letter, "you could have seen my dear husband the last three weeks of his life. Having a realizing sense that the unnatural conflict was near its close, and being most of the time away from W. (Washington), where he had endured such conflicts of mind within the last four years, feeling so encouraged, he freely gave vent to his cheerfulness.

"Down the Potomac, he was almost boyish in his mirth and reminded me of his original nature, what I had always remembered of him, in our own home—free from care, surrounded by those he loved so well and by whom he was so idolized.

"The Friday, I never saw him so supremely cheerful—his manner was almost playful. At three o'clock in the afternoon he drove out with me in the open carriage. In starting I asked him if anyone should accompany us. He immediately replied, 'No, I prefer to ride by ourselves today.'

"During the ride he was so gay that I said to him, 'Dear husband, you almost startle me by your great cheerfulness.' He replied, 'And well I may feel so, Mary. I consider this day the war has come to a close.' And then added, 'We must both be more cheerful in the future—between the war and the loss of our darling Willie—we have both been very miserable.'

"Every word then uttered is deeply engraven on my poor, broken heart."

In the second epistle, written December 8, 1865, she refers to the late Thanksgiving day as, "the saddest of all my very sad days. . . . Only those who have suffered and lost what made life so well worth living for can fully understand the return of anniversaries."

She again refers to the dead Willie and tells the artists that in the picture of him she has sent for the family group, "justice is not done him—he was a very beautiful boy with a most spiritual expression of face."

Carpenter was running a series in a New York paper, says the author, on his White House experiences, and he had used part of Mrs. Lincoln's letter. She rebuked him with:

"I must say I was greatly surprised to see a simple letter of mine, written when my heart was bursting with its great sorrow, in print. I will forgive you—in the hope it may never occur again."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

MR. AND MRS. LINCOLN'S SOCIAL ACTIVITIES

Compiled by HERBERT WELLS FAY, *Curtodian Lincoln's Tomb*

Proof that Lincoln was in any way interested in purely social events is the one thing that seems to surprise more students of Lincoln than any other question. When the suggestion is made the authorities at once ask for evidence. We publish below an invitation to a party written by Mr. Lincoln, the original of which is in the collection here. The envelope accompanys the original manuscript in Lincoln's hand, was directed by Mrs. Lincoln and to E. Thayer, proving that they united in social activities.

The invitation is as follows:

> Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln will be pleased to see you Thursday evening Feb. 5, at 8 o'clock.

The paper is unruled stock, folded once, and is 3½ by 5¼ and the envelope is 2 by 4.

The invitation does not give the year and an effort was made to find the probable years that Feb. 5 came on Thursday. Browning's diary was first consulted. In the year 1857 we found that O. H. Browning, a Quincy Illinois attorney, was visiting in Springfield attending court and enters in his diary the following:

> 1857—Thursday, Feb. 5. Raining and very foggy. Commenced trial of Sperry vs. Cole in U. S. court. At night attended a large and pleasant party at Lincoln's.
>
> —Page 274, Vol. 1.

We have been able to illustrate the original manuscript by three photographs of E. R. Thayer and one of his father, Joseph Thayer, who established the Thayer dry goods house in Springfield in 1835 and who on March 22, 1838, signed a note with Mr. Lincoln and others for $16,666.67. This was known in history as the third and last note guaranteeing $50,000 for the removal of the state capitol from Vandalia to Springfield.

National Tribune

NEW LIGHT NOW THROWN ON ROMANCE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN AND MARY TODD

Niece of Civil War President's Wife Reveals Hitherto Unpublished Letters and Photographs—First Time This Remarkable Story Has Been Told in Its Entirety—New Facts Expected to Change Historical Conception of Emancipator's Helpmate.

"I am so glad you have a birthday. I feel so grateful to your mother," said Mary Todd Lincoln to her husband on the morning of his birthday every year after their marriage.

The love story of Abraham Lincoln and Mary Todd has been revealed in its entirety for the first time in history by the niece of Mary Todd Lincoln. The silence of the Todd family has been broken after many years of active, public curiosity, which, rather than friendly, has been more often hostile toward Mary Todd.

For years this precious knowledge has been kept secret by the relatives and most intimate friends of the wife of the great Emancipator, even at the expense of vindicating her memory. Only since the death of Robert Todd Lincoln, oldest son of Abraham Lincoln, in July, 1926, has the publication of this material been made possible. He would not permit its being given to the public during his lifetime.

After Robert Lincoln's death, Kate Helm, niece of Mary Todd Lincoln, took many hitherto unpublished photographs and letters and telegrams written by Mary and Abraham Lincoln, their son, Robert, and intimate friends and relatives, also the diary of Emilie Todd Helm, Mary's beloved "little sister," and proceeded to mould them into a biography. For about a year and a half she worked over the material, greatly assisted by William H. Townsend, who within a few years has become the third largest owner of Lincolniana.

Recently the biography, "Mary, Wife of Lincoln," was completed. Not only does it throw a new light on the life of Mary Todd as well as that of her great husband, but all authorities agree that these new facts will help change the historical conception of her character and the significance of the events in which she participated.

Permission to publish "Mary, Wife of Lincoln," finally was given to Otis L. Wiese, who only the beginning of this year astonished journalistic New York when he was made editor of McCall's magazine at the age of 22. The biography will appear serially during the coming months in McCall's and will be published in book form later.

Maligned by Both North and South.

The wife of Abraham Lincoln has been much maligned by both Southerners, of whom she was one, and Northerners. Southerners, calling her "that Yankee nurse" during the Civil War, resented her apparently cool attitude toward the South after her marriage to a Northern man. They did not know that she dared not show the deep sorrow in her heart for the loss of her two younger brothers, who were killed while fighting for the South. Northerners disliked and distrusted her because she was a Southerner and because she had four brothers and three brothers-in-law serving in the Confederate army. Thus she was hedged in, to be mocked at and whispered about before and since her death in 1882.

Born in Lexington, Ky., of parents with recognized social position, Mary from earliest childhood had instilled in her the social graces which later were to transform her into one of the most brilliant, vital and witty belles of Lexington society. Mrs. Elizabeth Norris, niece of Mrs. Todd, who lived with the Todds as a child and was Mary's boon companion, later wrote to Mrs. Ben Hardin Helm (Mary's sister, Emilie):

"I love to think of the years I spent in your father's home. He was a man of unfailing courtesy and was remarkably kind to me. It was a charming house. Some very distinguished men came to Lexington in those days, and many of them were entertained at your father's home."

Hurt by Opinion of Family.

"I want to dance with you the worst way," stammered Abraham Lincoln to his future wife the first time he met her at a ball. Mary Todd, later relating the story, avowed, "And he certainly did!"

Lincoln was so attracted toward the piquant little dancer that he asked permission to call the next evening and was given an affirmative answer. He and Mary discovered they had much in common. Both were keenly interested in politics. Mary possessed a quick wit which could easily combat Lincoln's homely humor. Both had a streak of poetry in their natures, as well as a touch of mysticism.

When they became engaged, Miss Helm writes, Lincoln was deeply hurt by the opposition of Mary's family. The thought that he could not give her the luxuries which to her had become almost necessities also made him unhappy. This, coupled with the fact that he received the false impression that Mary preferred Stephen A. Douglas, the same "little giant" whom he was later to defeat in the Illinois elections in the famous Lincoln-Douglas debates, caused him to break the engagement.

Miss Helm flatly denies that a wedding was planned for Jan. 1, 1841, at which several historians say Lincoln did not appear. Even Carl Sandburg described this "phantom wedding" in his "Abraham Lincoln." Bill Herndon, Lincoln's later law partner, with whom Mary never got along, also described this "wedding" in detail. In answer to statements such as these, Miss Helm writes:

"It seems hardly worth while for a member of Mary Todd's family to deny again that there was a wedding between Mary and Mr. Lincoln arranged for the first of January, 1841, but Emilie Todd (Mrs. Ben Hardin Helm), who at this writing is living and possessed of all her faculties, declares Herndon's story to be absolutely false and a cruel reflection on the character of a noble man who would have been incapable of such a piece of cruel cowardice as non-appearance at his own wedding."

Three weeks after the breaking of the engagement Lincoln wrote John T. Stuart, "I am now the most miserable man living. If what I feel were equally distributed to the whole human family, there would not be one cheerful face on the earth." Mary, it seems, was also not completely happy. However, matters were later patched up when they met in the parlor of Mrs. Simeon Francis and were told to "be friends" again. Finally, on the fourth of November, 1842, they were married.

How Lincoln Met His Wife's Family.

When Lincoln was elected a member of Congress in '47 he took his wife and children—Robert, aged four, and Edward, two—to visit Mary's father in Lexington before settling down in Washington. Following is a description of the meeting of the two families, written by Emilie in her diary, which is now for the first time to be published:

"It was a cold day in November and the wide hall was chilly as the door was thrown open to receive them. The white family stood near the front door with welcoming arms and, in true patriarchal style, our colored contingent filled the rear of the hall to shake hands with the long absent one and 'make a miration' over the babies. Mary came in first with little Eddie, the baby, in her arms. To my mind she was lovely—clear, sparkling blue eyes, lovely, smooth, white skin with a fresh, faint wild-rose color in her cheeks, and glossy, light brown hair which fell in soft, short curls behind each ear. She was then about 29 years of age.

"Mr. Lincoln followed her into the hall with his little son, Robert Todd, in his arms. He put the little fellow on the floor, and as he arose I remember thinking of Jack and the Beanstalk and feared he might be the hungry giant of the story. He was so tall and looked so big with a long, full, black coat over his shoulders and he wore a fur cap with ear straps which allowed but little of his face to be seen. Expecting to hear the 'Fee, fi, fo, fum!' I shrank closer to my mother and tried to hide behind her voluminous skirts. After shaking hands with all the grown-ups, Mr. Lincoln turned and, lifting me in his arms, said, 'So this is little sister.' I was always after that called by him 'little sister.' His voice and smile banished my fear of the giant."

Received Many Threats Against Life.

When Lincoln was nominated for the Presidency and said, "I must in all candor say I do not think myself fit for the Presidency," Mary only replied, "Not fit! You've no equal in the United States." And again, "You will be President of the United States," she proph-

esied. And her prophecy became history.

As soon as Lincoln was elected President he began receiving threats of assassination. In this connection Miss Helm relates a foreboding vision which Lincoln had shortly before being inaugurated.

"Superstition in the nature of both was aroused," she writes, "by a vision Mr. Lincoln had when, wearied by a day of distraction, he threw himself down on a lounge in his room and saw in a swinging mirror over a bureau the image of himself reflected with two faces, one much paler than the other. Mary with wide eyes, the color drained out of her face, feared the vision might mean that Mr. Lincoln would be elected twice as President, but would not live to finish out his second term. . . ."

During the Civil War Southerners derisively nicknamed Mary "that Yankee nurse" because she constantly visited the sick soldiers in Washington. The following letter from one of those soldiers, written after her death, shows how welcome her visits were.

"The death of the widow of the great Emancipator will cause a feeling of sorrow all over this country, but it will be a cause of particular sorrow to the soldiers of the Army of the Potomac who, sick or wounded in the Washington hospitals, were objects of her especial care and attention. At the first battle of Fredericksburg I received a painful wound in the face. . . . Among the many who came to the hospital to speak cheering words to the afflicted none was more kind or showed a nobler spirit than the wife of the Chief Magistrate of the Nation. She called regularly, bringing with her, by attendants, flowers, fruits and delicacies and bestowing them with her own hand with a grace worthy of the station she held. . . . She lives in the memory of those whose agonies she soothed with loving words.

"FRANK G. THOMPSON."

During the summer of 1863 Mrs. Lincoln suffered an accident which had great effect upon her later life. She was violently thrown from a carriage while driving with her husband and severely injured when her head struck a stone. Lincoln, greatly alarmed, had the best care taken of her. Evidently in order to allay the fears of his son, Robert, who was a student at Harvard, he sent him the following telegram:

"Executive Mansion, Washington,
"July 3, 1863,
"Robert T. Lincoln, Cambridge, Mass.

"Don't be uneasy. Your mother very slightly hurt by her fall.

"A. LINCOLN."

After Emilie Helm's husband was killed while serving in the Confederate army, Lincoln issued the following pass to permit her to return home to Kentucky.

"To Whom It May Concern:

"It is my wish that Mrs. Emilie T. Helm (widow of the late B. H. Helm, who fell in the Confederate services), now returning to Kentucky, may have protection of person and property except as to slaves, of which I say nothing.

(Signed) "A. LINCOLN."

Because she refused to take the oath of allegiance to the United States—it was treason to her dead husband—she could not be permitted to enter Kentucky. Finally Lincoln sent the following telegram to the distressed Federal officer at Fortress Monroe who was at his wits' end as to what to do about the matter.

"Send her to me.

"A. LINCOLN."

Emilie Helm then went to live in the Executive Mansion in Washington. It was here that she wrote into her diary, which has now become invaluable, descriptions of her visit and of the strain under which Mary and her husband were living during these awful days of the war. By this time the Lincolns had lost two sons, Edward and William. Following are some extracts from the diary, never before published:

"Sister Mary's tenderness for me is very touching. She and brother Lincoln pet me as if I were a child and, without words, try to comfort me.

"Sister Mary was sitting in a drooping, despondent attitude as I came across the room to kiss her good morning. The newspaper she had been reading dropped to the floor as she held her arms out to me and said, 'Kiss me, Emilie, and tell me that you love me! I seem to be the scapegoat for both North and South.' Then suddenly as if she had thrown off a dark cloak and stood revealed in a gay costume, she held her head up and smiled. I was marvelling at the transformation, but instantly understood the cause as brother Lincoln's voice came to us, 'I hope you two are planning some mischief.'

"Mischief! I am sure he saw Mary's despondency and heard what she said to me and that his cheerfulness was forced, for later in the day he said, 'Little Sister, I hope you can come up and spend the summer with us at the Soldiers' Home. You and Mary love each other. It is good for her to have you with her. I feel worried about Mary. Her nerves have gone to pieces. She cannot hide from me that the strain she has been under has been too much for her mental as well as her physical health. What do you think?' he asked me anxiously. I answered him as I know he wished me to do, candidly. 'She seems very nervous and excitable and once or twice when I have come into the room suddenly the frightened look in her eyes has appalled me. She seems to fear that other sorrows may be added to those we already have to bear. I believe if anything should happen to you or Robert or Tad [the Lincoln's youngest son] it would kill her.'"

Again, Emilie describes what to her seems a supernatural vision of Mary's:

"After I had said goodnight and had gone to my room last night there was a gentle knock at the door and I heard sister Mary's voice, 'Emilie, may I come in?' She was smiling though her eyes were full of tears. 'I want to tell you, Emilie, that one may not be wholly without comfort when our loved ones leave us. When my noble little Willie was first taken from me, I felt that I had fallen into a deep pit of gloom and despair, without a ray of light anywhere. If I had not felt the spur of necessity urging me to cheer Mr. Lincoln, whose grief was as great as my own, I could never have smiled again, and if Willie did not come to comfort me I would still be drowned in tears; and while I long inexpressibly to touch him, to hold him in my arms, and still grieve that he has no future in this world that I might watch with a proud mother's heart—he lives, Emilie!' she said with a thrill in her voice I can never forget. 'He comes to me every night and stands at the foot of my bed, with the same sweet, adorable smile he has always had; he does not always come alone; little Eddie is sometimes with him and twice he has come with our brother Alec. He tells me he loves his uncle Alec and is with him most of the time. You cannot dream of the comfort this gives me. When I thought of my little son in immortality, done, without his mother to direct him, no one to hold his little hand in loving guidance, it nearly broke my heart.' Sister Mary's eyes were wide and shining and I had a feeling of awe as if I were in the presence of the supernatural.

Again and Again Had Premonition.

"It is unnatural and abnormal. It frightens me. It does not seem like Sister Mary to be so nervous and wrought up. She is on a terrible strain and her smiles seem forced."

About this time Lincoln said of the office of Presidency, "If to be the head of Hell is as hard as what I have to undergo here, I could find it in my heart to pity Satan himself." To an artist, Mr. Carpenter, who said that Lincoln must eventually triumph in his struggle, that he had never despaired of the result, Lincoln replied, "Neither have I, but I shall not outlast the Rebellion. When it is over, my work will be done."

Following is an exchange of telegrams between Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln written when the latter had gone to New York with her son Tad for a short stay:

"New York City, April 28, 1864.
"Hon. A. Lincoln,
"President United States.

"We reached here in safety. Hope you are well. Please send me by mail today a check for $50 directed to me, care Mr. Warren Leland, Metropolitan Hotel. Tad says are the goats well.

"MRS. LINCOLN."

"Executive Mansion, Washington,
"April 28, 1864.

"Mrs. A. Lincoln,
"Metropolitan Hotel, New York.

"The draft will go to you. Tell Tad the goats and father are very well—especially the goats.

"A. LINCOLN."

Again and again Lincoln would have a strange premonition of his early death. One day as he was driving thru a country cemetery with his wife, he ordered the carriage to be stopped and assisted his wife down. As the two were walking thru the quiet, peaceful spot, he said calmly, "Mary, you are younger than I. You will survive me. When I am gone, lay my remains in some quiet place like this."

The shot in Ford's Theatre on April 14, 1865, which killed her husband, was also fatal to Mary, although she lived many years longer. She had bravely survived the death of her two sons, Edward and William, and of her two dearly beloved brothers, but the death of her husband brought on a complete collapse from which she never entirely recovered. It was the climax which led to her later mental instability. Writing to Congressman Orne some time after the catastrophe, she said, "All I wished then was to die."

Hutchinson Books Reveal Business With Mr. Lincoln

Some of the record books of John Hutchinson, early furniture dealer, undertaker, owner of a graveyard and predecessor to the present Thomas C. Smith's Sons, funeral directors, reveal purchases made by Abraham Lincoln.

One entry sets forth that a person named A. Lincoln in 1850 purchased a lot in Hutchinson's cemetery for $15. This purchase was probably because of the death of his second son, Edward Baker Lincoln, who died Feb. 1, 1850, at the age of three.

In 1857, Lincoln invested in a cottage bedstead, costing $13. He paid $11 in cash and turned in a trundle bed worth $2 on the balance. A trundle bed was one used for children, rolled out of the way under the big bed for the day, and at that time Lincoln's youngest child, Tad, had probably outgrown the trundle bed.

An itemized account is given of the expenses for the funeral of 18-year-old Tad in 1871 and of his mother in July of 1882. At this time Thomas C. Smith was in charge of the business, having bought Hutchinson out about 1868.

According to the records, the cost for Mrs. Lincoln's funeral amounted to only $568.05, which included four horses to draw the hearse which carried a cloth-covered casket, with sixteen carriages hired to take care of relatives and close friends. An extra team of horses went along to pull carriages out of the mud on Monumental avenue.

Sangamon County

SPRINGFIELD

HOUSE WHERE LINCOLN WAS MARRIED, AND WHERE MRS. LINCOLN DIED.

~~MP-B-24~~ 609

Edwards Home in Springfield

~~MP-B-25~~ 610

Law Office on Square

~~MP-B-26~~ 611

Globe Tavern ? or "old Butler House in Springfield" where people waited for funeral train

Photo taken by Ira Hough of Chicago in 1865

1937

THE NEW YORK TIMES

FEBRUARY 6, 1938.

Woman Who Knew Lincoln Tells How Wife Pelted Him From House

Mrs. George C. Beal, Now 82, Also Recalls How He Saved Her From Injury When She Wore Crown of Popping Firecrackers

In recent years Mrs. George Carleton Beal has been an honored guest at leading functions here in celebration of Lincoln's birthday, for she knew Abraham Lincoln when she was a little girl in Springfield, Ill., and enjoyed what he called "hossy" rides on his knee.

But she will be unable to make her personal appearance at this year's celebration on account of illness. She is now 82 years old, almost totally blind and under medical care at a private hospital, where she has been a patient since last July.

This was disclosed yesterday by her younger son, Joseph Carleton Beal, author and editor, at their home, 236 West Seventieth Street, who said that until her illness his mother had been very reluctant, and had often refused, to give out any facts regarding her childhood association with Lincoln.

"My mother idolizes the Lincoln family," said Mr. Beal, "and her memories of the President are still very vivid. Only recently she said to me, 'Never can I forget that big, kindly man, with his big, soft eyes and comforting voice. Now he seems like a giant from fiction.'"

Mrs. Beal was born in Springfield, Ill., on Aug. 21, 1856, the daughter of Emanuel and Justina De Crastos, a family of distinguished Spanish descent. Her parents lived near enough to Lincoln's home to be called his neighbors and the De Crastos house is still standing and owned by the family.

Lincoln's home at Springfield was the only one he ever owned, which he bought two years before his marriage and occupied until after his election to the Presidency. It is now owned and maintained by the State.

Mrs. Beal's first recollection of Lincoln is connected with the tragic death of her father, when Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln called on the family to express their sympathy. Her father's death was caused by a kick from one of his old farm mules.

Mrs. Beal's recollections, as she gave them to her son at the hospital, are brief narratives of an entertaining character and interesting because they have never been given to the public before.

She was christened Lizzie and was always called by that name by her family, but the Lincolns had two names for her. Mrs. Lincoln called her Betty and Mr. Lincoln nicknamed her "Firecracker."

The nickname "Firecracker" grew out of a Fourth of July episode in which Mrs. Beal figured with her two young brothers, Samuel, who has been dead some years now, and John De Crostos, who is still alive. It occurred in Adams Street in Springfield when Mrs. Beal was a very young child and easily persuaded to do things by her brothers as long as it was done in play.

It seems Samuel got bored with the usual formula of lighting a bunch of firecrackers and tossing them out in the street, to hear them go "Bang! Bang!" Espying his little dark-haired sister standing by, innocently enjoying the sport, he dared her to put on his straw hat,

Continued on Page Six

LINCOLN'S FRIEND RECALLS OLD DAYS

Continued From Page One

in the ribbon or band of which he had stuck many firecrackers, and let him touch them off.

Lizzie dared, with startling, even alarming, results.

In the midst of the explosion of firecrackers Mr. Lincoln came up and rescued her from the flaming headgear.

"You might have burned your little sister to death, little boy," he said to Samuel, who was now seeking a place in which to hide, as his mother approached.

Mr. Lincoln reassured the mother, saying: "Don't worry. I wrenched the hat from Betty before any harm was done."

Thereupon Mrs. De Crostos seized the two boys, and was about to spank them both when Mr. Lincoln interceded with the plea that they did not realize the danger of their act.

"She's safe—the little living firecracker," he added, pointing to the frightened little girl. And thereafter he always addressed her by this name.

Mrs. Beal recalls most vividly when she used to go calling with her mother at the Lincoln home, and Mr. Lincoln would give her a ride on his knee. These were what Lincoln called "hossy" rides. They were not exactly a ride on the knee, for she was such a tiny tot that he would let her straddle his foot, and holding both her hands, give her an exciting bouncing up and down. And he had a bit of poetry he would chant as the imaginary horse proceded on its way.

Chanted Tune for "Riding"

Trotting her gently on his leg and foot he would say: "This is the way the lady rides—Nim-Nim-Nim!" Then increasing his motion: "This is the way the gentleman rides—Prim-Prim-Prim!" Then: "This is the way the countryman rides—Giddy-up-Giddy-up-Giddy-up!" and this last one would be a wild, reckless ride, causing the little girl to utter shrieks of delight.

Once, after giving the child a "hossy" ride, Lincoln said to her mother:

"She pays no attention to the calm riding of a lady, and is indifferent to the prim riding of a gentleman, but welcomes the rough riding of the countryman fellar."

These "Nim and Prim and Giddy-up" rides usually took place, Mrs. Beal said, in a room adjoining the one where her mother and Mrs. Lincoln conversed, so as not to disturb their "gossiping."

Another narrative connected with calling at the Lincoln home, Mrs. Beal was reluctant to tell. It seems she went with her mother, and as they approached the house a rear door suddenly opened, and Abraham Lincoln came rushing out unceremoniously. Mrs. Lincoln was following him in an angry mood, according to Mrs. Beal, and showering her wrath on her husband in the form of "very poorly pitched potatoes."

Lincoln Calms a Rumpus

Lincoln once showed his genius for smoothing out difficulties in a dramatic incident which occurred in the De Crastos home, in which Mrs. Beal as a child did not participate.

Her three small brothers, including Ed De Crastos, who is still living, had a pet raccoon, which they kept chained in the yard. During their mother's absence, they poked sticks at the animal until he got angry, then released him and ran into the house, with the raccoon in close pursuit.

ary Todd Lincoln — Husband's Opposite

ALMOST a century ago, Abraham Lincoln and Mary Todd were married, in Springfield, Ill. Their marriage proved to be of the most unfortunate and unhappy unions in the history of this nation.

The only comment which Lincoln ever made, in writing about his marriage, was a postscript which he added to a business letter, written to Samuel Marshal; it is now in the possession of the Chicago Historical society. In it, Lincoln says, "There is no news here except my marriage, which to me is a matter of profound wonder."

William H. Herndon was Lincoln's law partner for a fifth of a century, and Herndon knew Lincoln better than any other man ever knew him. Herndon said, "If Lincoln ever had a happy day in 20 years, I never knew of it." And Herndon thought that Lincoln's marriage had a lot to do with his sadness.

I once spent three years writing a biography of Lincoln, and, while I was writing it, I believe I made as careful a study of the home life of the Lincoln family as it is possible for anyone to make.

I carefully examined and re-examined every shred of evidence in existence; I came to the reluctant and painful conclusion that the greatest tragedy in Abraham Lincoln's life was his marriage.

SHORTLY after he and Mary Todd were engaged, Lincoln began to realize that they were exact opposites in every way, and that they could never be happy. They were the exact opposites in temperament, in tastes, in training and desires.

For example, Mary Todd had attended a snobbish finishing school in Kentucky; she spoke French with a Parisian accent, and was one of the best educated women in Illinois. But Lincoln had attended school a total of less than 12 months in his entire life.

She was extremely proud of her family. Her grandfathers and great grandfathers and great uncles had been generals and governors, and one had been sec-secretary of the navy.

Lincoln had no pride whatever his family tree. He said that one of his relatives ever had manners.

visited him while he lived in Springfield, and that one was accused of stealing a jewsharp before he got out of town.

Mary Todd was deeply interested in dress and show and ostentation. But Lincoln took no interest whatever in his appearance. In fact, he would sometimes walk down the street with one trouser leg on the outside of his boot and the other trouser leg stuffed inside his boot.

MARY had been taught that table manners were almost a sacred rite; but Lincoln had been reared in a log cabin with a dirt floor, and he stuck his own knife into the butter plate and did a score of things which shocked Mary and almost drove her wild.

She was proud and haughty. He was humble and democratic. She was intensely jealous, and created a scene if he merely looked at another woman. Her jealousy was so bitter and so unreasoning and fantastic that it makes one gasp to read about it even now.

Shortly after they were engaged, Lincoln wrote her a letter, saying that he didn't love her sufficiently to marry her. He gave this letter to his friend, Joshua Speed, and asked Speed to give it to Mary Todd. Speed tore up the letter, threw it in the fire and told Lincoln to go and see Mary Todd himself.

He did, and when he told her that he didn't want to marry her, she started to cry. Lincoln could never stand seeing a woman cry; and had it published in one of the Springfield papers, and his friends took his knife away from him, to keep him from killing himself.

Lincoln then wrote the most pitiful letter of his life. It was written to his law partner, who was then in Congress. This is the letter, word for word:

"I am now the most miserable man living. If what I feel were equally distributed to the whole human family, there would not be one cheerful face on earth. Whether I shall ever be any better, I cannot tell. I awfully forbode that I shall not. To remain as I am is impossible. I must die or be better, it seems to me."

For almost two years after that, Lincoln had nothing whatever to do with Mary Todd. Then a self-appointed matchmaker in Springfield brought them together, behind closed doors, and Mary Todd told Lincoln it was his duty to marry her. He did.

WHILE I was in Illinois, writing that book about Lincoln, I went to see Uncle Jimmy Miles, a farmer who lives near Springfield. One of his uncles was Herndon, Lincoln's law partner; and one of his aunts ran a boarding house where Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln came to live shortly after they were married.

Uncle Jimmy Miles told me that he often had heard his aunt tell this story: One morning, Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln were having breakfast with the rest of the boarders, and Lincoln said something that displeased his wife; so she picked up a cup of hot coffee and dashed it into his face, in the presence of the other boarders.

Lincoln didn't answer her. He didn't scold her. He said nothing, while the landlady brought a wet cloth and wiped off his face and his clothes. Similar incidents probably occurred in the Lincoln household for years.

But let us not judge Mrs. Lincoln too harshly. She finally went insane; and perhaps much earlier her mind was being affected by oncoming insanity.

One of the most beautiful things I know about Abraham Lincoln is the fact that he endured his unhappy home life for 23 years without bitterness, without resentment and without saying a word about it to anyone. He endured it with Christ-like forgiveness, and with a patience which was almost divine.

Oct. 12, 1938

REED

THE LINCOLNS' MARRIED LIFE

Dale Carnegie writes an interesting, if not pleasing, story about the married life of the Lincolns, which, according to him, was a complete failure. He quotes William H. Herndon, Lincoln's law partner, as saying if Lincoln ever had a happy day in the twenty years he was married he did not know it. Carnegie gives it as his opinion that the "greatest tragedy" in Lincoln's life was his marriage.

The biographer says that Mary Todd was one of the best educated women in Illinois, and that she was deeply interested in dress and ostentation, while Lincoln had little education, and was indifferent to his personal appearance. He adds that Lincoln once broke off the engagement for two years after the wedding date had been fixed and on another occasion failed to appear when the ceremony was to be performed. A "self-appointed match-maker" the writer states, brought them together, and they composed their differences and were married. During their married life, the story runs, Mrs. Lincoln once became infuriated at her husband at a boarding-house breakfast table in Springfield, and dashed a cup of hot coffee in his face.

Mary Todd Lincoln, as is well known to most of The News readers, was a sister of Mrs. Ben Hardin Helm, who lived in Elizabethtown within the memory of many present residents of the city.

A Story About Lincoln

By MARY GILBERT SMITH

"My Uncle John settled in Illinois," said Grandpa White, "in the days when Abraham Lincoln was ridin' the circuit. When he came home visitin' in the 80's he liked nothin' better than to tell us stories about Lincoln.

"Once in Springfield Uncle John heard Mrs. Lincoln call Judge Davis to account for keepin' her husband away from home over Sunday. She thought he ought to have adjourned court early on Saturday so's Lincoln could come home.

"'I had to stay,' the judge told her. 'So why shouldn't I keep Lincoln? We would all have been dead long ago but for him. He is a whole show himself and a book of knowledge, too. I couldn't let a man like him go home just to look after women and children.'

"'Women and children!' said Mrs. Lincoln. 'He never does anything at home except to warm himself and read. He is the most useless, good-for-nothing man on earth.'

"'Suppose I said that?'

"'I'd scratch your eyes out,' she told him. 'But really he is so absorbed in his law, his stories, his reading and what not that he is of little use at home. I've been trying for a long time to get him to make the house fit to live in. He was always going to do it, but never did. So when he went off to your court this time I got a neighbor to help me. He raised the upper story so we could have some decent sleeping rooms.'

"'Lincoln was telling me about that tonight,' said the Judge. 'He said when he came home and saw the house he waited on the corner till a neighbor came along and asked him to tell him where Mr. Lincoln lived. Then what do you think? He began to brag about his wife and told what a wonderful woman she is. Did he make you pay for the work on the house?'

"'No, he paid for it without a word.'

"'Doesn't he ever give you any money?'

"'Never!' she said. 'But he leaves his pocketbook where I can take what I want.'

"'When Abraham Lincoln began practicing on our circuit,' the Judge told her, 'there was no other lawyer so poorly equipped. He had the hardest struggle for recognition of any lawyer at our bar. But he didn't get discouraged. He kept pegging away until now his colleagues agree that he is the best and most successful lawyer in my court. He learns from everybody.'

"'But he'll always be pegging away,' said Mrs. Lincoln, 'trying little law cases in horrid little towns and telling stories at country taverns. He is more of a man than Judge Douglas, who has all the honors and lives in Washington. But Douglas runs all around him in politics.'

"'Wait!' the Judge told her. 'Just wait. Lincoln is a politician. All the caucuses and conventions go as he says. Everybody looks to him to answer Douglas. The country will find out that Stephen A. Douglas is not the only man in Illinois.'"

Mary Todd Ribs A General And Lincoln Faces A Duel

By BEULAH GORDON.
Staff Writer.

(Editor's note — This is the fourth of a series of stories dealing with Mrs. Abraham Lincoln.)

As the satin-mellow patina of old wood or the burnished glow of heirloom silver, the memory of Mary Todd Lincoln is cherished by her relatives as something rare and exquisite.

Lincoln's first law partner, who he knew long before he met Mary Todd, was her first cousin Maj. Todd Stuart. His granddaughter Mrs. Mary Stuart Hall, 808 South Second street, relates that all her family were very fond of Mrs. Lincoln.

Mrs. Hall's parents were John Todd Stuart, jr., who as a boy was always warmly greeted by Mr. Lincoln with "Howdy Johnny, how are all the folks," and Emily Huntington Stuart, whose father, George L. Huntington, was several times mayor of Springfield.

In an unpublished manuscript owned by Mrs. Hall entitled, "Some Recollections of Early Days in Springfield," Mrs. Emily Huntington Stuart has set down many interesting anecdotes concerning Mary Lincoln. Some excerpts follow.

"I have heard my mother say that Mrs. Lincoln was a very devoted mother, and Mr. Lincoln's love for children is well known. Robert, their oldest child, was very delicate when an infant. He had summer complaint and his mother used to drive around the streets of Springfield every day in the cool of the morning with Robert on a pillow.

"My mother's second child—my sister, Alice, four years older than myself—had the same complaint and my mother also drove around in a buggy with Alice on a pillow, as there was a tradition that children afflicted with this sickness were helped to get well by being in motion.

"One day, when quite a little girl, I climbed up and sat on a gate post and while perched on this lofty pinnacle, Mrs. Lincoln passed by.

She had on a beautiful lavendar summer dress with a long train and I distinctly remember to this day with what fascination I watched her train swish from side to side, leaving a long serpentine trail behind her.

Mary Todd once wrote some articles in the Illinois State Journal poking fun at Gen. James Shields, who had greatly distinguished himself during the Mexican war, and signed her writings "Rebecca." He took umbrage and demanded satisfaction from the editor, Simeon Francis, declaring he wished to challenge him to a duel if not given the name of the author of the articles.

"Mr. Francis took the matter up with Lincoln for advice. Lincoln felt it would never do to allow Miss Todd's name to be divulged, so he gallantly sent word to the fire eating Irish general that he was responsible for the articles. In reply, he received a challenge to a duel.

"Hearing of this, Mary Todd wrote another letter, in which she said, 'I hear the way of these fire eaters is to give the challenged party the choice of weapons, which being the case, I'll tell you in confidence that I never fight with anything but broomsticks or hot water, or a shovel full of hot ashes.'

"General Shields was very much offended, but Mr. Lincoln apologized and afterwards the two men became friends."

(A continuation of Mrs. Stuart's recollections of Mrs. Lincoln will appear next Sunday.)

Ill. State Journal-Register

1947

Mary Todd Never Wanted To Break With Abraham Lincoln

By BEULAH GORDON,
Staff Writer.

(This is the fifth of a series of stories dealing with Mrs. Abraham Lincoln.)

Today this series continues with passages dealing with Mrs. Lincoln, taken from the unpublished article by Mrs. Emily Huntington Stuart, dealing with her recollections of early days in Springfield.

Mrs. Stuart, the mother of Mrs. Mary Stuart Hall, 808 South Second street, was the wife of John Todd Stuart, jr., whose father, Maj. John Todd Stuart, was a first cousin of Mrs. Lincoln and was Lincoln's first law partner.

"My mother-in-law told me the following: 'There have been many wrong statements in relation to the marriage of Mr. Lincoln and Mary Todd. At the time their engagement was broken off, I did not understand it, but after they had been married, Mrs. Lincoln came to stay with us a week or so while they were waiting for possession of their new home.

"'She then told me all about the marriage. Mr. Edwards, her guardian, always was opposed to Lincoln on the ground that he was a poor young man and had no prospects. Notwithstanding that, they had become engaged. After a time Lincoln had a sickness, of which you have heard. In his delirium he said things about his coming marriage which had been repeated to Mr. Edwards, who insisted upon Mary writing a letter to Mr. Lincoln, breaking off the engagement.

"'She told me at the time of this visit, that she never wanted to break off the engagement, but had been forced to do so.

"During the time the engagement was broken off, I went to the capitol to see Lincoln. When I went into the legislative chamber, I caught sight of him, with his feet braced against one of the pillars. His face looked like Bunyan's figure "Giant Despair." He was the saddest looking man I ever knew.

"Allow me to give you an extract or quotation from an article published in The Chicago Tribune of Feb. 12, 1900, by Mrs. B. S. Edwards, whose husband, Judge Benjamin S. Edwards, was a law partner of my father-in-law, Maj. John Todd Stuart. He was a son, like Ninian Wirt Edwards, of Governor Ninian Edwards.

"'It was rather late in the afternoon of Jan. 4, 1840, when we arrived at Springfield after a long and rather wearying journey from New York—or rather from New Haven. There were few railroads in those days and not one on this side of the Alleghanies, so we were obliged to come by water from Pittsburgh to St. Louis, and by reason of the low stage of water, we were on the boat two weeks. The rest of the journey was made on the old stage coach and was a two days ride.

"'Ninian Edwards, my husband's brother, invited us to stay with his family until our own house should be ready for occupany, an invitation we most gladly accepted. The old stage coach went lumbering up to the house, a large commodious structure, and my heart was heavy at the thought of meeting strangers. But oh! what a haven of rest it appeared to me when we entered that bright hospitable home, and how quickly my fears were dispelled and my heart made light by the cordial welcome from all the family.

"'The house seemed as brilliantly illuminated by its firelight, candles, and astral lamps as in these days by the use of gas and electricity. It was on that evening that I met Mary Todd, afterwards Mrs. Lincoln. I was attracted towards her at once. The sunshine in her heart was reflected in her face. She greeted me so kindly and with such warmth of manner that I was made to feel perfectly at home, and, though a little older than I, she insisted on my calling her by her first name. This bond of friendship was continued to the end of her life.'"

In her article Mrs. Stuart also says "My mother said that people criticized Mrs. Lincoln without reason. She said too, that Mr. Lincoln was so jealous of Mr. Douglas while they were courting her, that he showed it very plainly."

Coffee Spilled On Borrowed Nuptial Gown Of Mary Todd

By BEULAH GORDON.
Staff Writer.

(Editors Note: This is the sixth of a series concerning Mary Todd Lincoln).

Mrs. Walter L. Patteson, 230 West Capitol avenue, has the brocaded satin skirt of the wedding dress worn by her grandmother's sister, Mary Todd Lincoln. On it are stains of coffee that were spilled on the night of the wedding. The tiny bodice has long since disappeared.

Mrs. Patteson's grandmother was Mrs. William Wallace, who was married a short time before Mrs. Lincoln. After Mary Todd and Abraham Lincoln made up their lover's quarrel, they determined to marry so suddenly, there was no time to secure a wedding dress, so the bride borrowed her sister's.

Mrs. Patteson, who is the daughter of Col. John Polk Baker and Mary Wallace Baker, remembers Mrs. Lincoln well.

"I was about 15 years old when she died," she says. "I visited her quite often at Aunt Lizzie Edwards. She was sweet, gentle and kind, and had lovely southern manners.

"She was very thoughtful of other people. Like my mother I was named Mary for her, and she was always nice to me. I was just a child when she went to Europe the last time, but she remembered me, and bought a set of coral as a gift.

"She wrote my mother she was bringing it to me, and in describing it said the largest piece was as large as the largest gooseberry you could find.' She gave it to me with a little coral shawl that matched its shade exactly. I was so excited I could hardly contain myself.

"Mrs. Lincoln was very devoted to her home. She had a little plump face and plump hands, and to the day of her death she remained witty and attractive."

Mrs. Patteson owns the music box that was Tad's and that was given to her mother by Mrs. Lincoln. She also has a tall hall mirror that was Mrs. Lincoln's gift to her grandmother.

"Mrs. Lincoln was generous to a fault," she recalls, "and my grandmother and all my relatives liked her very much."

Mrs. Lincoln Preferred To Share Husband's Dangers

By BEULAH GORDON,
Staff Writer.

(This is the seventh in a series of stories concerning Mary Todd Lincoln.)

One of Mary Todd Lincoln's admirers in Springfield is William Dodd Chenery, whose parents, the late Mr. and Mrs. John W. Chenery, conducted the old Chenery house, where Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln resided during the interval when they moved from their home prior to leaving for the White House.

Much has been said concerning Lincoln's departure from Springfield at that time. He was not accompanied by Mrs. Lincoln and some of his wife's critics have hinted at family differences.

Mr. Chenery has heard his father and mother tell the story many times. "There was intense hatred for Lincoln in the south at that time," he says, "and secret service men, fearing an attempt would be made on his life, or an effort made to wreck the train, during the first part of the trip forbade Mrs. Lincoln and the two smaller children to accompany him from Springfield.

"In accordance with this plan Mrs. Lincoln, Willie and Tad, accompanied by Lincoln's loyal friend, Judge David Davis of Bloomington, later went to St. Louis, where they boarded the train to Indianapolis, and in that city joined the president.

"The day Lincoln left Springfield on Feb. 11, 1860, was a drizzley, gloomy morning. Probably on impulse, Mrs. Lincoln came downstairs when the president was ready to leave, wearing her bonnet and shawl, and said she was going with him on the train. 'You know,' she exclaimed, speaking of the danger to Lincoln's life, 'I will not have a happy moment unless I accompany you.'

"Lincoln dissuaded her and then said, 'It's too cold and damp a morning for you to go to the station!' Mrs. Lincoln remained in her room, but the two younger children left with Lincoln, and after the train on which he and his oldest son, Robert, were riding, had pulled out, returned to the hotel.

"The morning of his departure, Lincoln paused to chat with my mother, who was a young bride, 'Well, Eleanor,' he said 'I'm going for a long journey.'

"His packing cases were placed in the hotel offices prior to his departure, and although my father offered the services of the hotel porters, Lincoln insisted on cording his own trunks, which were also waiting in readiness there.

"The president took hotel announcement cards bearing the name 'Chenery House' and wrote on the back of them 'A. Lincoln, White House, Washington, D. C.' and with his own hands affixed them to his luggage.

"Chenery house was the first hotel west of the Alleghenies to have gas lights, and while Mr. Lincoln was busy with his trunks, Willie blew out the gas jets in the office. When Mr. Lincoln told him not to do that as it would poison people, Willie said, 'Mama lets me blow out the lamps at home.' Later Lincoln took Tad on his shoulder when he asked to see how some of the office equipment worked, and demonstrated it to him.

"Mrs. Lincoln was intensely devoted to her family and during her stay at Chenery house my parents liked her very much."

Mr. Chenery has in his home the original furnishings of the suite of rooms the Lincolns occupied in Chenery house.

Mary Lincoln Was Brilliant Woman, Says Mrs. Donaldson

By BEULAH GORDON.
Staff Writer.

(Ed. note—This is the eighth of a series on Mary Todd Lincoln.)

"I always think of Mary Todd Lincoln as a young girl," says Mrs. R. F. Donaldson, 802 West Edwards street, whose grandmother, Mrs. Elizabeth Grimsley Brown, was a cousin of Mrs. Lincoln and served as one of her bridesmaids.

"Many people do not know that Mary Todd was a brilliant woman who had the best education that could be obtained in her day," Mrs. Donaldson continued. "Her father was one of the most prominent men in Lexington and her family were southern aristocrats.

"She was one of her father's favorite daughters, and when a little girl was allowed to come to the table for dessert at the close of the dinner, where she listened to the talk of such men as Henry Clay and Breckenridge. At an early age she got the feel and knowledge of politics which added to her inborn political acumen. She was a great aid in advising Lincoln in his political career for she had a knowledge of politics in high places which he was denied, and he often consulted her.

"When people talk of her flying into tantrums it is ridiculous! Why, Mary Todd was a lady! A southern lady, and too well bred to do such a thing. No one who has even been to Lexington and learned what breeding means to the old families there, can imagine such a thing as the outbursts she was accused of.

"My grandmother was the daughter of Dr. John Todd, an uncle of Mary Todd. She has often told me of Mary's hasty marriage, and how one morning she looked out and saw her flying up the street. When she entered the house Mary said breathlessly, 'I am going to be married to Abraham Lincoln tonight and I want you to be one of my bridesmaids'.

"It was very unexpected, but my mother washed and ironed one of her white summer dresses that day, and was at the wedding that evening. After Lincoln was elected she accompanied Mrs. Lincoln to Washington and remained there almost a year. Later she made another visit.

"Mary Todd was born and reared in Lexington and her people fought on the side of the south. Few people now realize how difficult her position was in Washington. The north disliked her because she was from the south, and the south considered her a traitor because her husband supported the north. Mrs. Lincoln's sympathies were always with her husband, and when her brothers and the husbands of her sisters were killed in battle, she could not help but mourn.

"Of course Mary Todd was quick tempered—all the Todds were—but it was over in a second. Undoubtedly she and Lincoln had their family differences like any other family, for Lincoln was very trying on her patience at times, especially when he came home late for dinner and the food grew tough and cold, for she never served dinner until he was there.

"But their home life was happy. Mary Todd Lincoln was a beautiful reader and in the evening when Lincoln was tired and worn from his day's work she sat and read to him. She was deeply attached to her husband, and if she had not been in love with him she would never have married him, for all the most eligible young men in town including Stephen A. Douglas wanted to marry her.

"When the Lincolns left for Washington they left some of their keepsakes at Dr. John Todd's home. These included the president's favorite chair, a low rocker with broad arms and carved fruit on the back and a light brown carpet bag with pink roses on it which contained the Lincoln-Douglas debates.

"I remember often seeing the carpet bag in our attic. No one paid any particular attention and it mysteriously disappeared. No one knew what became of it."

Mrs. Donaldson's grandmother, first married Harrison Grimsley and after his death wed Dr. John H. Brown, pastor of the First Presbyterian church in Springfield for many years. Mrs. Donaldson's father was John Todd Grimsley.

Reveal Mary Todd Lincoln Was A Kindly Neighbor

By BEULAH GORDON,
Staff Writer.

(This is the ninth in a series of articles on Mary Todd Lincoln.)

The critics who, for so long unanswered, pointed to Mary Todd Lincoln as a heartless shrew, have never told of her many unsought and warmhearted kindnesses.

There was a group of her friends, often quoted, who recalled Mary Todd's girlhood as the gay, witty and friendly belle of Springfield.

But there is another group, not so frequently mentioned, who knew her in later years as a wife and mother and remembered her always as a good neighbor ready to stand by in times of trouble and misfortune.

One of these was the late Mrs. Charles Dallman, mother of V. Y. Dallman, editor of The Illinois State Register.

When Charles Dallman left England to find his fortune in America, he came to Springfield and in 1850 set up a prosperous firm of architects and builders in partnership with Alexander Graham, and, thus established, sent for his petite brown haired bride-to-be, Harriett Waters.

Their first home was a red brick bungalow on the north side of Jackson street, a few doors west of Eighth street, and just around the corner from the Lincoln residence.

Tad Lincoln was born on April 4, 1853, and about the same date, Charles, the Dallmans' second child, was also born. Mrs. Dallman was ill and unable to nurse her baby, and when Mrs. Lincoln heard of this, she sent her husband to the Dallman home to bring the infant to her for nursing.

Day after day Lincoln called at the Dallmans, and cradling the baby in his strong, broad hands, carried it to Mrs. Lincoln. His goings and comings were always quiet so the sick mother might not be disturbed.

Grief came to the Dallman family a few years later, when Charles died in early childhood. As she had in the days in the mother's illness, Mrs. Lincoln showed her sympathy by doing a kindness rather than in a mere formal expression of words, and when the sorrowful family returned from the funeral, sent over by her husband a generous supper on a large tray set with her best silver.

Later when Mrs. Lincoln wanted to surprise her husband by making their story and a half residence into a two story house, she engaged Charles Dallman and his partner, Graham, to assist in the work.

During the years eleven Dallman children were born, of whom two survive, V. Y. Dallman, the youngest of the family, and Mrs. Alice Dallman Cobbs, 1401 South Fifth street.

However much historians may weigh and debate the qualities of Mrs. Lincoln, she will always be remembered by the descendants of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dallman as a kind neighbor who never hesitated to freely give her help in the dark hours when help was most needed.

Mary Todd Lincoln Left Capital A Broken Woman

Ill. State Journal - Spfld, Ill.

By BEULAH GORDON
Staff Writer

(This is the twelfth of a series of articles concerning Mary Todd Lincoln)

Gone is the bitterness of the Civil war, the hatred of a struggle that pitted brother against brother and father against son. The wake of ruin that lay in Sherman's long march to the sea, and the havoc of the carpetbaggers, who subsequently followed him, is story for history books—a picturesque background against which to set a Scarlett O'Hara and a Rhett Butler to whet the satiated appetites of thousands of movie goers.

But in Mary Todd Lincoln's time when enmity and malice were a contagion in the land, the black hatred of war was a scourge to the spirit and a flame to sear the heart. It is not strange that she came from the White House a broken woman, the wonder is that she stood the strain so long.

That strange force in life which some call fate and others destiny, after giving her in youth all that any woman might desire—breeding, wealth, family, friends, brains, beauty, and the charm and leisure of plantation life in the old days of the south—took from her one by one the things of life she valued most.

First her baby, Edward, died. Then in the White House, Willie, the most promising of her three boys passed away. Her favorite brothers and brothers-in-law were killed in the Civil war fighting on the side her husband was opposing. Her beloved husband, who she had defied the wishes of her family to marry, was assassinated while she sat at his side at Ford's theater; and then a few years later as a final blow, her beloved son, Tad, died in young manhood.

And for years hate, suspicion, and distrust pursued her. In the White House her every move was criticized. If she entertained, she was extravagant. If she did not she was miserly. Not one thing she did met with approval.

Only in recent years has her vindication begun. Among the many interesting things written upholding Mrs. Lincoln is an unpublished play written jointly by Mrs. Grace Miller Morris, Fulton, Mo., and her daughter, Lillian Morris, Milwaukee, Wis. Mrs. Morris until recently resided at 422 1/2 West Capitol avenue. Entitled "Mary Todd," the production which is in three acts is a complete exoneration of Mary Todd, and portrays William Herndon as a man of dissolute habits, who contributed much to her unhappiness, and wrote a book to discredit her.

During the time Mrs. Morris and her daughter were writing the play Robert Sherwood was in Springfield working on his famous play of Lincoln. Unknown to each other, they were taking the same books from the historical library.

Many passages of the play are delightful, such as one at the Ninian Edwards home, when the guests, as they each placed a branch of the Christmas tree on the fire, make a sort of toast or resolution.

Mary, heartsick because Lincoln did not come to the party at which their engagement was to have been announced, puts a branch in the fire and says, "May we never have friends who, like shadows, keep close to us in the sunshine, only to desert us on a cloudy day or in the night."

Stephen A. Douglas, seeking to improve his chances says: "To the ladies of the western country—the rose is no less lovely nor its fragrance less delightful because it blossoms in the wilderness."

Sally, Mary's Negro mammy, takes a prominent part in the play, showing the devotion that kept her close to Mary throughout her life.

Mrs. Morris is now at the home of a daughter in Fulton, Mo., and is planning to have the play staged. It has been highly complimented by some of the big producers of the country, but as yet no plans have been made for its presentation.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1943.

Lincoln—Diamond in Rough—Polished by Devoted Wife

A woman's deft touch was needed to mold Abe Lincoln, the practical joker, into Abraham Lincoln the polished statesman, and one of the nation's greatest presidents.

That opinion was expressed today by James L. Smith of Riverton, Ill., on the 134th anniversary of the Civil War President's birth. Smith firmly believes that Mary Todd Lincoln never has been given due credit for her husband's brilliant career. That prompted him to write a children's story, "The Diamond in the Rough."

Basing his story on incidents about Lincoln that were told to him as a child, Smith says: "In view of the dignity Lincoln later attained, Mary Todd Lincoln must have polished a diamond in the rough."

War Bond Buyer.

Another student of Lincoln lore, Harry E. Pratt of Springfield, whose book on Lincoln's personal finances will be published soon, revealed that Lincoln was one of the champion war bond buyers of all time.

During the Civil War, Lincoln invested 61 per cent of his income in war bonds, Pratt declared, and in addition paid more income tax than was necessary.

Although Lincoln, noted for his "cash-on-the-barrel-head" slogan as a lawyer, had a reputation of being financially conservative, he paid $101 a month income tax from 1864 until his assassination, Pratt said.

His Mother Honored.

While the rest of the nation was observing Lincoln's birthday anniversary, a faithful little group, headed by Gov. Henry Schricker, made its annual pilgrimage to a southern Indiana hill near Lincoln City to honor the memory of Lincoln's mother.

In a simple ceremony amid the hill's black oak trees, a wreath was placed at the foot of a stone marker on the grave of Nancy Hanks Lincoln, whose death in 1818 was the first great tragedy in the life of the Civil War President. He was 9 years old when she died.

MARY LINCOLN, "HOME BODY"

By FRANK FARRINGTON

Very little is to be learned about the interior of the home of the Lincolns at Springfield, Illinois. It was not then as it is today when camera men invade the domestic precincts of public men and women, and newspapers and women's magazines publish the resultant pictures.

In the days when Abraham and Mary Todd Lincoln were living in the two-story house on Eighth street, Mrs. Lincoln was one of those wives we sometimes refer to as "home bodies." She had given birth to four sons, enough of itself to mark her as an outstanding wife and mother. She had not, so far in her married life, sought social popularity, but had devoted herself to home interests.

The Eighth street house in which they had "set up housekeeping" was on a corner lot which had been built up five steps above the sidewalk, and the retaining wall was crowned with a neat picket fence. At the rear, where the wall ended, a high board fence continued, to enclose the lot to its farthest end.

On the lot was a stable for the horse Lincoln had to have for his trips in following the circuit. There was an ample yard, though no evidence suggests that there was a garden. Doubtless Lincoln's activities as a busy lawyer and politician, together with the scarcity of help, and three growing boys and one baby left little time for or interest in gardening.

Mrs. Lincoln, as a "home body," stayed in Springfield during her husband's many trips. She did go to Niagara Falls with him in 1857 and to Alton in 1858 to hear one of the Lincoln-Douglas debates, and to Cincinnati on a speaking tour. Her life seems to have been free from notable incidents as she "kept house" and brought up children in her early married years.

After ten years or so in the Eighth street house, the Lincolns began to entertain their friends and Mr. Lincoln's political associates. They went to dinners and other social affairs and at least on one occasion gave a reception to which five hundred guests were invited, though not more than three hundred came, owing, according to Mrs. Lincoln, to rainy weather and to a competing party at Jacksonville. This is ample evidence that she was not lacking in ability or ambition to handle social events as well as to bring up boys.

This was a day when there was much house erecting in Springfield. Hundreds of houses were going up as the town grew, including the Governor's mansion which, it was said, cost Governor Matteson $100,000. Incidentally the Governor was one of the early Illinois millionaires.

Mary Lincoln

Mrs. Lincoln Revealed in a New Light

Letters and manuscripts contradict Herndon's portrayal of Mary Todd as a domestic tigress.

By RUTH PAINTER RANDALL

WHEN we look at a person of a past day we do so through the eyes of those then living. To achieve a well-rounded portrait we must assemble firsthand, not hearsay, accounts from as many contemporaries as possible. If we stop with stories that are slanted, secondhand, or uninformed, we get an inadequate or distorted picture. Such a twisted result is what we have in the case of Mary Lincoln. It is her misfortune that posterity has, for the most part, looked at her through the eyes of William H. Herndon, her husband's law partner, whose biography of Lincoln established her image in the public mind as that of a domestic tigress, a cold and calculating shrew, instead of presenting her in her true role as the devoted partner who shared a great man's life.

Rough-hewn product of the West, equipped with a galloping prose, Herndon had a curious mental quirk: he thought that he was clairvoyant. He was convinced that he could read people's minds and discover truths which were a closed book to others. With his "mud instinct" and "dog sagacity" he could see, he said, "to the gizzard" of a question, could read a secret in a face, and could then interpret that secret and psychoanalyze the personality behind that face by what he called "the lines of human conduct."

In addition, he was ill-disposed toward Mrs. Lincoln. In him there was an antagonism toward the wealthy, aristocratic group to which she belonged; on her side were a dislike of his drinking habits and the wish that her husband might have chosen a partner of more prominence and better social standing. According to his biographer, David Donald, Herndon was never invited to the Lincoln home for a meal. He was not familiar with the fireside which he pictured as such an unhappy one. Finally, in 1873 (though Herndon's cruelest wound had been inflicted by his lecture on Ann Rutledge in 1866), the enmity flashed into open warfare with an acrimonious quarrel between them over Herndon's lecture on Lincoln's religion.

RUTH PAINTER RANDALL, wife of Professor J. G. Randall of the University of Illinois, an outstanding Civil War era scholar, herself has made an intensive study of the Lincolns.

IN collecting material for his Lincoln biography, which he did not begin until after his distinguished partner's death, Herndon eagerly picked up, in rumor and small town gossip, stories about Mrs. Lincoln's outbursts of temper. These stories were analyzed, or Herndonized, to set before the world a distorted picture of Mrs. Lincoln.

Lincoln as a young lawyer in Springfield, self-educated, poor and in debt, fell in love with Mary Todd, a popular member of the most cultured and aristocratic group in town. Mary lived with her sister, Mrs. Ninian Wirt Edwards, whose home was a prominent social center. Well educated, cheerful and vivacious, Mary was a pretty talker, and Mrs. Edwards long afterward described how the tall young man hung fascinated upon her sparkling conversation. The young couple became engaged; then on Jan. 1, 1841, the engagement was broken. Twenty-two days later Lincoln was referring to himself as "the most miserable man living." He passed through a prolonged period of depression. The fundamental trouble, according to Mrs. Edwards, was that "he wanted to marry and doubted his ability and capacity to please and support a wife."

Mary was also unhappy, as she admitted in a letter written during these months. According to her sister, she let the young lawyer know that "she had not changed her mind, but felt as always." Finally, a mutual friend contrived to bring the unhappy lovers together. They met secretly thereafter at this friend's house, and the engagement was renewed. One morning Mary and Lincoln announced to the surprised Edwardses their determination to be married that day, and the wedding took place the evening of Nov. 4, 1842. Mary then left her sister's luxurious home to live in one room at the Globe Tavern with the man of her choice.

Herndon's flourishing pen turned the episode of the broken engagement into a wedding at which the bridegroom failed to appear. It is a prize example of what his imagination and rhetoric could do. Details were piled high: the furniture, the decorations, the supper, the guests, the expectant pleasure, the bride's veil and silken gown, her flowers, the humiliation when no groom appeared, the messengers sent about town, the departing guests. Historians have shown there was no such wedding occasion.

HERNDON then produced one of his masterpieces of psycho-invention; he suggested that the (imaginary) blow to her pride which Mary had received at this (fictitious) wedding made her act out "in her conduct toward her husband the laws of human revenge." "Love fled at the approach of revenge," he wrote. The suggestion took hold, for people have read Herndon, and today the question is still heard: "Did Mary Todd marry Lincoln for spite?"

As has been noted, there was the Ann Rutledge story. The young Lincoln had grieved deeply over the death of a girl at whose home he had once boarded, and

> there were some who reasoned after the event that, because he grieved, he must have been in love with her. Unearthing this small bit of tradition (but without finding a particle of contemporary evidence), Herndon made this theme a specialty, eagerly questioning old settlers of New Salem, taking their reminiscences of thirty or more years before, prompting them with lawyer's skill, jotting down their answers, then turning the episode over and over in his mind till he burst into a very ecstasy of rhetorical romancing which culminated in the amazing lecture delivered at Springfield on Nov. 16, 1866.

FORTUNATELY, his "evidence" is preserved today in the Herndon-Weik manuscripts. Only one who has studied this long-delayed reminiscence can know how shaky and contradictory it is. Herndon's letters show he was greatly bothered, even up to the time his book was in proof, by the fact that Ann was engaged to John McNamar, a friend of Lincoln's. John returned to New Salem after Ann's death, and it was he, the acknowledged lover, not Lincoln, who cut Ann's initials in the headboard at her grave. Ann's romance with Lincoln is unproved, to say the least, but the flimsy legend has grown to enormous proportions until it has robbed Mrs. Lincoln of her true importance in Lincoln's life.

Turning from Herndon's tortuous reasoning, it is a relief to get the testimony of friends

and relatives who were actually in the Lincoln home in Springfield. We learn in simple terms of a household very like others down the street, where husband and wife shared mutual interests and were devoted to each other and to their children. The wife had an emotional instability, a quick and vocal temper, "nervous spells" and frequent headaches like those now called migraine; the husband was absent-minded and subject to moods of depression; but they understood each other's weaknesses, as adjusted couples do.

THE man next door described them as "good neighbors." Both were kind-hearted. Herndon called Mrs. Lincoln "cold as a chunk of ice." Yet we find her, in those days before formulas, nursing a sick neighbor's baby at her breast along with her own child. She was a "cheerful woman," "fond of home," going to church on Sunday, having the church sewing society meet at her house, working hard at her job of looking after her family.

In Washington, however, there was no happiness for the Lincolns. No woman was ever placed in a more difficult position than the Southern wife of the Civil War President. The White House in such a crisis was no place for a woman of emotional instability. Physicians have testified that Mrs. Lincoln was a sick woman from 1861 on. She broke under strain, especially after the death in 1862 of their idolized son Willie, the boy who was so like his father. More and more, her unsteadiness of nerves gave rise to unbalanced behavior and hysterical outbursts. She became irresponsible in money matters. It was not understood at the time that she was mentally ill; people did not know, as we do now, that her later life was to include a year when (mainly because of her irrationality in money matters) she was under court judgment of insanity.

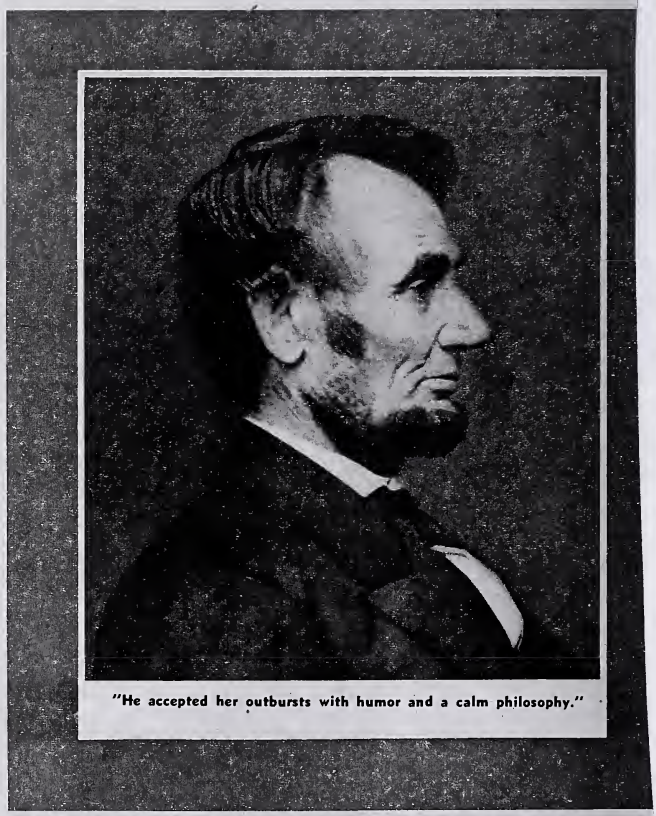
THERE is written into the record, therefore, an anthology of abuse of Mrs. Lincoln; written there also is rich testimony in her favor. She was, at times, proud, sharp-tongued, willful and imprudent. But we find her conscientiously trying to fill her position fittingly, visiting hospitals to carry comforts to sick soldiers, bearing herself "well and bravely," looking "queenly" at social functions, watching over her burdened husband. Employing those indirect methods familiar to experienced wives, she would invite friends to breakfast in order to make him take time to eat, and she would coax him to a daily drive, "as this was the only way in which she could induce him to take the fresh air."

With so controversial a subject, it is time to look at Mary Lincoln through the eyes of the one closest to her; to call Abraham Lincoln as a witness.

To read a man's letters to his wife is to find out very directly how he feels about her. We have three letters of Lincoln's written to Mary in 1848, when he was a Congressman in Washington and she was visiting her old home in Lexington, Ky. They were in their sixth year of married life and had two sons. What do these letters say?

HE tells her first how he misses her. Since she left, life has no "variety," nothing but business, and that has grown "exceedingly tasteless" to him. "I hate to stay in this old room by myself," he writes. He had gone shopping for "little plaid stockings" for their baby son. Is Mary free from headaches now? If so, that is good, for she had had headaches every spring since he had known her.

Then a whimsical and affectionate bit of flattery, playing up to her coquetry: "I am afraid you will get so well, and fat, and young, as to be wanting to marry again." How much does she weigh? Get weighed and write him. He mentions a speech he wanted to make, bits of personal news she would be interested



"He accepted her outbursts with humor and a calm philosophy."

in. Scattered throughout are references to "Bobby" and "Eddy," the "blessed fellows" they both adored. He signs himself "Most affectionately."

These letters show an affectionate and adjusted husband. We have one letter only of hers in reply, a loving, intimate letter speaking with tender detail of the children, and telling him how much she wishes they were together, how sad she feels away from him.

HERE and there one picks up Lincoln's pet names for Mary. He had called her "Molly" before they were married. Old neighbors of the Lincolns many years later recalled that he sometimes playfully called her "Puss." After their children were born he addressed her usually as "Mother," and we have record of his referring to her as the "little woman." Sometimes she was his "child-wife," a title that delighted her, for it was the Victorian age when "strong-minded women" were viewed with horror.

That the domestic waters were occasionally ruffled is shown by a reference in one of Lincoln's letters in 1848. Mary had indicated that she wanted to come back to Washington. He writes: "Will you be a *good girl* in all things, if I consent? Then come along, and that as *soon* as possible. Having got the idea in my head, I shall be impatient till I see you." The implication is that she was sometimes difficult; also, that he wanted her with him.

Lincoln understood Mary's temper; he could also count on her regret when the explosion was over. He accepted these outbursts with humor and a calm philosophy. An old-timer of Springfield quoted him as saying, after a wifely storm of angry words: "It does her lots of good and it doesn't hurt me a bit."

A family incident reveals the light-hearted approach to domestic disturbances in the Lincoln household. Herndon recorded how Lincoln would pull a little wagon containing his children up and down the street in front of his house, how one baby would fall out and lie squalling upon the sidewalk while the absent-minded father went on with complete unawareness of anything wrong. The recollections of some of Springfield's old-timers give the added detail that Lincoln usually held a book in one hand, reading it while he drew the wagon with the other. Mrs. Lincoln, returning home, shrieked and scolded as she saw her child screaming on the ground.

What the humorless Herndon did not know was that afterward the ridiculous happening was a family joke, a matter of gaiety and laughter in the home circle.

"She loved him as only a woman of her temperament could love."

THERE was more to Mary Lincoln's emotional instability than temper. She was easily frightened into a panic. Knowing her timidity and fears, Lincoln, before starting out on the circuit, would arrange for a boy to sleep at his home during his absence, paying in one case (as that boy, grown old, remembered) the sum of five cents a night. It is known that he would hurry home from his office at the approach of a thunderstorm to comfort his wife.

A close-up of the couple comes through her half-sister, Emilie Todd Helm: Mary, decked out in a new dress she had made, and the smiling Lincoln, remarking upon her "fine feathers." Noticing the blue flowers in the dress design, he added: "Those posies on your dress are the color of your eyes." Whereupon the delighted wife said to her sister: "You see, Emilie, I am training my husband to see color. I do not think he knew pink from blue when I married him."

Though he spoiled her with his indulgence, as she herself

wrote after his death, he depended upon her for those things for which a husband usually looks to his wife: attention to his clothes and food, loving care of their children, companionship, cheerful words when he was blue, sympathy for his disappointments, delight in his triumphs. She shared his ambitions, and his first thought after his nomination in 1860 was to "tell a little woman down the street the news!" When the returns from the 1864 election were coming in, John Hay recorded in his diary: "The President sent over the first fruits to Mrs. Lincoln. He said, 'She is more anxious than I.'"

In the White House, Lincoln's way of relaxing was to drop into the room where his wife sat, stretch out on a couch, chat with her, or read (sometimes aloud to her), before returning to his official duties. In one appealing account he joined his wife while deeply dejected over bad news from the War Department, threw himself on the sofa, and covered his eyes with his hands. Then, reaching for a small Bible, he began to read. Soon his face lost its look of strain for one of confidence and hope. He had been reading Job.

What did Lincoln do when he saw his wife breaking under the strain? We find the harassed President trying to shield her, begging first one of her sisters and then another to stay at the White House to comfort her, saying to Emilie Todd Helm: "I feel worried about Mary, her nerves have gone to pieces; she cannot hide from me that the strain she has been under has been too much for her mental as well as her physical health. * * * Stay with her as long as you can."

Emilie recorded that Mrs. Lincoln worried about her husband as much as he worried about her. Dr. A. G. Henry, trusted physician and beloved friend of both the Lincolns, has testified: "She loved him as women of her nervous sanguine temperament, only can love. * * *." In Lincoln's last conscious moment at the Ford Theatre, she was leaning against him caressingly and he had just given her "one of his kind and affectionate smiles," when the fatal shot was fired.

A SHORT time before his death, Lincoln and his wife, while driving along the James River near City Point, Va., came to a peaceful graveyard where the first young green of awakening spring was showing. They walked through it together and he said thoughtfully: "Mary, you are younger than I. You will survive me. When I am gone, lay my remains in some quiet place like this."

In one of her little-known letters, Mrs. Lincoln said that Lincoln repeatedly told her she was the only woman he ever loved and that it was "music" in her ears to hear him say it. When Herndon, in 1866, proclaimed to the world in his lecture that "Lincoln loved Ann Rutledge better than his own life," and that his heart had been buried in her grave, the news came to a widow whose letters are filled with passages like these: "Day by day, I miss, my beloved husband, more & more. How, I am, to pass through life, without *him* who loved us so dearly, it is impossible for me to say * * * I must patiently await, the hour, when, 'God's Love,' shall place me, by *his* side again. Where there are no more partings & *no more* tears shed—For I have almost become blind, with weeping * * * ."

MRS. LINCOLN'S feeling of outraged indignation over Herndon's lecture is understandable. The statement she made in a letter to David Davis is clear-headed and to the point. She did not believe that Lincoln had loved Ann Rutledge, "as my husband was *truth itself*, and as he always assured me, he had cared for no one but myself * * *" She continued: "In all his confidential communications, such a romantic name, was never breathed * * * Nor did his life or his joyous laugh, lead one to suppose his heart, was in any unfortunate woman's grave—but in the proper place with his loved wife & children."

Full knowledge of a man requires an understanding of his marriage. When Mary Lincoln is studied, there is something added to Lincoln himself. He becomes closer to us, more human, more appealing, especially in that playfulness by which he eased over difficulties for both of them and in his understanding of her weaknesses. His sadness, often attributed to domestic unhappiness, had many things to explain it: the death of his mother, of his sister in the primitive childbirth of the backwoods, the loss of two adored sons, the failing health of his wife and the fearful ordeal of the war. He felt deeply, for his was a nature to ponder profound subjects. Yet one should not forget the "joyous laugh" which Mary mentioned — that magnetic laugh variously described as "boisterous," "ringing" and "the President's life-preserver."

HIS face late in the war, said John Hay, had "a look as of one on whom sorrow and care had done their worst without victory." "He bore the sorrows of the nation in his own heart." But on the last day of his life—another last ride together—he turned to Mary with the old cheerfulness in his face, to plan their life and companionship from that time on.

Throughout their married life there is an unbroken record of devotion between the Lincolns. He belongs to the nation, but they belonged to each other.

Lincoln's Patience With Wife Still Mystifies Historians

By JACK KOFOED

THIS IS the birthday of the greatest of all Americans, Abraham Lincoln. The gaunt, ugly railsplitter from a backwoods shack held the union together at the most crucial and dangerous moment of its existence.

We have idealized Lincoln. We no longer regard him as a man, but as a symbol of all humanity regards as great. Yet, he was intensely human. His sadness, and the enormity of the responsibilities that rode him like an old man of the sea, were leavened by a dry humor.

One of the most difficult of Abe's trials was his married life. Mrs. Lincoln was petulant, vain, jealous, extravagant. Had there been psychoanalysts in her time, she would have been an excellent subject for the sharpest of them.

When Father Abraham's wife accompanied him to Washington, she was a small town woman. Incredibly she had become the first lady of the land, and her vanity demanded that she be given all the homage and deference to which she believed the position entitled her.

Not only Democrats, but many Republicans, regarded the new President with loathing. As a matter of fact, many people expected Mr. Lincoln to be assassinated before he assumed office. And, as was quite natural under the circumstances, some of the town's most prominent hostesses snubbed Lincoln's wife.

That burned the lady to a crisp. Lacking sophisticated repartee, she simply exploded in wild anger. Social affairs meant nothing to Old Abe, but his life was made miserable by the petulant carping of his mate.

Later Mrs. Lincoln formed an intense dislike for Mrs. Ulysses S. Grant, wife of the triumphant Union general. She made things so unpleasant for Mrs. Grant that the only thing that lady asked of fate was not to be in the company of the shrewish dame in the White House.

This mutual antagonism, some historians have pointed out, may have born directly on Lincoln's assassination by John Wilkes Booth.

Originally, the President wanted Gen. and Mrs. Grant to accompany him and Mrs. Lincoln to Ford's theater.

The general's wife told him specifically she would not go under any circumstances, and he could put that in his pipe and smoke it. Grant, a tough soldier and a hard hand with a bottle of bourbon, never won a decision over his spouse. He begged off.

It is entirely possible that had he and his aide been in the box with Lincoln on the fatal night, Booth might not have fired the shots that killed the greatest American.

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MRS. LINCOLN'S extravagances kept the President in a perpetual dither.

Once he blew his top. The wife of his bosom purchased furniture and decorations to the amount of $25,000, and charged it to public funds. Lincoln refused to go along with this bit of skullduggery, and finally, over a period of years, paid the bill out of his own salary.

The death of a cherished son added deeper gloom. At such a tragic time, a gentle and understanding wife would have brought some solace to his tortured heart. Instead, Mrs. Lincoln went completely to pieces. She thought only of her own grief, and hugged it hysterically to her bosom. Lincoln had to fight through the blackness himself, while the woman verged on the abyss of insanity.

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EVEN WHEN they are alive, great public figures are seldom regarded as human beings who get hungry and fall in love and suffer from toothache. After they are dead, as in the case of Lincoln, the patina of years often develops a distorted view.

Old Abe was no superman. He made mistakes, and was fooled by false friends and advisers, but his faith and tenacious courage, plus common sense of high quality carried him through.

Yet, in his home, Lincoln was as henpecked and unhappy a husband as ever lived. If he could handle the hard and ruthless men who opposed him, he was completely unable to control the tantrums of the neurotic to whom he was wed.

The divorce courts of today are filled with the sort of nasty incidents that made up Lincoln's life behind the scenes. Movie stars and others, who change mates with continuing regularity, would find it hard to understand why the President remained wed to a woman whose life was a succession of tantrums.

Lincoln had an immense loyalty. He had promised to cherish this wife in fair weather and foul. That the weather had turned incredibly foul did not, he felt, relieve him of his promise. Father Abraham stuck it out, even though his nerves cracked and his pocketbook was drained by her actions.

History shows that other Presidents have had wife trouble. Even Napoleon's love saga with Josephine had storm centers, but no one ever suffered such marital troubles as Abraham Lincoln. It is a testimony to his strength that he was able to take the Civil War and Mrs. Lincoln at the same time without falling apart at the seams.

That was added proof of his greatness. Even Westbrook Pegler's attacks on Roosevelt were mild compared with the calumnies that were hurled upon him.

In times like those, the burden would have been easier had he been able to go home to a gentle and understanding woman. Instead, there was the yackety yack, the complaining, the vitriol of bitter conversation, unending bills. How Abraham Lincoln lived through it until the bullets of John Wilkes Booth ended his life no one, until this day, has been able to understand.

LINCOLN AT HOME. This rare print from the Library of Congress shows Abraham Lincoln and his family during the Civil War. Left to right, Mrs. Lincoln, Robert Todd Lincoln in uniform, Thomas, who was called "Tad," and the President.

Letters

HONOR TO BOSTON U.

TO THE EDITOR:

Judge Dorothy Kenyon in "Case (By One of Them) for Women Lawyers," after telling how women began wanting to go to law school, says with commendable loyalty but erroneously as to fact:

"The pioneer in the East in this field, I am happy to say, was New York University. (Guess where I graduated, and my aunt before me!) In 1892 New York University Law School opened its doors to women."

Miss Lelia Josephine Robinson, afterward Mrs. Sawtelle, was graduated from the Boston University Law School in 1881 and became the first woman lawyer to be admitted to the bar in Massachusetts. This would seem to make Boston University the pioneer in this field in the East.

ARTHUR E. JENNER,
Executive Alumni Secretary.
Boston University.
Boston.

HERNDON'S STORY

TO THE EDITOR:

Besides Herndon, another very high ranking Lincoln authority, Senator Albert J. Beveridge, would not, I think, entirely agree with the estimate of the Lincolns' married life offered by Ruth Painter Randall ("Mrs. Lincoln Revealed in a New Light"). Beveridge writes (Vol. I, pp. 512-513):

"Lincoln spent at least six months of every year away from Springfield riding the circuit, and he was the only lawyer that attended the courts in every county seat. His prolonged absences irritated his wife, who often confided to their next-door neighbor that 'if her husband staid at home as he ought to she would love him better.'"

The greatest part of Mrs. Randall's relations of their married life is for the years 1861-65, when of course Herndon does not pretend to discuss it. There is no reason to question Mrs. Randall's accuracy as to that period, but there is ground to question her statements on the more than twenty years before 1861 when Herndon was Lincoln's law partner and most trusted friend.

WEBSTER WILDER SR.
Cherokee, Okla.

[The point of Mrs. Randall's article, however, was that the Herndon views of Lincoln's marriage, in the light of new evidence, seem prejudiced and distorted. The Beveridge quotation does not bolster various points raised by Herndon which Mrs. Randall questioned. —*Editor.*]

MRS. LINCOLN

TO THE EDITOR:

Ruth Painter Randall's "Mrs. Lincoln Revealed in a New Light" brings to mind that many, many years ago I met two people who had been neighbors of the Lincolns in Springfield. They told me they always knew when Mrs. Lincoln was having a tantrum, for Mr. Lincoln would appear at their home with a small desk and say, "May I leave these papers with you? Mrs. Lincoln is not well today."

Mary Todd Lincoln.

Sometimes the front door of the Lincoln home would fly open and papers, books, small articles would be literally hurled out. No wonder his face was so sad.

CHRISTIANA BERTRAM.
Tenafly, N. J.

New York Times 3-5-50

Lincoln Paid Tribute to Mother He Had Known Only 10 Years

By CECILE GUTHRIE

OF THE three women in Abraham Lincoln's life—his own mother, his stepmother, and his wife—the one to whom he paid the greatest tribute was the woman he knew only 10 years of his life, Nancy Hanks Lincoln.

This was shown by an interesting paper on Lincoln lore issued by the Lincoln National Life Insurance Co., although a great controversy has raged about the identity of the mother to whom Lincoln referred when hes aid, "All that I am, or ever hope to be, I owe to my mother."

Despite the fact that Lincoln held his stepmother, Sally Lincoln, in greatest esteem, "there has never been any serious doubt in the minds of the great majority of Lincoln students about the identity of the mother to whom Lincoln referred in the traditional tribute—it was his own mother," Lincoln Lore tells us.

ALTHOUGH SHE LIVED only until Lincoln was 10 years old, Nancy Hanks Lincoln made a deep and lasting impression upon her son, who always spoke of her with deep feeling and grateful affection. Unfortunately, historians again disagree, this time on her appearance. Because photography wasn't discovered until 20 years after her death, there are no pictures, or even a painting or silhouette to tell us how she looked.

Lincoln's second mother, whom his father, Thomas Lincoln, married within a couple of years after Nancy died in 1818, was a young widow in her early 30s, Sarah Bush Johnston. No stepmother could have shown more kindness in bringing up a child than Sarah displayed in her rearing of Abraham Lincoln. And he was so deeply appreciative of her motherly attention that in her last years he was to establish her in a lovely home which he had provided for her.

HIS WIFE, the former Mary Todd, completes the trio of women in Lincoln's life. The intellectual superior of most of the other mothers in those days, Mary was 24 years old, and nine years younger than Abraham, when she was married.

Extremely capable, she kept her own mind alert, and was of tremendous help in bringing at least one of her sons to occupy a prominent place in government affairs. "And the possibilities are that if Robert Lincoln had permitted his name to be used as a presidential nominee, she might have reared a president as well as married one," comments Lincoln Lore.

Mrs. Mary Lincoln

Mary Lincoln didn't know her husband's own mother, of course, who had died the very year Mary was born, but she did know his stepmother, Sally Lincoln.

A letter, written by Mary to Sally, shows the deep respect Lincoln's wife held for his stepmother and gives an insight, at the same time, into the terrible grief borne by Mary Lincoln after the death of her husband. The letter, so stressed the plea it be kept private, that a copy of it was discovered only a few years ago in Charleston, Ill.

Chicago, Dec. 19, '67

Mrs. Sally Lincoln

"My dear Madam:

"In memory of the dearly loved one, who always remembered you with so much affection, will you not do me the favor of accepting these few trifles?

"God has been very merciful to you, in prolonging your life, and I trust your health has also been preserved . . . In my great agony of mind, I cannot trust myself to write about, what so entirely fills my thoughts, my darling husband; knowing how well you loved him also, is a grateful satisfaction to me. Believe me, dear Madam, if I can ever be of any service to you, in any respect, I am entirely in your service.

"My husband a few weeks before his death mentioned to me that he intended that summer paying proper respects to his father's grave by a head and foot stone, with his name, age and so forth, and I propose very soon carrying out his intentions. It was not from want of affection for his father, as you are well aware, that it was not done, but his time was so greatly occupied always.

"I will be pleased to learn whether this package was received by you.

"Perhaps you know that our youngest boy is named for your husband, Thomas Lincoln, this child, the idol of his father—I am blessed in both of my sons, they are very good and noble. The eldest is growing very much like his own dear father.

"I am a deeply afflicted woman and hope you will pray for me . . .

"I am my dear Madam,
"Affectionately yours,
Mary Lincoln.

"This letter please consider entirely private — I shall be greatly pleased to hear from you."

Neighbor's Diary Sheds New Light on Lincolns in 1852

Springfield, Ill. — (UP) — A newly-discovered diary yesterday is helping historians fill in some gaps in "a blank year" in the life of Abraham Lincoln and his family.

The diary was kept by Mrs. William M. Black, a neighbor of the Lincolns here for about six months in late 1851 and early 1852. It and other documents have been in the possession of her grandson, Malcolm A. Black, 65, Lemay, Mo.

Black recently released—for historical study—the diary and a letter from Mrs. Mary Todd Lincoln to Mrs. Black. A nine-page article of excerpts and notes on the diary will be published in the spring issue of the Journal of the Illinois State Historical Society in April.

Dr. Harry Pratt, state historian, said the diary covered a period that is "a blank year in Lincoln's life," except for records of his travels on the court circuit and his political activity.

Life in Springfield

Mrs. Black's diary concerns her life in Springfield from January through May, 1852, and a few entries in the following months in St. Louis, where her husband operated a store.

Mrs. Lincoln's letter was written Sept. 17, 1853. She asked Mrs. Black to get her "a white fur hat for a boy of six months" (her son Tad) and a "drawn satin boneet," presumably for herself.

The future President's wife said she had the trim materials for the bonnet and would sew them on herself.

Mrs. Lincoln was concerned with fashion in writing about the hats, stating "I presume ere this the fall styles have been received."

She also make a joking reference that it was all right if the price went above "four dollars" because "it will last all my boys." Tad was her youngest child.

Pratt said the diary "sheds light on Mary Todd Lincoln's social and religious activities." It begins with a New Year's Day entry ("took tea at Mrs. Lincoln's") and traces Mrs. Black's growing friendship with Lincoln's wife and her dependence on Mrs. Lincoln for comfort after Mrs. Black's son died March 24.

Home Infrequently

Mrs. Black's husband was establishing his store in St. Louis at this time and was home infrequently. He returned home when their son died, but left two days after the funeral.

"I was cast into the very depths of despair," Mrs. Black wrote. "I felt as though I could not live longer separated from him—in bitter anguish I cried unto the Lord to prepare me for death and then take me from this world of suffering."

Six days later she went to an "inquiry meeting" at the First Presbyterian Church, where Dr. James Smith was minister. A month earlier, she had told of going to a Baptist service with Mrs. Lincoln and another lady and commented "I laughed all the way home at Mrs. L. and Dr. Smith." Pratt said the subject was unknown.

After this "inquiry meeting," Mrs. Black went to church almost daily. In mid-April she, Mrs. Lincoln and two other women were admitted to the First Presbyterian Church.

After her husband left following a short visit May 3, she scolded herself for her "cold and formal devotions" the day before.

That night, after her husband departed, she went to Mrs. Lincoln's, who "insisted on our coming down." She found Dr. Smith there and "he prayed with us" before leaving.

During these months, Lincoln was mainly out of Springfield, riding a court circuit that stretched across much of central Illinois.

Everybody's an Expert on Lincoln, Showman Says

By BOB THOMAS

HOLLYWOOD (AP)—A TV producer named Mort Abrahams feels as though several million people are watching over his shoulder as he works this week.

Abrahams produces the G. E. Theater, on CBS. This week he's putting up a sequence from the Irving Stone best-seller, "Love Is Eternal."

DOING LOT OF RESEARCH

It's the story of Mary Todd and Abe Lincoln. And Lincoln students being as numerous and particular as they are, Abrahams can't afford to take any chances.

"We're making sure that everything is as accurate as possible," he told me between rehearsals. "I have read most of the standard Lincoln works — Sandberg, etc. and we've gotten some splendid help from Stone, whose research is phenomenal.

"The story takes place in the Lincoln house in Springfield. Stone gave us pictures and blueprints from which to build our set."

The sequence tomorrow night will show Lincoln at 40. It is 1849, when he had ended one term in the House of Representatives.

He had campaigned hard for Zachary Taylor and expected a plum job when Taylor won the presidency. But the Whig party turned its back on Lincoln.

HE NEVER LIKED FLOWERS IN HOUSE

"Lincoln was terribly discouraged," Abrahams reported. "He considered taking the governorship of the Oregon Territory.

This would have meant political and personal oblivion for him. His wife Mary talked him out of it."

Among the items turned up by research on the show:

"Lincoln never liked flowers in the house. His wife's sister, Margaret, claimed that he was color blind. That may have been why he always wore black.

"He was a loving father. If anything, he was too lenient with his sons; he would let them do anything. He was closer to them than anyone else. He had no real friends.

REGALED MEN WITH HIS STORIES

"He was a poor husband. He would go off circuit riding with the rest of the lawyers, but he wouldn't return when they did.

"He'd go to a tavern and stay there three days, regaling the men with his stories. He never drank nor smoked, but he didn't mind others doing it.

"He must have been very difficult to live with. He was very moody and given to dark periods of depression. He was constantly plagued with doubt over his own capabilities. His wife had to keep building up his confidence."

Teresa Wright will play Mary Lincoln on the show, and Richard Boone will be Abe. The latter stars on "Medic."

But Abraham assures that you won't expect Boone to ask for a scalpel. Boone bears a remarkable likeness to the railsplitter.

FEB 12 1955

FEB 12 1955

Boston Herald

Lincoln's Political Career Beset With Hardships, Disappointments

FEB 13 1955

By E. E. PATTON

Mary Todd, a beautiful young lady from the Blue Grass region of Kentucky, is reported to have told her friends that she intended to marry a man who would be president of the United States. Lincoln was born in 1809 and his future wife was born nine years later. They were married in 1824, when he was 33 and she was twenty-four.

PATTON

His career was set with hardships and disappointments. He was defeated in his first race for the Illinois Legislature, 1832, but was elected to the next four terms. He was denied the nomination for Congress in 1842, but was elected in 1846 and served from March 4, 1847 until March 4, 1849.

His record in Congress was anything but brilliant and most judges of statesmen would say that it ranked alongside of failure, written with a capital F. He voted for supplies for the American soldiers fighting in the Mexican War but he opposed and denounced the President, James K. Polk, on every available opportunity.

When he reached Springfield in March, 1849, he found that he had alienated many of his leading Whig supporters and received the condemnation of virtually every Democrat in his district. He seems to have forgotten all future political aspirations and devoted himself assiduously to the practice of law and continued to ride the circuit and practice in many counties adjoining his home county.

But Stephen A. Douglas, one of the United States Senators from Illinois, devoted himself to the slavery question and the Kansas-Nebraska fight over the right of slave holders to take their human property into territories not admitted to the Union. This brought on one of the most bitter fights ever waged in the political annals of this nation. Douglas' term in the Senate was due to expire on March 4, 1859. In 1858, he was a candidate to succeed himself, nominated almost unanimously by the Democrats, and Abraham Lincoln was the candidate of the newly-organized Republican party. Their debates caught the attention of the thinking people of the nation. Douglas was elected but his speeches were such that he alienated most of the Southern people. Lincoln was defeated but that campaign put him on the Presidential highways for the election in 1860. His chief opponent was William H. Seward of New York, a man of national reputation as governor of the Empire State and US senator for several years.

The Southern Democrats nominated John C. Breckinridge of Kentucky, a handsome man and a great orator. The Constitutional-Union party named John Bell of Tennessee as its candidate. Douglas, Bell, and Breckinridge spent most of the time between their nominations and the November election touring the country and making eloquent speeches.

Lincoln wrote a very short letter of acceptance. He made no set or impromptu speeches, with the exception of a word of getting a few times to passing street parades. Not more than a dozen letters were written by him in regard to the campaign. This was to give advice or make suggestions. He wrote very few private letters. No newspaper or magazine had any articles by him. There was no whistle-stop campaign.

One letter, dated July 4, 1860, was written to Dr. A. G. Henry, or Oregon in reply to a letter from Dr. Henry dated May 16. It was received on July 4—47 days in transit. Think of it, those who send letters by mail today! In this letter, Mr. Lincoln expressed the hope and belief that he would be elected; spoke of the divided, warring Democrats—Douglas and Breckinridge. He said that his son, Robert, would be in Harvard that July; said that "Mary joined him in sending kindest regards to Mrs. H. and yourself and the family."

One interesting incident occurred in this campaign. A committee from the nominating convention came down to Springfield to notify him of his nomination. Certain friends in Springfield suggested to Lincoln that he should serve them with some ardent spirits; he said he did not believe in it; that he had no spirits and that he would not get any; that he would serve them with ice water. These interested friends offered to furnish the necessary whisky for the occasion, but he vetoed their suggestion. When the committee arrived at his home, he received them in the family room, shook hands with each one and informed him that in the next room he would find a pitcher of ice water.

LETTER TO HAMLIN

But there was another peculiar incident connected with this campaign on the part of Lincoln and his running mate, Hannibal Hamlin, of Maine. Hamlin sent no letter or wire of congratulations to Lincoln, so on July 4, 1860, he wrote this letter to Hamlin:

"Springfield, Illinois,
July 4, 1860

My Dear Sir:

It appears to me that you and I ought to be acquainted and accordingly I write this as a sort of introduction of myself to you. You first entered the Senate during the single term I was a member of the H. of Rep. but I have no recollection that we were introduced. I shall be pleased to receive a line from you.

"The prospect of Rep. success now appears very flattering, so far as I can perceive. Do you see anything to the contrary? Yours truly, A. Lincoln."

His attitude toward his friends and neighbors in his home town was as if nothing had happened to him in the way of political promotion. He called to them as he went after his mail and to his office. One man met him one morning before the election and said he wanted to go to the State House (where Lincoln had his office). Lincoln offered to take him to the State House and when the man was entering the governor's office (Lincoln's office then), he said: "I am Lincoln."

WAR COMRADE WROTE

One of the most interesting letters ever received by Lincoln was from one of his comrades in the Black Hawk War, one George H. Harrison. Among other things he said: "But I think you know that what I say I feel. For the attachment in the Black Hawk War when we messed together; when we ground our coffee in the same cup with the hatchet handle —baked our bread on our ramrods around the same fire—ate our fried meat off the same piece of alm bark—slept in the same tent every night—traveled by day and by night in search of the savage foe.

"Then let us go on in the discharge of duty, trusting for aid to the Great Universal Ruler. Yours Truly, George M. Harrison."

When Lincoln delivered his inaugural address, his old-time and long-time opponent, Stephen A. Douglas, held Lincoln's hat and cane while Lincoln read his historic address which closed with these words:

"I am loath to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land will again swell the chorus of the Union, when touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our natures."

During all of those four tragical and bloody years, no one ever heard Abraham Lincoln utter one harsh word toward the Southern people, nor did he write one unkind word.

If humility is a sign of greatness, then Abraham Lincoln is by far the greatest man this nation ever produced. Henry W. Grady, whose father was killed wearing a Confederate uniform, says that Abraham Lincoln is the first typical American; that he possessed all the virtues of the Puritan and the Cavalier and had none of their faults.

On The House

Surprise for Honest Abe

By DAVID G. BAREUTHER, AP Real Estate Editor

Lincoln's birthday this year, in the midst of the national home improvement campaign, brings up an interesting modernization project that was put over on Honest Abe by his wife exactly 100 years ago.

Mrs. Lincoln apparently was no exception to the rule of women being admittedly the prime movers in home improvement. In fact, she had the Lincoln home in Springfield, Ill., completely remodeled from a story and a half to a big two-story house while Circuit Lawyer Abe was out of town. She wanted to surprise her husband when he came home, and she certainly did. She had spent $1,300 on her modernization project. That was a lot of money in those days. It was about as much as Lincoln had originally paid for the house.

According to the the story, Lincoln came striding up to his property at the corner of Eighth and Jackson Sts., carrying a beefsteak under his arm, and he didn't know his own house. But he got to like it all right. The family sitting room, which measured 16 by 20 feet, and an adjoining formal parlor that opened through a large double door, soon became a frequent meeting place for Abe's political associates.

MARY TODD LINCOLN had that house remodeled because she didn't like it. You've probably heard that reason in connection with modern remodeling jobs. And she seemed to be a woman who could get what she wanted. She always said Lincoln would land in the White House.

But Mrs. Lincoln had been very disappointed when Abe bought the house in 1844 from the Rev. Charles Dresser. Even though her husband would show her the solidity of its hand-hewn oak construction, wooden pegs, walnut clapboards and shingles, she thought the house was ugly and wanted a bigger house.

However, the house had seven rooms, several fireplaces and occupied a lot 50 by 152 feet, which also contained a woodshed, privy and carriage shed. In order to save up enough money to buy the place, Lincoln spent virtually nothing on himself, even giving up his handball games which had cost him 10 cents per game.

ONE DRAWBACK to the house was that two bedrooms upstairs had such low ceilings where Lincoln could stand erect only in the center under the ridge of the roof. Mrs. Lincoln fixed that. She raised the roof 12 feet, added several bedrooms upstairs, installed new wood stoves in place of fire-place and had bookshelves built for Abraham's law library.

The exact amount that Lincoln had paid for the house is not entirely clear. Carl Sandburg in "The Prairie Years" says the deal involved $750 in cash, plus a lot Lincoln owned which was valued at $300. However, Sandburg notes there was a mortgage for $900 on the property which was not mentioned in the deed, Lincoln apparently trusting the Rev. Mr. Dresser to get rid of it.

A contract in Lincoln's handwriting mentions $1,200 as the price, but some historians say the final price was actually $1,500.

We asked Myron Matthews of the Dow Service Building Reports to give us an estimate of what it would cost to build that house today. He figured that $20,000 might do it, with $5,000 added for the lot. In some ways this puts a pretty low value on today's dollar.

It just happened that about the time Mrs. Lincoln was modernizing her house, one Thomas R. Marshall was being born — the man who later became famous for saying "What this country needs is a good five-cent cigar." You might say that what this country needs now is a good five-cent building dollar.

1956

a weekly bicentennial column by **billy reed**

Lincoln's wife was ahead of her time

Even before Abraham Lincoln was sworn in as President of the United States, Mary Todd Lincoln already was looking at the White House with the intention of putting "new things in the place of old."

The Congress appropriated $20,000 for refurbishing, but Mrs. Lincoln exceeded the appropriation by $6,700.

When her husband found out, he reacted as husbands usually do. He blew his top.

"I'd rather pay it out of my pocket first," snapped the President. "It would stink in the nostrils of the American people to have it said that the President of the United States had approved a bill overrunning an appropriation of $20,000 for flub dubs for this damned old house, when the soldiers cannot have blankets!"

This incident, along with the fact that Mrs. Lincoln ran up extravagant clothing bills without her husband's knowledge, has been used for years by historians—male historians, mostly—to mold the image of Mary Todd Lincoln as headstrong, irresponsible, shrewish and generally burdensome to her husband.

More recent examinations, however, have tended to regard the woman from Lexington, Ky., in a softer, fuller light.

Indeed, by today's standards, Mary Todd Lincoln would be regarded as bright, talented, ambitious and articulate. In the mid-19th century, however, she was badly misunderstood.

Her intellectual interest in affairs of state was considered unseemly, as was her habit of stating opinions about the conduct of the Civil War and other subjects considered the province of men. Lincoln's advisers sarcastically referred to her as "Mrs. President," and one secretary called her "The Hellcat" in private.

The male-dominated press understood Mrs. Lincoln no better. As first lady, she often seemed to rate more ink than Lincoln, and most of it was unfavorable. She was criticized for everything from her gown necklines (plunging) to her White House parties (outrageous in war times) to the fact that she had relatives fighting for the Confederacy.

Unfortunately, she never learned to live with the criticism and that, along with the assassination of her husband and the untimely deaths of three sons, intensified a nervous condition that led her son Robert to commit her to a mental institution in 1875. Her trial was a farce—she wasn't insane and her civil rights were butchered—but that only shows the kind of prejudice that existed against her.

In their 33 years of marriage, Lincoln regarded his wife with something more important than affection—respect. He learned from her, listened to her, encouraged her to speak her mind. At home, "The Great Emancipator" apparently was a liberated man. And to this day one of history's more thought-provoking questions is: "Without Mary Todd, would Lincoln have been Lincoln?"

Indeed, she had much to do with shaping his thoughts and actions. When she met Lincoln at a cotillion in 1832, Mary Todd, then 21, was a fetching Kentucky belle, polished in Lexington society. By contrast, Lincoln was crude as a log cabin. Their differences in class and background were as great as their differences in height — he was 6-foot-4, she was 5-2.

Nevertheless, Mary Todd saw something in Lincoln that others didn't. She must have, because she swore to friends at her finishing school in Lexington that her husband whoever he may be, would someday be president.

Apparently due to his insecurity about supporting her and the objections of her family, Lincoln asked to be released from their first wedding date. But after a time of soul-searching, he asked her again to marry him and the wedding took place on Nov. 4, 1842, in Springfield, Ill.

For the next two decades, Mary Todd devoted much of her time and energy to helping Lincoln on the road to the presidency. Besides polishing his social graces, she broadened his understanding of slavery and politics by telling of her discussions with Henry Clay and other famous men in Lexington. Teresa Rees in a paper discusses Mrs. Lincoln's effect on her husband:

"They discussed literature, history, political science, religion, philosophy and languages. It was as if Lincoln had his own private tutor at home. . . . She read books and reviewed them for him. She researched the historical aspects of slavery and gave him epitomes of what he had no time to read for himself. She read to him from the nation's newspapers so he might be familiar with current events. She took notes on his speeches and made suggestions. . . ."

Mrs. Lincoln had to be satisfied with the vicarious satisfaction of watching in the background while her husband stumbled and plodded his way from country lawyer to the White House.

Until Lincoln became president, Mary Todd was much more of a help than a hindrance. That changed, not so subtly. She liked to think of herself as adviser and confidante to the President, an idea that put her in constant conflict with her husband's Cabinet members. Moreover, she was caught between the Southern-bred society belles of Washington, who didn't exactly cotton to the Union President's wife, and the Northern press, which regarded her as extravagant, irresponsible, pushy and very likely a Confederate spy.

She worried constantly about her husband's safety. Once somebody took a shot at him as he was walking down a street. Another time poison was found in the food during a White House meal. When her fear that Lincoln would meet a violent death was realized, she was so grief-stricken that she couldn't even attend the funeral.

After leaving the White House, she led a lonely, wandering life, but still she wasn't immune from a scornful press. To escape the public, she spent much time in Europe.

The final straw was the death of her son, Tad, in 1871. She looked to her only living son, Robert, for comfort. Instead, convinced that she was insane, he had her committed to a mental institution. Among other injustices, she was tricked into going into the courtroom and had no voice in the selection of her defense attorney or the jury.

After another trial, the judge instructed the jury to declare her sane and she was released in 1876. She went abroad again, but came back to Springfield in 1879. On the night of July 16, 1882, she died in the same house where she arrived as a Kentucky belle, fell in love and married Abraham Lincoln.

Next week: Jefferson Davis.

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Mary Todd Lincoln was criticized for everything from her gown necklines to her White House parties to the fact she had relatives fighting for the Confederacy.

mystery a good read.

See Page 3

We are more interested in Lincoln's private life today than we were 30 years ago for the same reason that John F. Kennedy could have affairs with women while he was in the White House but Gary Hart's affairs meant he could never get to the White House.'

George Chauncey, University of Chicago historian

Photo by Terry Heffernan

An engraved knife, portraits of Abraham and Mary Lincoln, and a legal-size Lincoln wallet are among the memorabilia collected in Ft. Wayne's Lincoln Museum.

Portrait of a marriage

Not even Lincolns escape tabloid treatment

By Jean Latz Griffin
TRIBUNE STAFF WRITER

Honest Abe and his family have been taking a bit of a beating lately.

In the past year or so, books, essays and public comments have suggested that Mary Todd was pregnant when she and Abraham Lincoln were wed, that he stayed away from home as much as possible because she beat him, and that his friendship with Joshua Speed before the marriage may have been more than platonic.

Now a controversial book of recollections by a family maid suggests that Mary was addicted to a concoction of opium and alcohol and believed that her husband hated her.

Even more disturbing to Lincoln scholars, Mariah Vance, who did the Lincolns' laundry and cooking from 1850 to 1860 in Springfield, is quoted as saying that Lincoln, despite his lifelong avoidance of membership in any organized religion, told her he had been secretly baptized just after he was elected president.

Whoa, Nellie.

Our 1990s fascination with the minutiae of public officials' lives, especially if the details are somewhat salacious, appears to have crossed more than a few lines.

Are we dealing with Abraham Lincoln, Great Emancipator, or Elvis Presley, Rock 'n' Roll Superstar?

"These are events that it would have been impolite to even discuss a generation ago, and now it's all we can talk about," said Gerry Prokopowicz, historian and program director of the Lincoln Museum in Ft. Wayne, Ind. "People want to know what Lincoln's marriage was like and if Mary threw a stick at him."

Part of the reason for the increased interest is that society, over the past few decades, has become much less willing to believe that public figures' private lives have nothing to do with their public actions and decisions.

"The old boundaries between private and public life have been shaken and redrawn," said George Chauncey, associate professor of American history at the University of Chicago. "We are more

SEE LINCOLN, PAGE 5

The best Lincoln books, as chosen by Civil War Times Illustrated, based on a vote by the Lincoln scholars who contributed to its all-Lincoln December 1995 edition.

1. **"Collected Works of Abraham Lincoln,"** Roy P. Basler, editor. 1953. The closest thing to a Lincoln autobiography.

2. **"Lincoln,"** David Herbert Donald. 1995. Very readable. An excellent starting place for new Lincoln students.

3. **"Lincoln Day by Day: A Chronology,"** Earl Schenck Miers. 1960. Three-volume account of Lincoln's activites.

4. **"Herndon's Lincoln: The True Story of a Great Life,"** William Herndon and Jesse Weik. 1889. Reprinted in 1983.

5. **"Lincoln and the Economics of the American Dream,"** Gabor Bontt. 1978. Lincoln's political aims and abilities.

6. **"Lincoln the President,"** James G. Randall. 1945-55. Four-volume biography. The last volume is still in print.

7. **"Abraham Lincoln: A Biography,"** Benjamin Thomas. 1952. Best one-volume biography. Insightful and entertaining.

8. **"The Fate of Liberty: Abraham Lincoln and Civil Liberties,"** Mark E. Neely Jr. 1991.

9. **"Prelude to Greatness: Lincoln in the 1850s,"** Don E. Fehrenbacher. 1962. The years leading to the presidency.

10. **"Abraham Lincoln: A History,"** John Nicolay and John Hay. 1890. Rich detail by Lincoln's personal secretaries.

Lincoln

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

interested in Lincoln's private life today than we were 30 years ago for the same reason that John F. Kennedy could have affairs with women while he was in the White House but Gary Hart's affairs [alleged when he was running for the Democratic nomination for president in 1987] meant he could never get to the White House."

And while many decry this seeming intrusion into people's private lives, Prokopowicz said the public's fascination with what he calls these "pointless sidetracks into personal details" of Lincoln's life is also an indication of Abe's amazing ability—more than 100 years after his death—to draw adulation usually reserved for rock stars.

The difficulty in writing about the private life of someone who has been long dead, however, is judging the accuracy of the information.

For that reason, the just-published manuscript of recollections of maid Mariah Vance has caused quite a stir in Lincoln and publishing circles.

In 1993, New York publisher Morrow & Co. offered to pay a $1 million advance for the manuscript, but backed off when three of five members of a panel of Lincoln scholars and professors said they doubted some statements in the book, especially about the baptism.

When Morrow withdrew its offer, Evanston resident Walter Oleksy, one of the book's editors, went back to the 25 agents who had first been interested, but none would touch it, he said. Leafing through a book for free-lance writers, Oleksy saw an ad for Hastings House Book Publishing Co., in Mararonick, Mass., expressing its interest in controversial books.

Book offered 'humanity'

When Oleksy told Hastings publisher Hy Steirman why he was shopping the book around a second time, Steirman said, "--- the professors," and asked to see a manuscript.

Steirman says he bought the book because of "the humanity, the tenderness" in it, and adds he is upset by those who opposed its publication.

Daniel Weinberg, proprietor of the Abraham Lincoln Book Shop Inc., 357 W. Chicago Ave., said that the book is doing quite well and that the store has sold more than 200 copies. That is about half of the sales of "Lincoln," the current best seller by Pulitzer Prize-winning biographer David Herbert Donald.

"If you try to ferret out which of Mariah Vance's tales are true and which are not, I would imagine some are fabrication," said Weinberg, who has been at the store, which specializes in books on Lincoln and the Civil War period, for 24 years. "But if one reads the whole book in terms of how she remembered the atmosphere of the home, I think she got it down pretty well for us."

Vance's tales come to us through Adah Sutton, who in 1900 hired Vance to do her laundry and took notes as the old woman told the Lincoln family stories she had been repeating for 40 years.

Sutton's notes sat idle until the mid-1950s, when Lincoln collector Lloyd Ostendorf asked Sutton to write her shorthand notes of Vance's recollections in longhand and put them in chronological order. Sutton died in 1976, and her niece eventually sold the manuscript to Ostendorf.

Vance describes a home in which both husband and wife had mood swings, where Mary Todd Lincoln drank paregoric, a popular mixture of opium and alcohol, to calm her nerves, and where Abe once snatched a picture of a woman who looked like his former girlfriend from Mary's hands just as she was to throw it in the fire.

But Vance also tells of Mary's support for her husband, his devotion to the children, and their mutual attempts to build a life together.

"This book provides an antidote to the bad rap Mary has received from just about everyone else," said Dr. James Davies, retired political science professor at the University of Oregon and one of the two members of the panel commissioned by Morrow who supported publication of the book.

"The recollections of Mariah Vance fill out the closeness of Mary and Abraham's relationship, which wasn't always serene, sometimes was very unhappy, but which was crucial to Lincoln's sense of confidence in himself," said Davies, who specializes in political psychology. "Mary was the first person to give Lincoln the idea that he was a worthy person."

Even Davies, however, doubts the truth of the story Vance tells of Lincoln's secret baptism in the Sangamon River in the middle of the night.

"It may be something this very religious woman contrived to make Lincoln seem more like her," he said.

Wayne Temple, who published a book on Lincoln's religious beliefs in October, says several accounts of a secret baptism have been debunked over the years.

"After Lincoln's assassination, many ministers thought he was such a great man that it was too bad he had never officially joined a Christian church," Temple said. "So they made up tales that he had been baptized. But I don't believe it. Lincoln said he was not a Christian. It was never Christ he talked about. It was always God as the architect of the universe."

Temple, who is chief deputy director of the Illinois State Archives, has gained recent notoriety for the few paragraphs in "Abraham Lincoln: From Skeptic to Prophet" that suggest that Mary used an out-of-wedlock pregnancy to force a reluctant Abe, who had already broken their engagement once, to marry her.

"I only raise the question," Temple said. "There is no way to prove whether she was pregnant."

The two were married quite suddenly on Nov. 4, 1842, and their first child was born on Aug. 1, 1843, three days shy of nine months later.

Prokopowicz doubts there was sex before marriage. "It is not something that fits either of their characters," he said.

A supportive friendship

Although Abe did not ask his best man to stand up with him until hours before the ceremony, there is evidence that he was thinking seriously of marrying Mary for at least a month.

In one of the many letters that Lincoln wrote to Speed, Lincoln asks Speed on Oct. 5, 1842, if, after eight months of marriage, he is glad to be wed, "in feeling as well as judgement."

Speed, with whom Lincoln shared a room and a bed for nearly four years before Speed was married, replies that he is happy with his wife.

For years, Lincoln historians made little or nothing of the fact that Lincoln and Speed shared a bed and wrote caring, affectionate letters to each other, since single people often shared beds in those days, and army buddies or other close friends wrote seemingly passionate letters.

But in September, a gay Republican and former Reagan appointee, W. Scott Thompson, said publicly that homosexuals should feel welcome in the Republican Party, "given that their founder [Lincoln] was gay."

Thompson, a history teacher at Tufts University, was reacting to the decision of Sen. Bob Dole's campaign committee to return a contribution from the Log Cabin Republicans, an organization of conservative gays of which Thompson is a member.

Both Lincoln scholars and experts in gay history, however, say Thompson is uninformed about the times in which Lincoln lived.

The U. of C.'s Chauncey, author of "Gay New York: 1890-1940," agreed: "People in the 1800s organized their emotional and erotic lives in different terms [than we do]. The more interesting question is what Lincoln's relationships with Speed and with women tell us about the emotional lives of people who lived then."

Context, says Prokopowicz, is needed when dealing with many of the stories surrounding Lincoln's private life. For example, did Mary really hit Abe with a stick?

"The way I understand it, she asked him to put another log on the fire because it was about to go out," Prokopowicz said. "She asked him twice and he didn't stop reading the newspaper or whatever, so she threw a large stick at him and it grazed his nose.

"You can read that as spouse abuse. But you can also read it as, in a long marriage, these things happen."

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Chicago Tribune

Perspective

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1996

THE CHARACTER ISSUE

Remembering the Lincolns in salacious detail

By Christi Parsons

The lady in the neat gray hat sat all the way through the Lincoln Day speech with her feet crossed primly at the ankles, clucking her tongue as each new salacious detail of Abraham and Mary Todd Lincoln's lives was reviewed.

Then, in the question-and-answer session, came talk about whether Mrs. Lincoln had pilfered from the White House.

"This is just too much," she whispered to her friend. She slipped out of the row of seats and left.

Others in the audience in Springfield greeted the recent controversial works discussed at this week's Abraham Lincoln Symposium with similar distaste. Trashing Abe and Mary does not go over well in The City that Lincoln Loved.

This is the decade for it, though. In the past few years, new biographies and other writings have passed along speculation about the intimate lives of the 16th president

SEE LINCOLN, PAGE 6

'It's possible for a person to have a highly charged libido and still be considerate, humane and thoughtful in making public policy.'

Professor Kenneth Janda

Lincoln

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

and his controversial wife—that he was miserable in his marriage, that she abused him, that the two of them slept together before they were married.

What the disapproving Lincolnphiles of the nation must not have noticed is that the rumormongering over the past few years happens to correspond with a very favorable trend.

People are getting into Lincoln, in a big way. Visitors to Lincoln sites are on the rise. A new Lincoln exhibit is supposed to be Chicago's pop culture hit this year. A book about Honest Abe has even made the best-seller lists.

The reason, more than one Lincoln expert concedes, has as much to do with Sally Jessy Raphael and the National Enquirer as with the Lincolns. We're living in a tabloid culture, and, once we get wind of some tasty gossip on one of our national heroes, we're apt to lean in and listen closely the next time the name comes up.

But instead of clucking in dismay, we ought to be giving thanks.

For one thing, it makes Lincoln seem more human, a little easier to understand. And confronting the evidence about a popular icon helps us put our heroes and ourselves in perspective.

Perhaps a sullied Lincoln offers even greater comfort to American society at large, as we delve into the personal lives of those who would lead us into the next century. Up to our elbows in the evidence, we find indications that they mismanage finances, cheat on their spouses, even serve divorce papers in hospital recovery rooms.

You know the ugly stories. Get ready to hear more of them between now and the November elections.

One politician, for example, is reported to have carried a torch for a 16-year-old girl when he was nearly 30, then rushed into mar-

riage with a proper society lady because he was afraid she was pregnant.

He also is rumored to have visited a prostitute in a neighboring town and even brought home a sexually transmitted disease.

Sound like someone you would consider voting for? No?

Well, those were rumors of the day and of late about the Great Emancipator himself.

Or would you care for a candidate who carried on a well-known extramarital affair? If not, then on the basis of widely held belief you'd surely reject Franklin Delano Roosevelt, who led the country through the Great Depression and a world war.

There are plenty of others whose sexual proclivities or even unsubstantiated rumors thereof would qualify as the kind of character issue that hinders modern leaders or do them in altogether.

"I don't think there's a human being alive, Billy Graham included, who could completely stand up to today's scrutiny," said Kenneth Janda, a professor of political science at Northwestern University.

Nevertheless, these individuals still can perform great service to the public, he argues.

"You know, it's possible for a person to have a highly charged libido and still be considerate, humane and thoughtful in making public policy," Janda observed.

A prime modern example is former Sen. Bob Packwood of Oregon. He was known as a "womanizer" in his private life at the same time that he led fights for abortion rights and other feminist issues in the Senate. Even while women say he was sexually harassing them in the workplace, Packwood stood as one of two Republicans opposed to the confirmation of Supreme Court Justice Clarence Thomas when he was accused of the very same thing.

Those who aren't enamored of Packwood's Senate career must admire at least one or two other leaders of American history caught in the swirl of personal impropriety—FDR, John F. Kennedy, Dwight Eisenhower and Martin Luther King Jr., to name a few.

Given the magnitude of their public contributions, why pretend their private lives were pristine? And why demand so much more of modern leaders?

Perhaps the fear of confronting the sordid truth is really fear of losing the few moral heroes Americans have. This would explain what happened at a recent Springfield anniversary commemoration of the Lincolns' marriage, celebrated at the national historic home site with a re-enactment by a pair of impersonators.

After the show, one spectator, curious about new postulations in a recent book by an Illinois author, asked the Abraham impersonator what he thought of speculation that the two Lincolns had sex before marriage.

Mr. Lincoln politely invited anyone in the audience who held such a belief to step outside with him so he could defend his wife's honor.

"Mary Todd and Abraham Lincoln have always had a quasi-god-like status," said Michael Burlingame, author of a controversial 1994 Lincoln psychobiography which posits, among other things, that Mary Lincoln physically abused her husband. "Any criticism of them is like criticism of your religion, even if you have tons of evidence to back it up."

But Burlingame's book has been received kindly by some scholars who share his belief that new evidence deserves to be aired and that people can handle the news that their heroes are not perfect.

One such believer is a maverick Mary Todd Lincoln impersonator, a Springfield resident who avidly reads new books and writings on the Lincolns to keep her lectures and presentations up-to-date.

Karen Lee Lynn says people who come to her shows aren't turned off by the latest speculations, but seem instead to express a warmer, more personal interest in the couple upon hearing about them.

"I know a lot of the other ladies who play Mary Todd would be upset with me for saying I think they probably did sleep together," Lynn said. "But I'm as crazy about Mary Todd as any of them."

Christi Parsons is a Tribune staff writer

MR. AND MRS. LINCOLN.—From a communication in the *Christian Register*, written in justice to the widow of the martyred President, we cut the following interesting paragraph:—Her husband dearly loved her. It is the cruelest of all to take away that crown of glory from her. I chatted with him in the great East Room one evening, and noticed that he looked often at his wife. At length he laughed pleasantly and said, "My wife is as handsome as when she was a girl, and I, a poor nobody then, fell in love with her; and what is more" (he continued) "I have never fallen out." He said this to me while the Marine Band was playing, at his order, his favorite march from Faust. I shall cherish to my death the memory of his words, coming so unexpectedly in the midst of that glare of folly and Vanity Fair. And, *apropos des bottes*, at that same time, I questioned Mr. Lincoln with regard to some of the witticisms attributed to him, such as "Grant and the Whiskey," etc. He laughed and said, "The papers make me smarter than I am; I have said none of these things with one exception. I did say, when I had the small pox, 'Now let the office-seekers come, for at last I have something I can give to all of them.'"

er and would be generally found at home nights with his books and papers. He used to like music, too, and was very fond of listening to his wife while she played the piano. The family was popular with all classes of people.

"Mr. Lincoln was kind to everybody. Just the winter after his election to the presidency and before his inauguration he used to keep a cow. In the extreme cold weather he used to insist on milking the animal himself because he did not think I ought to expose myself. His wife, however, objected to him doing the milking. She was a good woman, too—a smarter woman than he was a man. She would often help me wash, iron or bake, so that I could get off and play with little Tad. He used to love to play blind man's buff, and Mr. Lincoln often shared in the game. We used to tie a handkerchief around his eyes. Many a time while he was playing blind man he would tumble over a chair in order to give Tad an opportunity to escape capture.

"When Mr. Lincoln went to Washington he used to write back to Mrs. Dr. Todd, his wife's sister, for whom I was working, that since he had been at the capital he was not able to get his laundry work done as neatly as Mary used to do it, and the cook at the White House was far different from Mary, and he did not enjoy the dinners as much as the famous meals that Mary used to prepare."

The tenderness of Lincoln's heart, so apparent in all the actions of his life, was especially shown in his own family. To his children he was warmly devoted, and to his wife considerate and affectionate. He unquestionably appreciated her confidence and pride in him, and treated any incongruous act or speech of hers with the same good natured indifference with which he regarded some inopportune antic of his boys.

At the White House Mr. Lincoln was compelled by custom to adopt a life of conventional form and ceremony, which was less agreeable to him than the simple life he previously led. He was, however, patient, just, considerate and hopeful. He received every one, from the chief justice to the humblest citizen. During the years of his administration, incessant labor, the care, anxiety and responsibility of his position, wore seriously upon his vigorous frame, and the laugh of old days became less frequent, as did the telling of humorous stories. It was during one of the anxious periods of the war that he said to a friend, who commented on the deep lines of his face, "I feel as though I shall never be glad any more." As all the world knows, his labors were finally crowned with complete success. The great work he started out to do he lived to achieve, although he was not permitted to enjoy the peace which followed the struggle. Almost before the shouts of victory had ceased the tolling of the bells began, and there was sorrow throughout the land, for Abraham Lincoln, the man of the people, was no more.

THE LINCOLN FAMILY.

There is now sojourning with relatives at Rocky Hill a delightful old lady, Mrs. P——, who lived neighbor to the family of Abraham Lincoln at Springfield, Ill., in the days before the war that seem now so far away. It is almost startling to meet with one who remembers the occurrences of that time as we recall the events of yesterday. Her intimate recollections of the Lincoln family are most entertaining, living as she did on the opposite corner of the street, and brought by circumstances into very friendly relations with the neighbors over the way.

The Lincoln boys, Bobby, Willie and Tad, were comrades of her boy, Frank, and spent much of their time at her house, playing with Frank on the veranda and planning their boyish diversions. Robert Lincoln was then about seventeen, and probably had his duties at home; Mrs. P—— tells with characteristic effect how Mrs. Lincoln would come to the door, across the way, and call "Bobby-ee!" when it was time for him to go.

Mr. Lincoln was domestic in his tastes, and "thought the world of his boys." Mrs. P—— speaks of him as a "nice man to know," and scouts the idea that he was ever lacking in the amenities of social intercourse, or careless in his attire. "Why, no!" she said, decidedly, when interrogated on this point. "Mr. Lincoln wore good clothes, and always looked well. While he was not polished as some, he certainly was an agreeable man to talk with. His face would light up so, you really didn't feel that he was plain looking."

Asked if the Lincoln family were limited in means at that time, Mrs. P—— says again: "Why, no! They certainly were not poor. Mrs. Lincoln used to entertain and go to parties, and she dressed beautifully. She kept a maid, and they had a nice horse and carryall, and often used to invite us to ride." Bobby would hitch up the horse, and Mrs. Lincoln would call for her neighbors across the street, and they would drive around town, or go shopping, together. Naturally, Mrs. P——'s recollections are more particular in regard to the feminine side of the house, and she relates a number of interesting little incidents of her association with Mrs. Lincoln. One of these anecdotes, a charming illustration of Mrs. Lincoln's housewifely quality, will appeal to all housewives, and might appropriately find a place in some collection of "favorite recipes of famous women."

The wife of General (then Colonel) McClernand, a schoolmate at Lexington, Ky., and until her early death an intimate friend, of Mrs. Lincoln, was one of the sociable circle of neighbors of whom also Mrs. P—— has many pleasant reminiscences. Colonel McClernand and Mr. Lincoln were warm friends, both being lawyers, and their different political views never interfered with the cordiality of their friendship; and their families, with the family of Mrs. P——, were much together. Mrs. McClernand was the possessor of a handsome coach, made to order in St. Louis and presented to her, by her father, on her birthday. "It was a lovely carriage, all polished and shining," says Mrs. P——, "and lined with orange and white brocade." In this sumptuous equipage the lady would often call for Mrs. Lincoln and Mrs. P——, and drive out to her country place, a few miles out of Springfield.

On one occasion she had invited her neighbors to partake of a Fourth of July luncheon at the farm. It is a pity Mr. Lincoln was not present at this gathering, for we might have known whether or not he was fond of ice cream. The ladies undertook to manufacture a supply of that delicacy, and found themselves at a loss for the want of a customary ingredient.

"Now, what shall we do!" exclaimed Mrs. McClernand. "I haven't a speck of cornstarch."

"Oh, use flour," advised Mrs. Lincoln. "I always do, and you'll find it a great deal better." And they did.

"And from that day to this," says Mrs. P——, with great vivacity, "and I suppose I've made hundreds of gallons, I've never thickened ice cream with anything but flour!"

Mrs. P—— gives another of these human little touches to her narrative when she tells how Mrs. Lincoln sent her maid with a note to one of the feminine inmates of the house across the way, saying: "Put on your pink bonnet and come to church with me." The bonnet referred to was evidently the pride of the neighborhood. "It was pink uncut velvet," says Mrs. P——, "with a pink feather. It was a beautiful bonnet!"

The owner of the pink bonnet was a sister of Rev. Dr Miner, who occupied the house when Mrs. P——, as a visitor there, first made the acquaintance of Mr. Lincoln. She was introduced to him at the wedding reception of this lady. She was quite captured by his genial dignity on that occasion; and the favorable impression was deepened when she came to know him as a neighbor, while living in the corner house, after the removal of Dr. Miner's family.

"He was very witty," she says, "and often made little jokes and told funny stories, among his friends. But he was a busy man, with his law business, and interested in politics; and of course I saw more of Mrs. Lincoln and the boys."

On the scribe asking eagerly if she could remember any of Mr. Lincoln's jokes and stories, she naively answered:

"I suppose I could if I'd known at the time how much it would be thought of now. But I didn't bear the casual conversations in mind. Mr. Lincoln was just a neighbor; we didn't suppose he would ever be president of the United States."

Mrs. P—— had moved away from Springfield, and was living in the east, when Abraham Lincoln was nominated as the republican candidate in that momentous election of 1860; nominated for the most conspicuous place among the greatest of the age—and no one knew it then. She tells how her husband came home in the evening and said to her:

"Who do you suppose they have nominated?"

"I don't know. Who?"

"Why, Lincoln."

"Lincoln? What Lincoln?"

"Why, our old neighbor, Abe Lincoln."

Mrs. P—— says: "I stood and stared at him. 'Why, Mr. P——, I should as soon have thought of their nominating you!'"

Thus is a prophet honored in his own country. But Mrs. P—— has a vivid recollection of the interest with which Lincoln's old neighbors watched his career, to its tragic end. And she always kept track of the movements of her old friend, Mrs. Lincoln, who ever remained, to her, "just a neighbor."

F. W. S.

Abraham Lincoln as a Husband

Gamaliel Bradford in Harper's Magazine.

I imagine that the love on both sides (between President and Mrs. Lincoln persisted to the end. Herndon insists that there was no love at all. To Mr. Rankin the whole affair apparently seems a sweet idyl of uninterrupted bliss. It was probably just an average earthly marriage, with an increasing bond of association overcoming all sorts of wear and tear and pulling and hauling.

Lincoln could never have been a comfortable husband for any wife. His casual ways, his irregular habits, his utter disregard of the conventions and small proprieties of life would have worn on a far more tranquil patience than Mary Todd's. And her patience was not tranquil at all—in fact, existed only very slightly.

Her violent outbursts of temper on small occasions are matter of record, and it is impossible to put aside altogether the scenes of furious disgraceful public jealousy described by Badeau and confirmed by General Sherman. Lincoln took it all quietly, though it must have wrung his heart; smiled, patted her on the shoulder, called her his child wife, and she was ashamed of herself—and did it again.

At the same time, from his boots to his hat and through all the long six feet between, the man was thoroughly unconventional and nothing could make him otherwise. In the early married days in Springfield he would open the door himself in his shirtsleeves and assure august visitors that his wife would be down as soon as she could get her trotting harness on.

The oddities may have diminished a little in Washington but they were never got rid of. You could believe in such a husband, you could admire him, you could scold him; but you could not domesticate him.

Margaret Todd Lincoln, Noted Wife in History

Margaret Todd was an ambitious young woman, with aspirations to leadership in society, at the time when she first met Abraham Lincoln, in Springfield, Ill., in 1839. And with prophetic vision, in the ungainly lawyer and politician with State-limited horizon that the great man then was, she saw great achievements waiting for him ahead. She appreciated his abilities and with fair accuracy estimated the possibilities of development, both in character and mind, that were in him. But she also accurately read his idealism and its threat to retard him, or to divert him from realization of his possibilities if he was not held to the course pointed by his gifts and ability.

And Margaret Todd believed that, as the wife of Abraham Lincoln, she could hold him to the path leading to fulfilment of the promise of his great gifts, and could keep him from wandering from the line of development which she believed was destined to carry him to the pinnacle of political greatness, if followed.

So, after a courtship that was somewhat tempestuous, the two were married in 1942, and from that time until the election of Abraham Lincolnin 1860, Mary Todd Lincoln was constant in her service to him as adviser and never-tiring reminder of the good towards which he was headed.

Although Mary Todd Lincoln was ambitious and was, in great degree, motivated by her desire for leadership in society, which she thought was to be attained through her husband in the course of his elevation to high political position, she was none the less unfailing in her love for the great man throughout their marriage. She may sometimes have seemed to be nagging and over-persistent in her endeavor to stimulate his efforts along the lines that led forward and upward, but this is no reason for discounting her devotion. She was always zealous in his interest.

The two truly loved each other.

When Abraham Lincoln was struck down by an assassin in 1865 it was into the arms of his loving and beloved wife that he sank back, and lapsed into unconsciousness. And grief over the tragedy of her husband's death rested like a heavy shadow on her until her passing seventeen years later.

Mary Todd Lincoln was born in 1818; died, July 16, 1882.

Abraham Lincoln was born February 12, 1809; died, April 15, 1865.

If 2,000,000 persons were to think of the same thing at the same time they would generate enough electrical volage to light an ordinary incandescent lamp.

Walter Winchell

Lincoln's Love For His Wife Never Wavered

Lincoln's Private Life

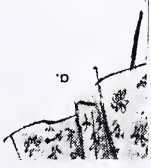
GALLANT OPENING—The love story began at an elegant ball. Abe Lincoln approached Mary Todd and gallantly announced: "Miss Todd, I want to dance with you in the worst way." Some years later, in recalling the incident, Mary chuckled: "And he certainly did" . . . It was a romance in the grand tradition. She was a lovely member of an aristocratic family, he was a product of the backwoods shaped by poverty. Their 3-year courtship was interrupted by quarrels, separations and reconciliations. The major barrier was Lincoln's fear that his poverty would be an insurmountable wall in the making of a happy marriage. Shortly after their wedding, Lincoln wrote a friend: "Nothing new here, except my marrying, which to me is a matter of profound wonder."

MONEY PROBLEMS—Their early years of marriage were not filled with moonlight and roses. Monetary problems haunted them. They lived on $4-a-week. Mrs. Lincoln feared her husband was not interested in money-making. Moreover, the economic struggle occasionally plunged Lincoln into deep melancholia. He would sit for days gripped by a black mood, blind and deaf to life around him.

MINOR VICTORIES—Lincoln emerged from the depths when he won several minor state elections. The triumphs revived his spirit. Subsequently, he was elected to Congress. The victory rocketed Mrs. Lincoln's hopes. She happily informed a friend: "He is a great favorite everywhere. He is to be President of the United States some day; if I had not thought so I never would have married him, for you can see he is not pretty. But look at him. Doesn't he look as if he would make a magnificent President?"

FAMILY MAN—The essential warmth of his personality—Lincoln the father and husband—is exemplified by the letter the young congressman wrote from Washington: "Dear Mary: In this troublesome world we are never quite satisfied. When you were here I thought you hindered me some in attending to business; but now, having nothing but business—no variety—it has grown exceedingly tasteless to me. I hate to sit down and direct documents, and I hate to stay in this old room by myself . . . And are you entirely free from your headache? This is good—good considering it is the first spring you have been free from it since we were acquainted. I am afraid you will get so well and fat, and young, as to be wanting to marry again. Get weighed and write me how much you weigh . . . I did not get rid of the impression of that foolish dream about dear Bobby till I got your letter written the same day. What did he and Eddy think of the little letters Father sent them? Don't let the blessed fellows forget Father. Most affectionately, A. Lincoln."

'LADY PRESIDENT'—When Lincoln was elected President, the First Lady reveled in the social functions and the attention she created. She traveled a great deal and indulged in numerous



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WALTER WINCHELL

Broadway And Elsewhere

ABE AND MARY: An enduring love story — wherein history and emotion scaled the sunny summit and descended to the darkness — began at an elegant ball. The melodies were lively and none could hear the thunder of the future when Abe Lincoln approached Mary Todd and gallantly announced: "Miss Todd, I want to dance with you in the worst way." Some years later, in recalling the incident, Mary chuckled: "And he certainly did." ... At the moment of their meeting, the strange telepathy that transmits radiant visions to the hearts of lovers, inaugurated its mystical miracle. It was a romance in the grand tradition. She was a lovely member of an aristocratic family, he was a product of the backwoods shaped by poverty.

Shortly after their marriage Lincoln wrote to a friend: "Nothing new here, except my marrying, which to me is a matter of profound wonder."

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HE ENGAGED in politics and won several minor state elections. Subsequently, he was elected to Congress. Mary happily informed a friend: "He is a great favorite everywhere. He is to be President of the United States someday; if I had not thought so I would never have married him, for you can see he is not pretty. But look at him! Doesn't he look as if he would make a magnificent President?"

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IN 1849 THE FATES began their weird dance and the drums throbbed wildly. Lincoln started his journey toward historical grandeur—a journey that encompassed personal agony and reached the martyr's path ... It was the year that one of Lincoln's sons, Eddy, passed after a prolonged illness.

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TWO MORE children were born, and Mary's bright prophecy became a reality: Lincoln was elected President. The First Lady reveled in the social functions and the attention she created. She traveled a great deal and indulged in numerous public speeches. Inevitably, she was criticized by Lincoln's political enemies for her journeys and oratory. An incident which obviously parallels a more recent First Lady's experience. Mary dabbled in politics. Periods of extreme frugality alternated with buying sprees. She put the President in debt.

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AMERICANS MARCHED against each other and the horror was intensified by a procession of personal misfortunes for the Lincolns. Several members of the First Lady's Kentucky family supported the Confederate cause. Consequently, the President's political foes challenged her loyalty. Some charged her with being a Dixie spy. And then they lost another son—Willie. Their grief was almost beyond endurance.

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MARY WAS HOLDING the President's hand when the assassin fired. She heard the sound of the shot in the same split-second that his hand dropped out of her grasp ... Grief had stabbed again and again and again. She had clung to him in previous tragedies. Now she was cut adrift. Incredibly, shortly after Lincoln slept away, his enemies and some alleged friends (who had harbored resentments against Mrs. Lincoln) wrote books, magazine articles and newspaper essays abusing her. They were full of venom and generally false. They even revived the old charge that she was traitorous to the Union.

ls IN *THE SUN* BRING BIG RESULTS

The San l

Sun. Feb 12 GUARANTEED LARGE

Intimate Story of Mary Todd, Young Wife of Abraham Lincoln

BY OCTAVIA ROBERTS.

Special to The Sun.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Feb. 12.—When I was little the children did not go to history to learn about their townsman, Abraham Lincoln; they went to their elders. Our grandparents and their friends had borne some natural human relation to the great man and his family.

From their stories we gathered a vivid picture of Lincoln, his ambitious wife and his four little

MRS. ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

boys, the contemporaries of our parents.

"Mary Todd" the old ladies called Mrs. Lincoln—of her we had almost as clear an impression as we had of our own acquaintances.

She had come to Srpingfield to visit her sister, Mrs. Ninian Edwards.

We liked to wander into the parlors where Lincoln and Douglas courted her in those far away days.

Mary Todd was quite an aristocrat. She had her social traditions, she spoke French, she astonished her simpler friends by the ease with which she talked to gentlemen about the affairs of the day. She was not exactly pretty, but she had a lovely neck and arms, and a bright way of speaking.

We liked to hear of the sharp things that Mary Todd could say. Once she was talking to some gentlemen in a "very subdued manner," when a "bold self-sufficient fellow" approached and cried out:

"Are you talking dog Latin? I can't understand a word."

"That's strange," Mary Todd flashed back, "a puppy should understand his native language."

Later, when the young, ungainly Lincoln vied with others for her favor, he fared no better.

"Miss Todd," he said, "I want to dance with you the worst way." When the cotillion was over (square dances were once called cotillions) she could not resist saying:

"Mr. Lincoln, you've had your wish, you have danced with me —the worst way."

"Mary," her girl friends teased her, "if you ever rest on Abraham's bosom, you will have to take a ladder."

"His heart is as large as his legs are long," she would reply.

That there had been some mystery about Mary Todd's marriage to Lincoln we gathered even as children. We knew vaguely that some misunderstanding had intervened between the engagement and the final ceremony. But better than the gossip we liked the vivid details of the wedding itself.

From the scraps of talk we could picture the whole busy day for Mary Todd and Lincoln gave their relatives but a scant day's notice at the last. We even knew that Lincoln called at the Episcopal minister's residence and said: "Dr. Dresser, I have a little job I want you to do for me this evening."

We knew that Miss Todd's sister had asked the neighbors' assistance to bake the cakes and biscuits and hams for that night. That Mary Todd wore a sister's white satin dress and spilled coffee down the ample widths. The dress is still preserved among us. We knew, too, that Lincoln slipped on the plump little hand a ring engraved "Love is eternal."

Many stories have been circulated about Lincodn's unhappiness with his wife. These found little credence among us. We knew that she made him a comfortable home and that her heart and soul were in Lincoln's success.

We knew of her passionate affection for their four boys. We heard Lincoln's partner's wife, Mrs. Stuart, tell of her bitter grief when one died. Mrs. Stuart remembered Lincoln bending over her with some food, saying, "Eat, Mary; for we must live." The poor mother turned away her head and would not touch it.

We heard a thousand stories of Lincoln's care and consideration of her; how he always hurried home when it thundered because the storm terrified her and that the moment he was nominated for the presidency he hurried to "tell a little woman who would like to hear the news."

True, she had a hot temper. An old Portuguese woman is still living here who was once her servant. She sums up the fiery little woman in this way: "Mrs. Lincoln, she take no sassy talk; if you good to her she good to you. You got a good friend."

Mrs. Lincoln was fond of dress. Ladies remember yet the pretty clothes she ordered before she went to the White House and of her rustling proudly into church the last Sunday before they left, gowned in "an ashes of roses bayadere stripe with bonnet to match and black lace shawl."

When Springfield saw her again it was long years after. She was a crushed, heartbroken woman who had seen her husband shot down by an assassin's hand, and had buried three of her beautiful boys.

She had come back to us to live out her days in that house of her sister's that had sheltered her when Lincoln and Douglas had vied for her hand.

In 1882 we laid her to rest.

The Man Who Made Himself

His Word Made Millions Free

Here in the old Globe Tavern of Springfield, in 1842, the Lincolns spent their honeymoon

Mrs. Lincoln as a young matron. She was Mary Todd

Republican simplicity to be taught when bankruptcy, poverty, and distress stand appalling the homes of thousands in our once prosperous land?

The attacks reached into a new field: she was accused of interfering with the president in the making of appointments. True, she had secured the consulship at Dundee for the Reverend James Smith, their minister at Springfield, a paymastership for Dr. William Wallace, the postmastership for a cousin in Lexington; and a new government job for the father of the Taft children when he was fired from his department and was going to have to move away from Washington; but she had had nothing to do with a hundred other hirings that were charged against her, including the colonelcy for Edward Baker. It was Abraham who had yielded to Senator Baker's request, since Baker had had a fine record in the Mexican War.

Abraham had literally thousands of appointments he was obliged to make, and he saw no reason why he should not appoint qualified friends: Ward Hill Lamon as district marshal of Washington, D.C., Norman Judd to the legation in Berlin, Simeon Francis as paymaster at Fort Vancouver, Dr. Anson Henry surveyor general of Washington Territory. Why should she not express her opinion? Was not her estimate of character and ability as good as the estimate of the thousands of strangers who had thronged the vestibule and main stairs for months, trying to get appointments for themselves or friends?

A letter she had written to General Meigs now made the rounds:

> I make a special request, the only one I've ever made of you, to authorize the purchase of five hundred to a thousand Kentucky horses belonging to a special friend of mine in Kentucky. He is a strong Union man and it would be a particular pleasure to me to have, as Kentucky is my native state, some horses from there on the battlefield.

The barrage of criticism was devastating.

"Apparently we can do no right, Puss," said Abraham. "It is hard to wake up every morning and find the air thick with bullets, but until this rebellion is put down we have to serve as foot soldiers." He brushed the hair back behind her ears, kissed her hot tired eyelids. "We're like the travelers who were lost in a wild country on a pitch-black night. A storm raged. Suddenly came a crashing bolt and the travelers dropped upon their knees. 'Oh, Lord,' prayed one of them, 'if it's all the same to You, give us a little more light and a good deal less noise.'"

She laughed, felt better.

blankets and put him in the center of the guest-room bed. She and Mrs. Dorothea Dix, superintendent of women nurses for the army, stayed up all night, alternating between the two sickrooms. When Abraham came in at dawn Mary said:

"These are pretty sick boys. I would like to withdraw the cards of invitation."

Abraham was thoughtful.

"Well now, Mother, there are some eight hundred passes out. My opinion is, they shouldn't be withdrawn. However, let's ask Dr. Stone."

Dr. Stone was disappointed that William's fever was continuing to mount but saw no reason to cancel the party. Mary spent the night in front of the big fire, watching William, whose breath seemed to be rasping in his chest. Tad slept.

In spite of the fact that she now had been sleepless for two nights, she went downstairs to work with Maillard who had arrived at the White House the day before from New York with his own retinue of cooks and waiters and a prodigious supply of food. She then made the rounds of the rooms with Mrs. Watt and a number of the White House servants, making sure everything was in order, the flowers spread profusely, the vases and bonbon dishes filled.

At dusk Dr. Stone examined both boys, said that Tad could have something to eat, that he saw some improvement in William. Reassured, Mary went into her dressing room with Mrs. Keckley, began the elaborate preparations for her formal appearance: she had a long hot bath to rest her, then sat before the mirror in her dressing room while Mrs. Keckley brushed her hair and arranged a wreath of black and white flowers through it. Mrs. Keckley helped her into her white satin gown with low décolleté and long train.

At eight o'clock she went into William's room; Abraham was standing before the fire, his hands clasped behind his back, gazing down at the flames. He heard the rustling of her gown, looked up.

"Whew, our cat has a long tail tonight. It is my opinion that if some of that tail was nearer the head it would be in better style."

They received in the East Room. After the incoming guests had shaken hands they passed into the Green, Blue and Red parlors. The Marine Band played in a corner of the corridor. Abraham need not have issued the injunction against dancing, for by nine o'clock the crowd was so dense no one could move.

Three times she made her way up the back stairs to William's room; in between her visits Abraham went up twice. The boy was whimpering in his sleep, but Mrs. Dix said there was nothing he needed.

When Mary and Abraham reached the state dining room at eleven o'clock they found that the steward, having kept the door locked during

LINCOLN'S "CHILD WIFE."

By Bernie Babcock,

AUTHOR OF "THE SOUL OF ANN RUTLEDGE," ETC.

MR. LINCOLN had just tied a string around a package and pitched it into the dusty box of odds and ends on top of the tall back of his work-desk when his partner, Mr. Herndon, entered the office.

"Good morning, Billy. I'm cleaning up the desk," Mr. Lincoln said. "When you can't find anything anywhere else, look in the box up there."

"Did you find those magazines?" And Mr. Herndon stirred up the papers in his table. "One of them contained a story in French; and, knowing how Mrs. Lincoln enjoys French, I thought she would like to read it, and put it aside for her."

"Thank you, Billy, thank you. Mrs. Lincoln does enjoy French, and has kept up her study of it ever since our marriage. I'm always glad when she finds something to please her. She's a woman pretty much like all the rest of them. They all have to give up a good deal marrying fellows like you and me, looking after our children, and trying to make ends meet."

"Maybe they do have enough to put up with from fellows like me and you, but the most of them are pretty well able to take care of themselves. Most women—and uobody knows it better than you—carry at their masthead as they sail a pennant with the historic words, 'Don't tread on me.'"

"You're referriug to the temper of the gentle sex now. Well, I'm not disputing they are so blessed. Generally, however, we men should remember a few things and make allowances. In my case, well, you know my little woman's mother died when she was a small child. The stepmother her father afterwards brought home took a dislike to her, maybe because she was a hot-tempered, hard-headed little thing. At any rate, she never had a mother uor a home in her girlhood days. She was put iu a school where conversation was carried on entirely iu French. Later she was sent to a famous Southern academy for the extra polish daughters of the best Southern families were supposed to be given. She was a young lady as years go wheu she came to Springfield to Molly. She was a good girl, indeed."

"I'm glad you are willing to admit it, for I'm her father."

"All right. What about it, Mr. Shinn?"

"Just this. That woman over on Eighth Street that my daughter was working for got mad at her every fifteen minutes all day and every day. If the girl dropped a cup and broke it, there was a blow-up. If she spilled water on the floor, there was another blow-up. If she spattered grease on the stove, another blow-up. If she didn't sweep the corners clean, another blow-up. So they came one after another like storms, and that woman jawing and fussing and calling that good, honest girl of mine a red-headed, cross-eyed sloven without sense enough to run in out of the rain. After the last blow-up she got the poor girl's hat and shoes, threw them out in the back yard, told her to get out and never come back"; and there was wrath in the man's tone and fire in his eye.

"Too bad, too bad," said Mr. Lincoln. "Did Mrs. Lincoln owe your daughter any money?"

"No, she didn't owe her nothin'."

"Well, what do you want me to do about it?" Mr. Lincoln asked.

"That's what I've come to see about. After the girl come home I went up to your place to tell that woman of yours just what I thought of her."

"Did you do it?" Mr. Lincoln asked, something like a smile moving the corners of his mouth.

"Yes, I did it. That is, as much of it as I could before she turned on me. When she did, there wasn't no place left in the air to stick a word sideways. I never got such a laying-out in all my born days, nor ordered about in any such way as she ordered me off of that place. A man can't take any such treatment off a woman and keep his self-respect, and I've come down here to see what you're going to do about it."

"So the little woman ordered you off the place. Don't you think she had a right to? It's her home, you know; and a woman's a kind of a queen in her own home. She orders everybody around. You sorts of things, to me for years and years, I may look as if I'd lost my self-respect; but I don't feel like it, not a bit. And you won't, either, if you just remember that women have lots to aggravate and provoke them."

The stranger stood a moment in silence, looking with curious interest at Mr. Lincoln. Then he said, "You don't mean she lambastes and tongue-lashes you the way she did me?"

"I didn't hear what she said to you, but she knows how to make things pretty hot when occasion demands. Don't pay any attention to what's been said, Mr. Shinn, no attention whatever. I can't see that any harm has been done. If I hadn't lived comfortably through it for so long a time, I might be inclined to feel that you had sustained injuries. But she doesn't mean any harm by what she says, and no harm comes of it unless one so wishes. I am sorry you had your feelings hurt; and if there is ever anything I can do for you or your family, don't hesitate to call on me. I someway feel I owe you a good turn for the unhappy state of mind that little woman of mine has caused you. Come iu again some day," and Mr. Lincoln extended his hand.

There was but a moment of hesitation on the part of the stranger. Then the interview ended in a hearty hand-shake, and a man that had entered the law-office of Lincoln and Herndon a sworn enemy of the former left his friend.

During the recital of the visitor's trouble Mr. Herndon had worked diligently at his table. After the last footfall of the heavy boot was heard at the bottom of the narrow wooden stairs Mr. Herndon glanced at his partner, who had swung one leg over the arm of his chair and sat in meditation. Then he laughed as he said, "What about it?"

"I was just wondering," Mr. Lincoln said, "where we're going to get another hired girl. You don't happen to know anything about the woman that worked for us before the coming of the red-headed, cross-eyed jewel we've just lost, do you? She was with us longer than any woman we've few acres of land looked after. You attended to it yourself."

"Remember? Yes, she's coming back today or to-morrow."

"Good!" said Mr. Lincoln. "I'll have a talk with her."

It was scarce two hours later, while Mr. Lincoln was yet in the office, when the woman he wanted to see came in.

"Good morning, Maria, good morning"; and as was his habit Mr. Lincoln extended his hand.

"Good morning, Mr. Lincoln"; and the woman's face lit up with pleasure in response to the kindly tone of Mr. Lincoln's voice and his hearty hand-shake. "I am glad to see you."

"And I am glad to see you, Maria. You've happened in just in time to help me out of a difficulty. While we are waiting for Mr. Herndon to come in, I'll tell you about it. We need a hired girl at our house."

"I'm not surprised," was Maria's quick answer. "How many have you had since I left three weeks ago?"

"Only one. A good girl she was, but stupid. Spilled grease on the stove, broke dishes, left dirt in the corners, and such things. A woman as clean and neat in her work as you are wouldn't expect Mrs. Lincoln to put up with that, would you, Maria?"

"Don't be gettin' ready to ask me to go back to work for Mrs. Lincoln," Maria said, divining his intent. "If she was like you, I'd work for her a hundred years; but there's no use in me trying to get along with her any more."

"But you've worked for Mrs. Lincoln longer than anybody we ever had, longer than any two we've ever had."

"Yes, sir, and what I put up with in that kitchen of yours is more than any human will ever know except you. Of course, being Mrs. Lincoln's husband, you *do* know what a body has to put up with."

"Yes, to be sure. And just because I know her so well I'd vote her to be a good woman, a fine woman."

"Mrs. Lincoln *is* a good woman. She's got as good a heart in her as God ever put